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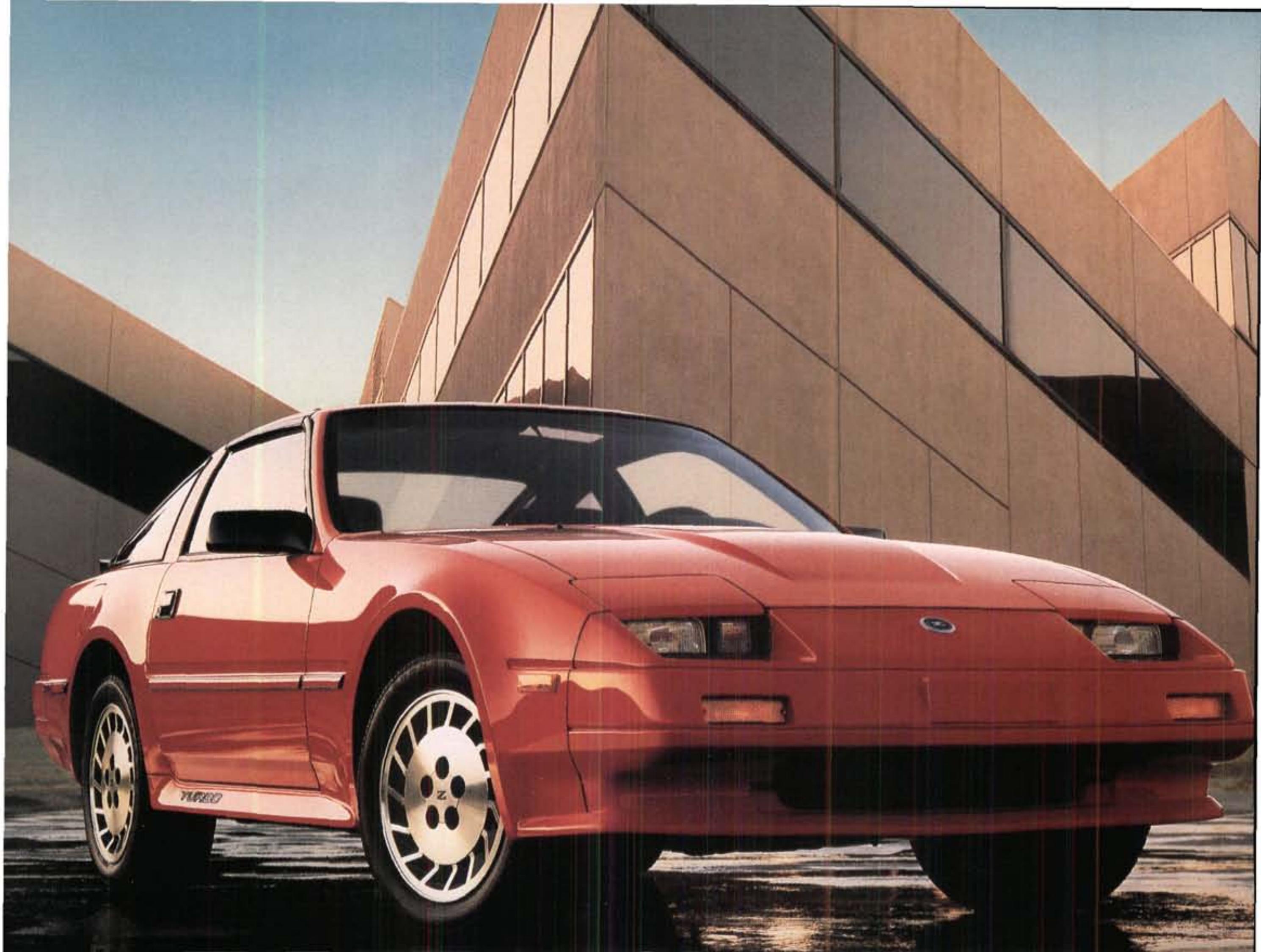

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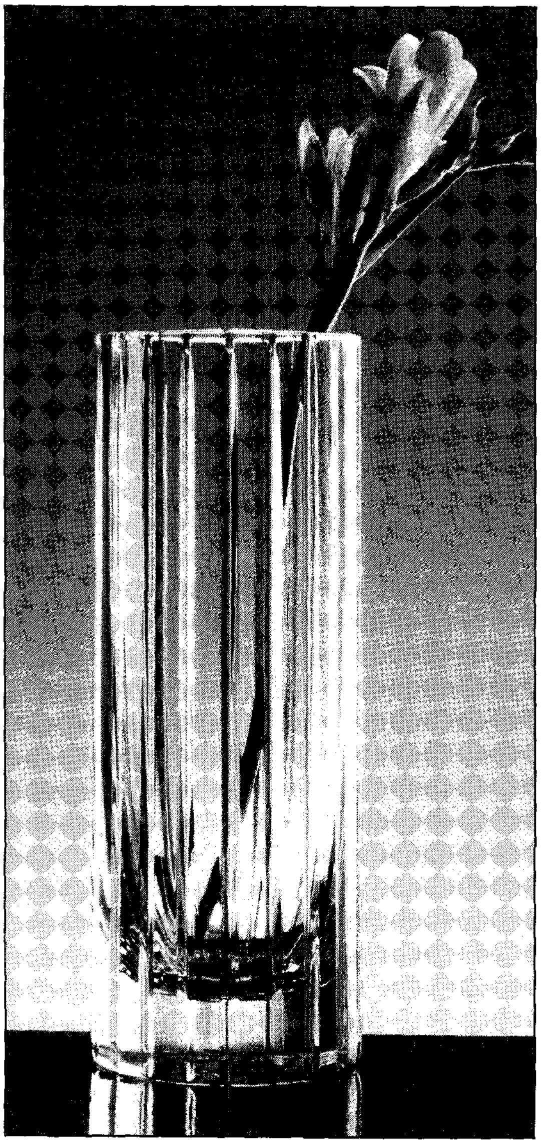

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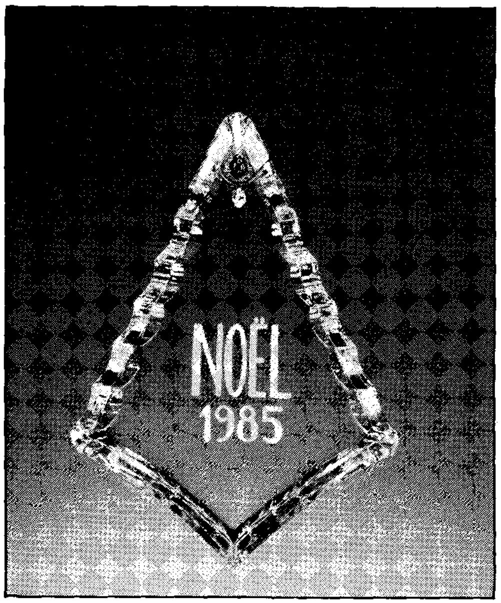

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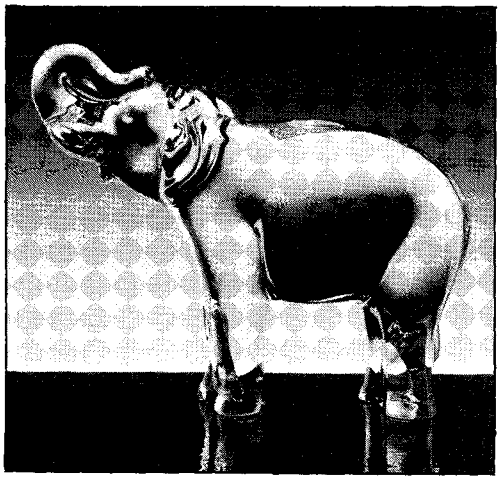

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn, acted to perfection by Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Linda Bassett, Lynsey Baxter, and the author himself. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A comedy that verges on autohagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Bingo—A musical, still somewhat in the works, about a black baseball team in 1939. The show, as snappy and buoyant as its title, has a lively score by George Fischoff, lyrics by Hy Gilbert, and a book by Mr. Gilbert and Ossie Davis, who also directed. With Norman Matlock, James Randolph, John R. McCurry, and David Winston Barge, among others. (AMAS Repertory Theatre, 1 E. 104th St. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17. For information about tickets, call 369-8000.)

The Boys of Winter—A play by John Pielmeier, directed by Herbert Ross. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 16. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays. **TALLEY & SON:** A lightly revised version of Lanford Wilson's fine play "A Tale Told." . . . **TOMORROW'S MONDAY:** A rather weak domestic comedy that Paul Osborn wrote in 1936. Farley Granger, Helen Stenborg, Richard Backus, and Robert Macnaughton are among the good actors on hand. (Both shows reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory. **SAVAGE IN LIMBO:** The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 13-15, and Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **FILTHY RICH:** A play by George F. Walker. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, and Tuesday through Friday, Nov. 19-22. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

Doubles—The scene is a locker room in a tennis club in Connecticut, where four men undress and dress and undress while they talk over their more or less miserable lives. This is a comedy. The author is David Wiltse, and the four men are played by Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1963 musical **SHE LOVES ME**—Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Joe Masteroff (book)—is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Ghashiram Kotwal—An experimental theatre work by Indian playwright Vijay Tendulkar, in its English-language American première. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Golden Land—A musical about the Jewish immigrant experience, conceived by Zalmen

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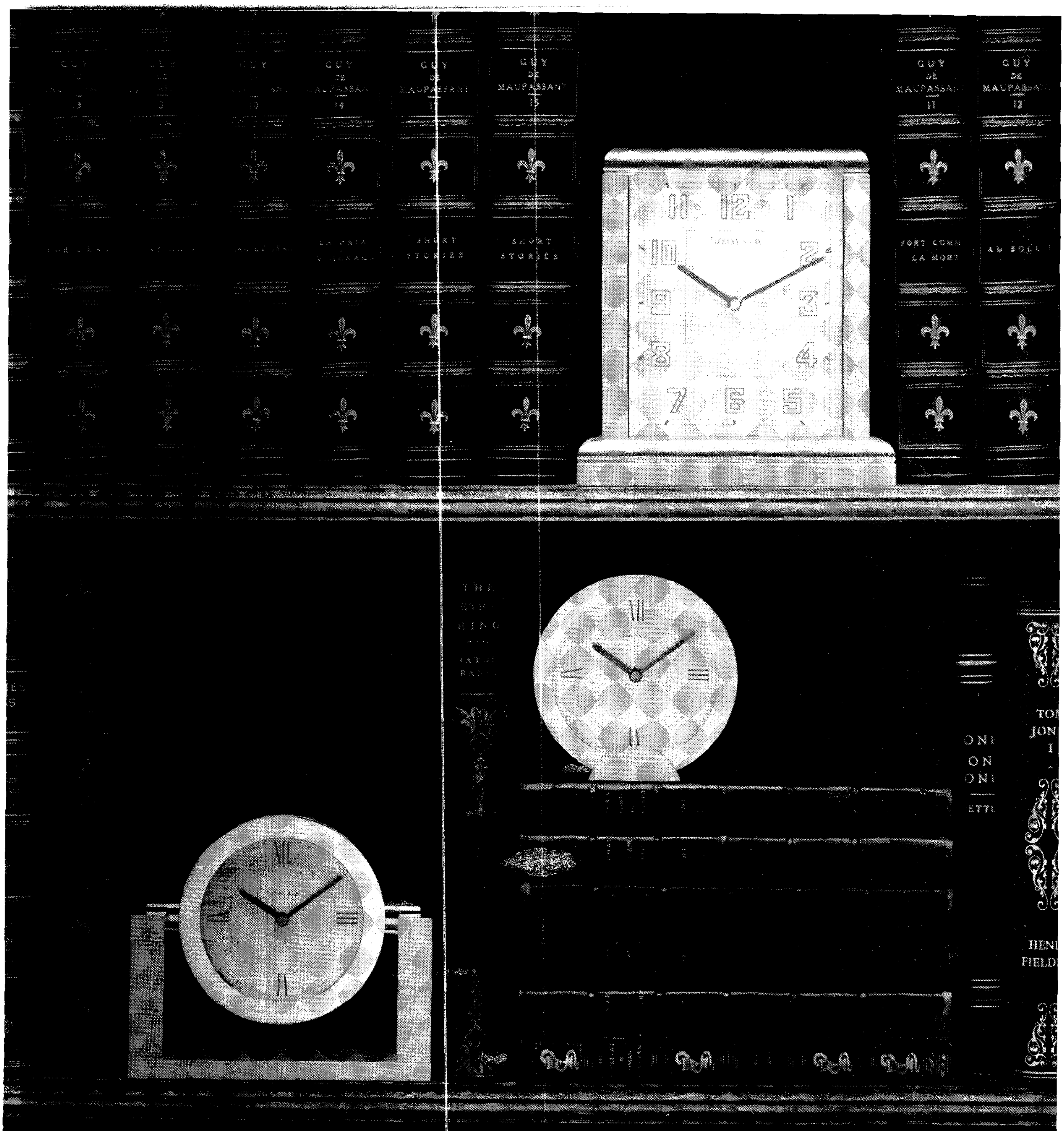
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mlotek and Moishe Rosenfeld. Jacques Levy is the director. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1 and 5, and Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21, at 2:30.)

Hamelin: A Musical Tale from Rats to Riches—A musical dud. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Iceman Cometh—O'Neill's intolerably long play about a large number of derelicts pursuing, in a saloon somewhere in downtown Manhattan in the year 1912, a number of unrealizable pipe dreams. O'Neill's small point is that they were right to do so. Starring Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes, and directed by José Quintero. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) Reopens Tuesday, Nov. 19. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays, Nov. 15 and 22, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8; Sundays, Nov. 17 and 24, at 3:30; and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 3:30 and 8.)

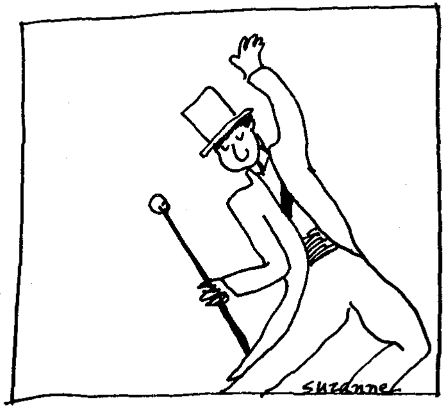
Love As We Know It—Act I of Gil Schwartz's very funny comedy is a clutch of skits; Act II is a skittish play. The subject is sex, and it is treated, more often than not, with originality *and gaiety and style. Polly Draper, Michael* Countryman, Marek Johnson, John C. McGinley, and Karen Ludwig are the actors; Josh Mostel directed. (11/11/85) (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

A Map of the World—An expatriate Indian novelist of more or less conservative views confronts a young English journalist from a socialist publication at a conference on world *poverty in Bombay. David Hare's play* becomes muddled at times, but it is never dull, and the acting of the large cast is very good. Roshan Seth and Željko Ivanek are splendid in the leading roles. Mr. Hare directed. (10/14/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

The Marriage of Figaro—A smart-alecky reworking of the Beaumarchais classic, translated and adapted by Richard Nelson and directed by Andrei Serban, who relies on sight gags with skateboards as much as he does upon his cast, which includes Anthony Heald, Christopher Reeve, and Dana Ivey. (10/28/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mirror Repertory Company—The first in this season's series of productions is a return engagement of Maurice Valency's adaptation of **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT,** by Jean Giraudoux. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. *Tuesdays through Saturdays* at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 5, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 223-6440.)



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Negro Ensemble Company—The American of **EYES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West Indies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Glynn Turman and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Nonsectarian Conversations with the Dead—A play by Laurie Carlos. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 13. Opens Thursday, Nov. 14, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Preview and opening-night curtains at 7:30; thereafter, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—*Neil Simon has turned his* successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Sally Struthers and Rita Moreno. (6/24/85) Starting Tuesday, Nov. 19, Brenda Vaccaro will replace Miss Moreno. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Oliver, Oliver—*A revival of a play by* Paul Osborn, with Nancy Marchand and Frances Sternhagen. Vivian Matalon is the director. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over *their house and their lives. The first act* works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring *and comedy.* Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Rockbound—A musical with book and lyrics by C. J. Critt and a score by Roberta Baum. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—Performances of **STEEL TOWN,** a musical written by Joan Holden, with a score by Bruce Barthol and Eduardo Robledo, will begin Thursday, Nov. 14, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

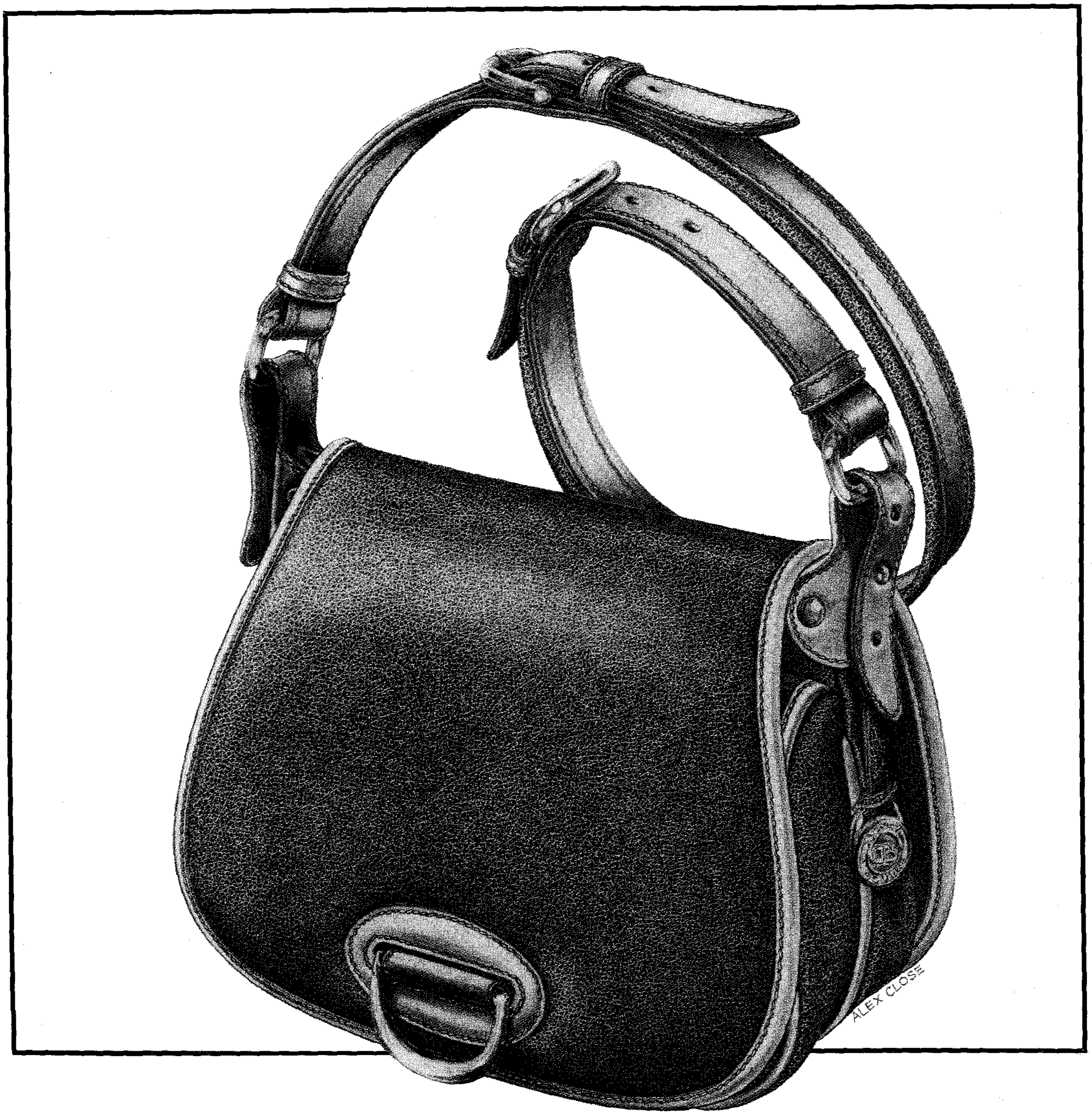
The Special—A musical with a book and lyrics by Mike Gutwillig and a score by Galt MacDermot. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 279-4200. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Tatterdemalion—A musical by Judd Woldin, based on Israel Zangwill's novella "King of Schnorrers." (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., *at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through* Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yours, Anne—A vapid musical based on Anne Frank's diary. (10/28/85) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and Walter Charles. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young *dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs* in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,632 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. Opens Friday, Nov. 15, and will run through Thursday, Jan. 9. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Nov. 15, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 16, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 2:30 and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 17, at 12:30 and 4; and Monday, Nov. 18, and Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 11 and 2:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 23—Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Apollo," "Rubies," and "Theme and Variations." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 870-5585 or 870-5656, Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Apollo," "Firebird," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: The new ballet, "Firebird," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Apollo," "Firebird," and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

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MAURICE BÉJART'S BALLET OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—A three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 1—Wednesday, Nov. 13, and Friday, Nov. 15, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3: "Le Concours." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "7 Greek Dances," "5 Preludes for Cello," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "7 Greek Dances," "Symphonie pour un Homme Seul," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20, at 8: "Dionysos Suite," "Symphonie pour un Homme Seul," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Dionysos Suite," "Salome," and "Le Sacre du Printemps." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8: "7 Greek Dances," "Sonata for Three," and "Le Baiser de la Fée." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Le Sacre du Printemps," "5 Preludes for Cello," "Salome," "Symphonie pour un Homme Seul," and "Bolero." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MOLISSA FENLEY AND DANCERS—Presenting "Cenotaph," "Second Sight," and "Esperanto." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 13-15, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2 and 7:30.)

EIKO & KOMA—Performances of "Thirst" (première) and "Elegy" (New York première). (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Saturdays, Nov. 14-16 and 21-23, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 17 and 24, at 3.)

KAZUO OHNO AND KUNIKO KISANUKI—Solo performances by two dancers from Japan—**KISANUKI:** Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30; Thursday, Nov. 21, and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2. . . . **OHNO:** Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; Friday, Nov. 22, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

CHARLES MOORE DANCE THEATRE—New and repertory works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Nov. 21, and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully non-self-indulgent singer whose interpretations of Gershwin tunes are done with verve and conviction, reigns in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

REFRESHMENTS
HOT DOGS · HAMBURGERS
CLOSED
Stuart Leeds

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13-14, singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** leads a trio; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, **BARRY HARRIS** will guide his trio; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21, guitarist **SAL SALVADOR** will be here; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, have been reserved for trumpeter **WOODY SHAW'S** quartet. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. A little later on in the evening, **MARTHA RAYE** performs at nine on Tuesdays and at nine and eleven Wednesdays through Saturdays.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **PHYLLIS HYMAN** sings here through Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, four jazz violinists—**JOHN BLAKE, DIDIER LOCKWOOD, NOEL POINTER,** and **MICHAL URBANIAK**—will take over the bandstand. Jubilant, hard-bop trumpeter **TED CURSON** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Wednesday, Nov. 13, Exile and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, blues singer **JOHN HAMMOND;** Sunday, Nov. 17, **BILL MONROE,** who's been a legend in his own time for a long time and who's still a vital, stirring performer, **& THE BLUE GRASS BOYS** and **JOHN HARTFORD;** Wednesday, Nov. 20, the New Sam & Dave, with a new Sam (Nicholas Tremulius) and an old Dave (Dave Prater); Thursday, Nov. 21, Jesse Colin Young; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, singer **FLORA PURIM** and percussionist **AIRTO** re-create the sounds of a Brazilian forest to a dance beat. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** works with **CALVIN HILL** through Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Monday, Nov. 18, **STEVE KUHN** and **STEVE SWALLOW** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where you can hear **BOBBY SHORT,** always a cozy, elegant, and, above all, vivacious singer-pianist, with his trusty musical entourage, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is back, singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** guides a quartet until Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, harmonica soloist **TOOTS THIELEMANS** will move in. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 13, the **BEN VAUGHN COMBO,** who have filmed a refreshingly homemade music video in which the lead guitarist takes a solo on a broom,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23

David Thomas, and the Young Fresh Fellows; Thursday, Nov. 14, Chris Owens, Patricia Shih, Eric Levine, and Laurie Mark; Friday, Nov. 15, Jesse Winchester, Mark Glassmire, and Pat Troiani; Saturday, Nov. 16, **MELANIE**; Wednesday, Nov. 20, Optic Nerve; and Saturday, Nov. 23, the Aztec Two-Step and Jake Jacobs. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with Scott Hardy and Jay Anderson from ten to three Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays belong to the Amy London trio; and Tuesdays to Swing Street-veteran guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. And they all begin at ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **ROGER KELLAWAY** is in charge of the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-keyed bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **LOU LEVY** works with **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Nov. 16, and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, **HILTON RUIZ** will move in with **MAJOR HOLLEY**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, Nov. 13, **DICKIE BETTS**; Thursday, Nov. 14, the wonderful blues guitarist and singer **ALBERT COLLINS** and Lefty Dizz; Friday, Nov. 15, Soul Bro. No. 1 **JAMES BROWN**; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, the Kingsmen, and on Sunday Chubby Checker, too; Monday, Nov. 18, Roger McGuinn; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers; Thursday, Nov. 21, reggae-ists **BURNING SPEAR** and **ONE LIFE**; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, Loup Gurou. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. Some of the schedule: Thursday, Nov. 14, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE'S** ten-piece band; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS**; Monday, Nov. 18, **JUMP STREET**; Tuesday, Nov. 19, Thom Rotella's group; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, altoist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA**. Music from about ten. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Nov. 13, the **DEAD KENNEDYS**, Jesse Malin & Hope, and Rat at Rat R; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, guitarist Nils Lofgren; Saturday, Nov. 16, the **DEAD KENNEDYS**; Friday, Nov. 22, guitarist **ADRIAN BELEW**; and Saturday, Nov. 23, A.P.B. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, fusion, R. & B., and Latin-tinged music upstairs: Wednesday, Nov. 13, Crossing Point; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 14-16, will belong to guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and his band. Mondays are **TOM PIERSON** Big Band nights. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggae bands, and all-percussion ensembles—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13-14, tenor-saxophonist **GATO BARBIERI**; Friday, Nov. 15, Skah Shah; Saturdays, Nov. 16 and Nov. 23, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday and Monday, Nov. 17-18, reggae singer and songwriter **MICHAEL ROSE**; Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 19-21, **CELIA CRUZ**, singing with **RAY BARRETTO** on Tuesday, with **DANIEL PONCÉ** on Wednesday, and **TITO PUENTE** on Thursday (wow!); and Friday, Nov. 22, Tabou Combo. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**SUN RA'S ARKESTRA** orbits this place through Sunday, Nov. 17; Monday, Nov. 18, will belong to singer **DAKOTA STATON**; and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, the **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, basic blues and rock club. The partial schedule: on Thursdays, Nov. 14 and 21, Kristi Rose will be here with Chris Chriso, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, blues saxophonist **JAY MC NEELY** will perform.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa on the bandstand and electricity in the air after nine on Mondays: on Nov. 18, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE**, **CHARANGA AMERICA**, and **NOEL POINTER**, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. On Fridays and Saturdays, the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** participates in a swing-music-and-jitterbug evening that begins after nine. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** trade fours through Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will come in with **JAMIL NASSER**. Piano-bass music nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON**, bassist **RON CARTER**, *and* drummer **AL FOSTER** collaborate through Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Tuesday, Nov. 19, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet will descend the stairs. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND**. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. Singer **DAKOTA STATON** receives support from pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND'S** trio through Sunday, Nov. 17, and on Wednesday, Nov. 20, the **DUKE'S MEN** will move onto the stand. Music from about nine.

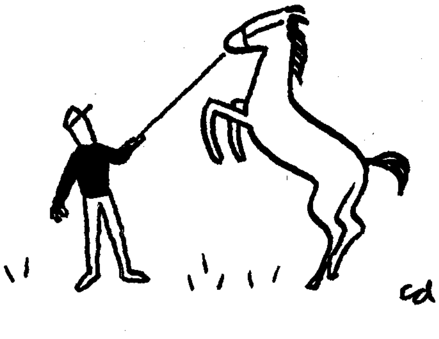
ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** and bassist **RUFUS REID** are here every night but Sunday, Nov. 17, when guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** are scheduled to drop by. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JOHN HICKS—With Elise Wood and Walter Booker. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

STEVE CHARNEY—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.

JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 10 and midnight.



HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The second in a series of concerts, this one performed by Dave McKenna. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 5. For information about tickets, call 369-8040.)

BOB STEWART—With the Mel Lewis Orchestra and the Harold Danko quartet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7.)

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.

WOMEN OF THE CALABASH—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 18-19, at 8.

HOWARD JONES—With Marshall Crenshaw. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

WHITNEY HOUSTON—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7:30.

TOM WAITS—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20-21, at 7:30.

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM & EKAYA—With Sathima Bea Benjamin and Windsong. (Great Hall, Cooper Union. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

FERRON—With Novi. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

CARMEN LUNDY—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Nov. 22, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE—The first in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Carol Fredette and Richard Rodney Bennett in an evening devoted to the music of Vernon Duke and Jule Styne. (St. Peter's Church. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

JAZZ ON TELEVISION—A series of programs featuring jazz performers on TV during the past thirty years will be given at the Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., starting Friday, Nov. 15, and running through Thursday, Jan. 30. (For information about scheduling, call 752-4690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CONSTANTIN ALAJÁLOV—A showing of this notably observant artist's magazine covers, twenty-two of them for *The New Yorker*. Through Nov. 29. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St. Open Mondays; open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Saturdays.)

JOHN WHITE ALEXANDER (1856-1915) / **THOMAS HART BENTON** (1889-1975)—Oil paintings of female figures, still-lifes, and landscapes. / Paintings, works on paper, and a few sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

HANNELORE BARON—Abstract paper-and-cloth collages and box constructions. Through Dec. 7. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Line drawings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

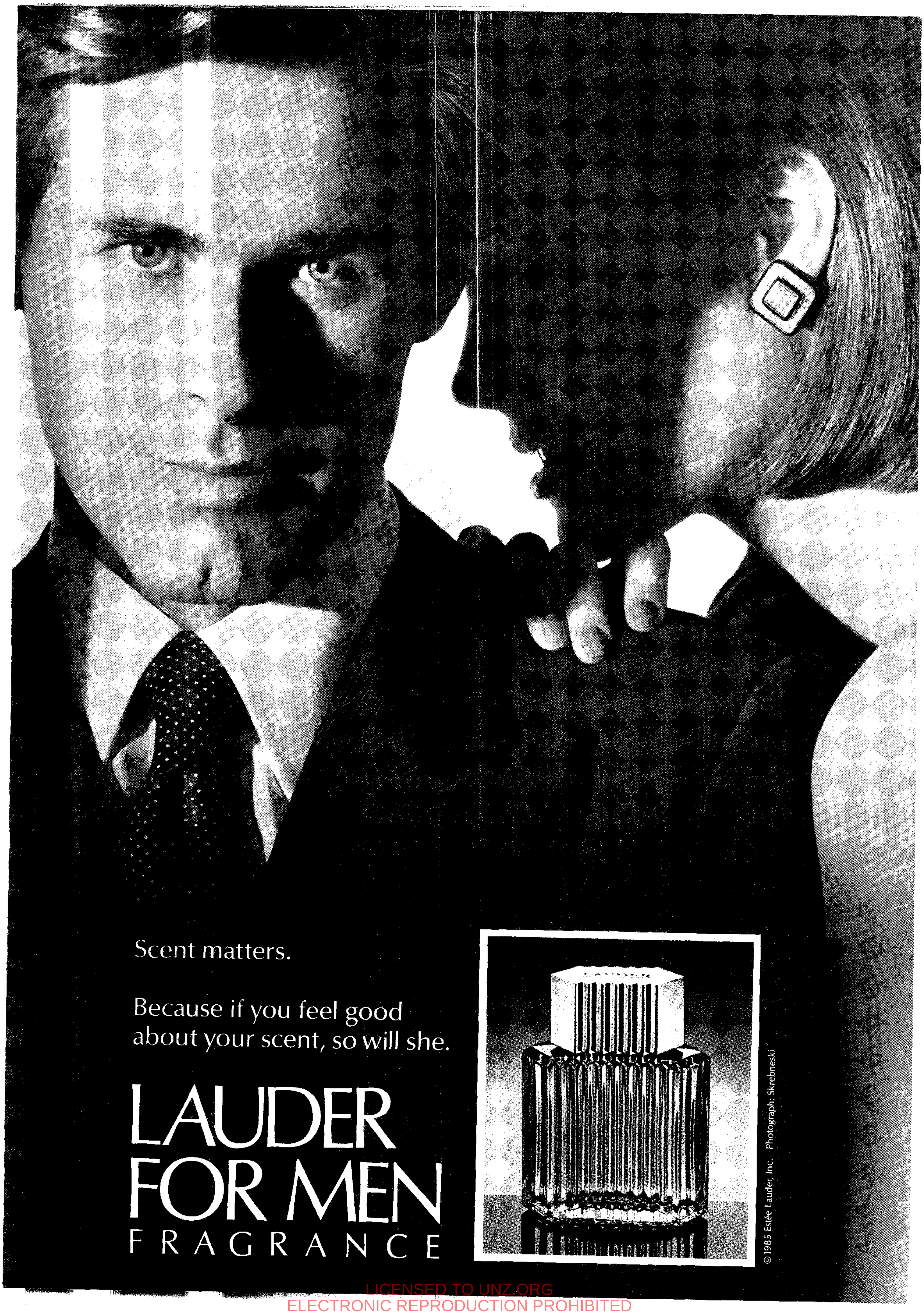
WILLEM DE KOONING—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstractions; twelve on canvas, nine on paper. Through Dec. 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

RICHARD ERDMAN—Ribbonlike, convoluted abstract forms carved in marble, for the most part, and sometimes cast in bronze. Through Nov. 27. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Red canvases and black canvases from the early sixties. Through Nov. 30. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

MARGARET ISRAEL—Watercolor sketches grouped together in panels of ten or more, plus antic ceramic figures ornamented with shards from


Scent matters.
Because if you feel good about your scent, so will she.
LAUDER FOR MEN
FRAGRANCE
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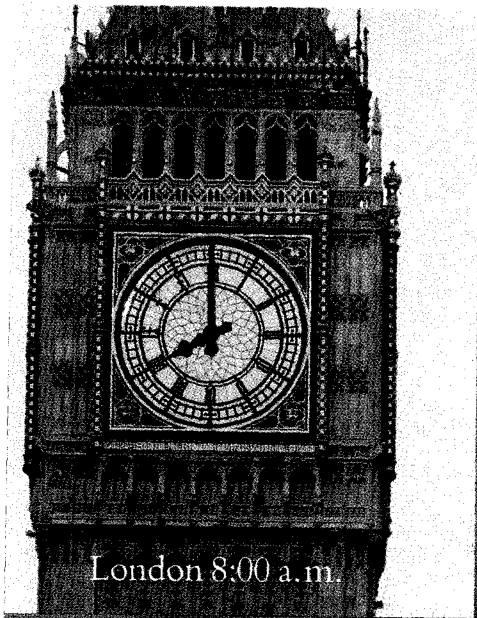
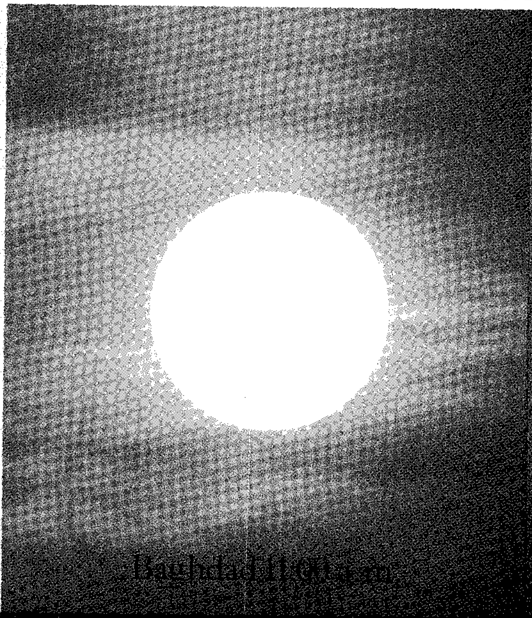
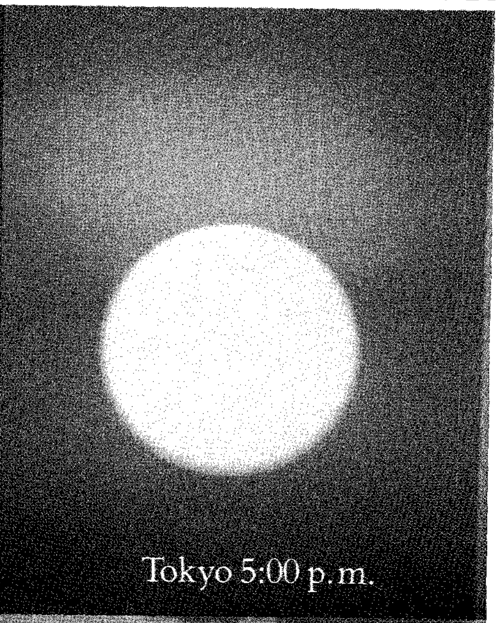
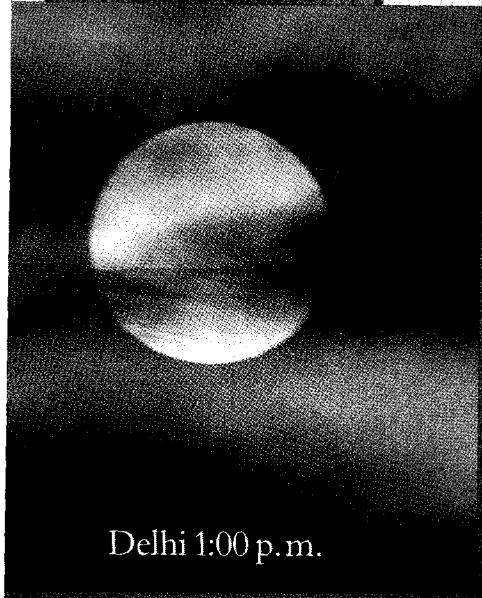
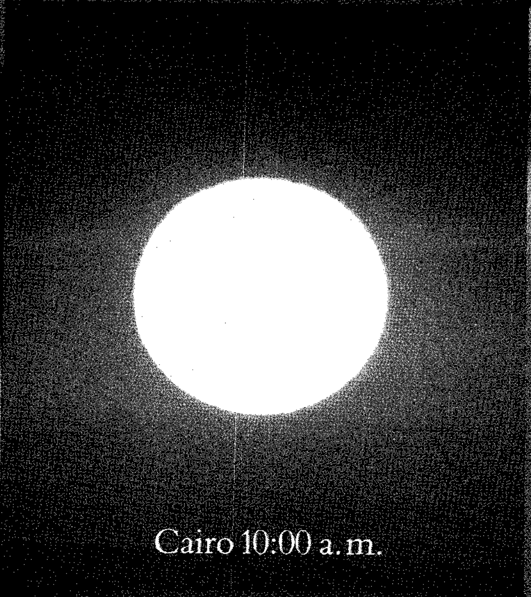
The sun never sets

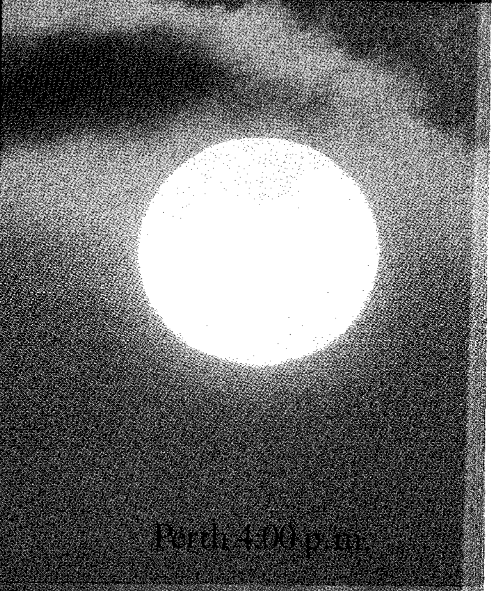

London 8:00 a.m.

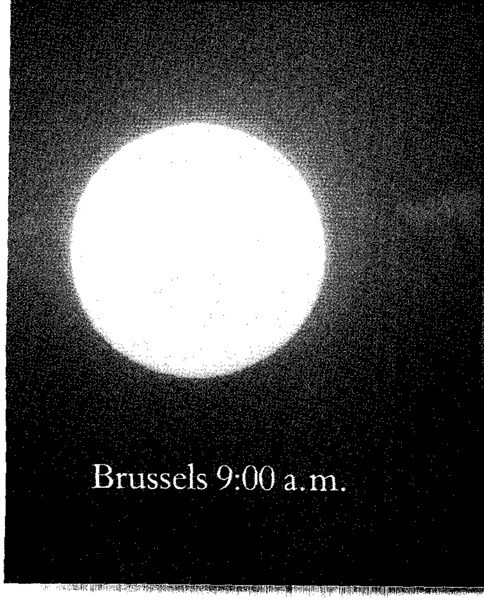

Baghdad 11:00 a.m.

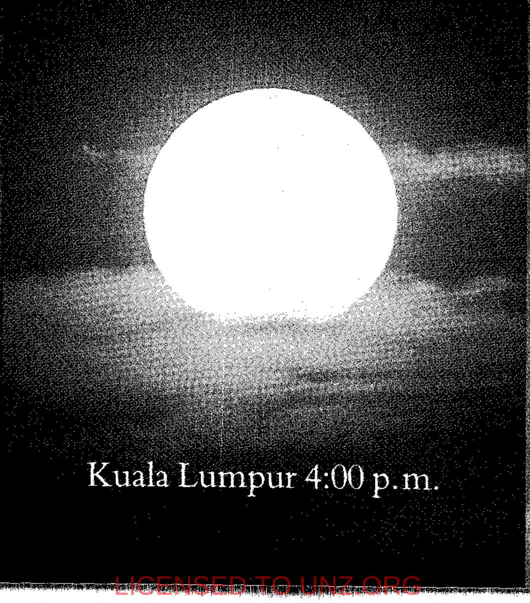

Tokyo 5:00 p.m.

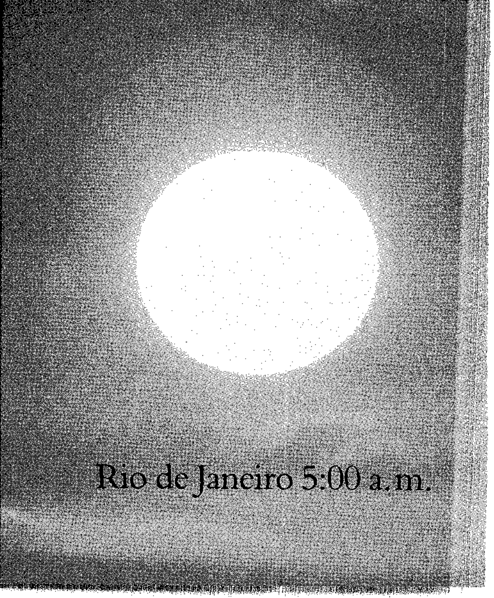

Delhi 1:00 p.m.


Cairo 10:00 a.m.


Perth 4:00 p.m.


Brussels 9:00 a.m.


Kuala Lumpur 4:00 p.m.


Rio de Janeiro 5:00 a.m.

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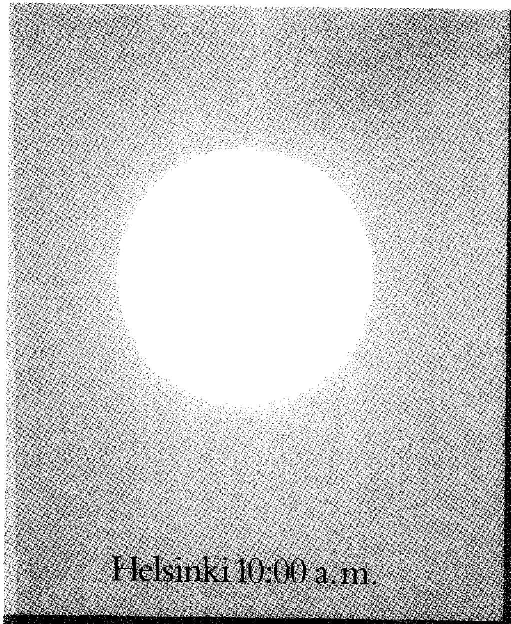
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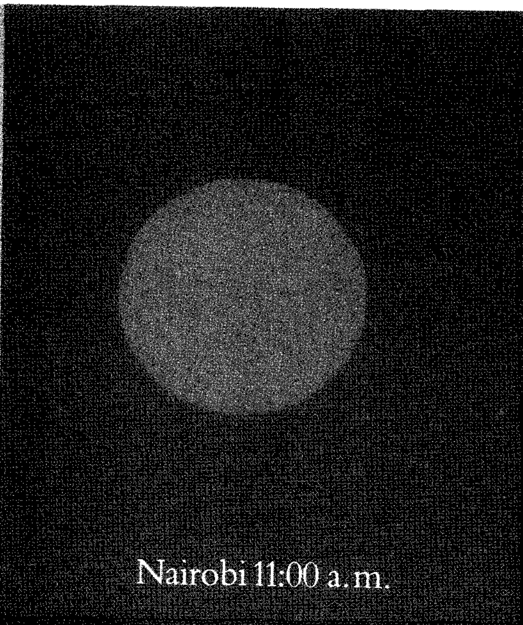
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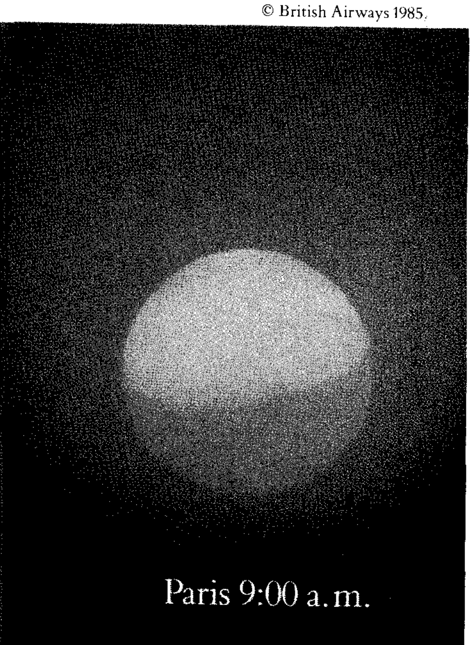
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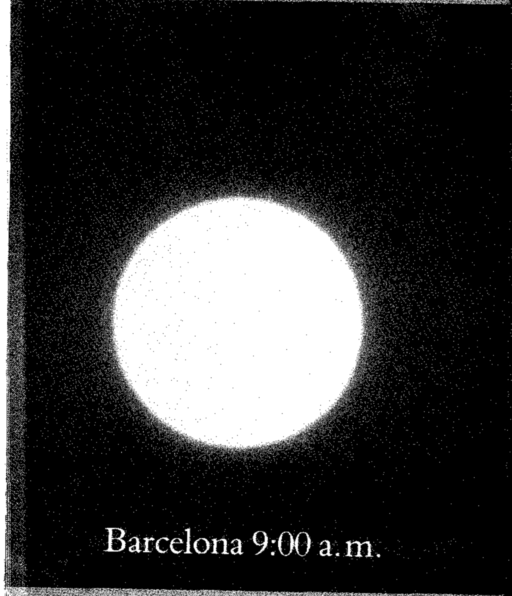
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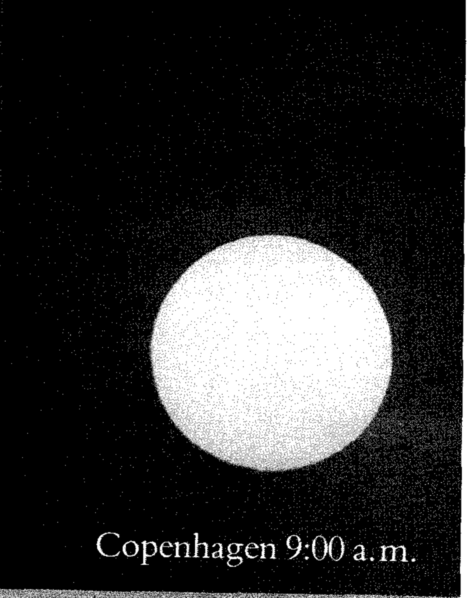
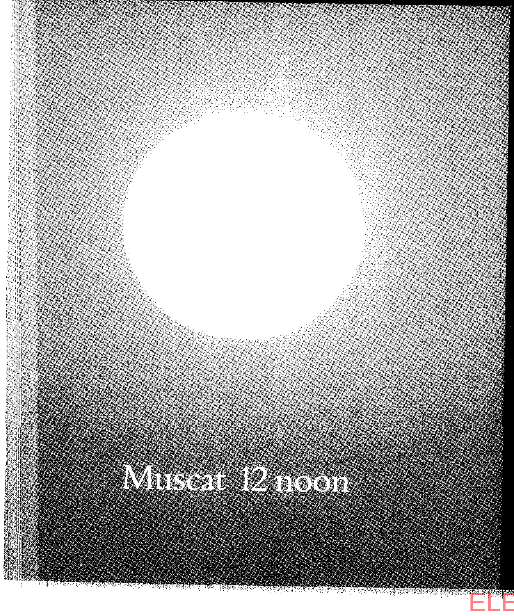
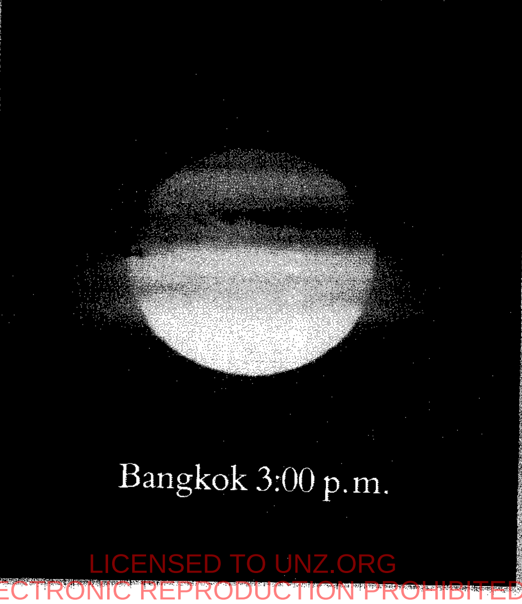
Singapore 4:00 p.m.


Copenhagen 9:00 a.m.


Muscat 12 noon


Bangkok 3:00 p.m.

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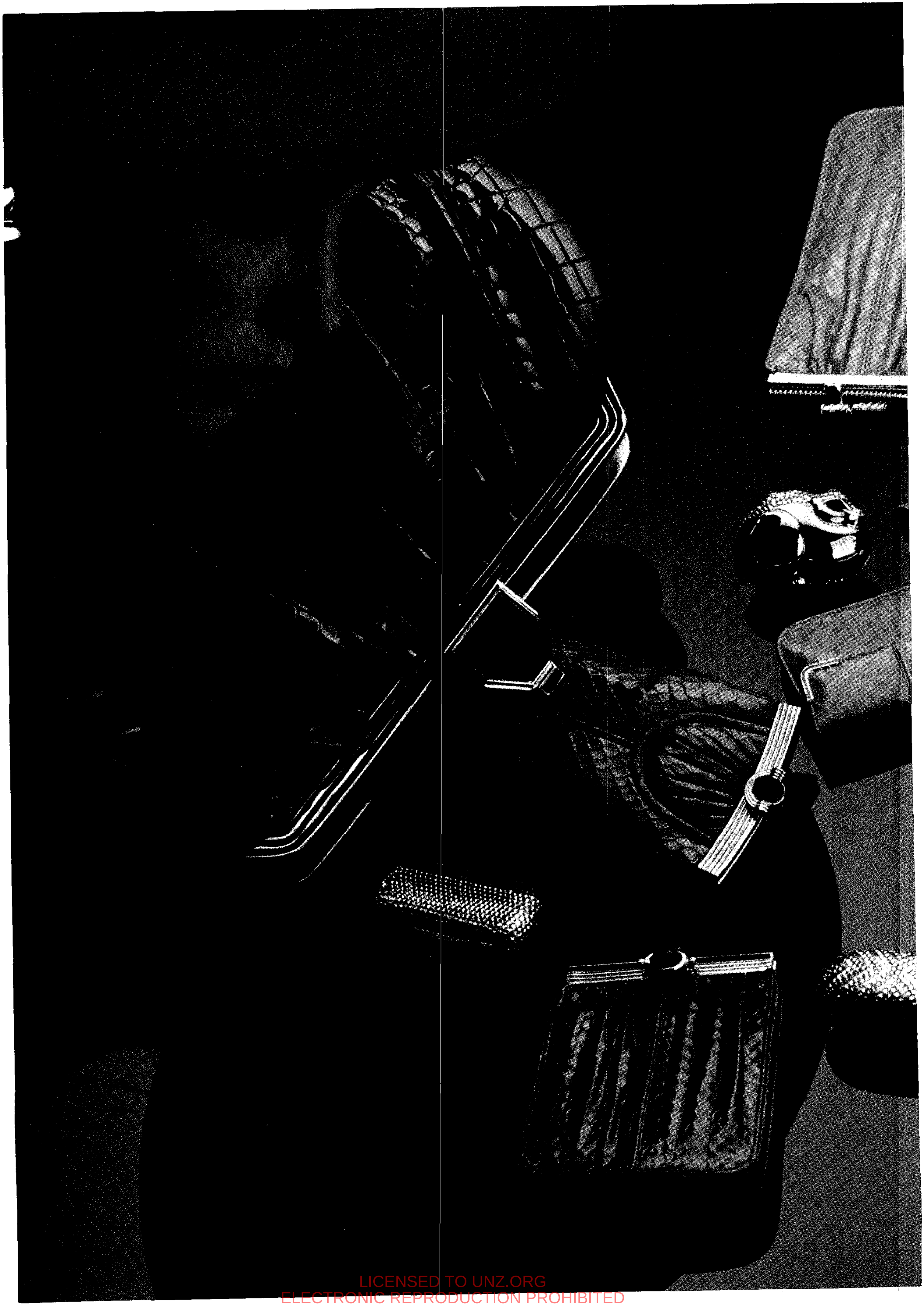
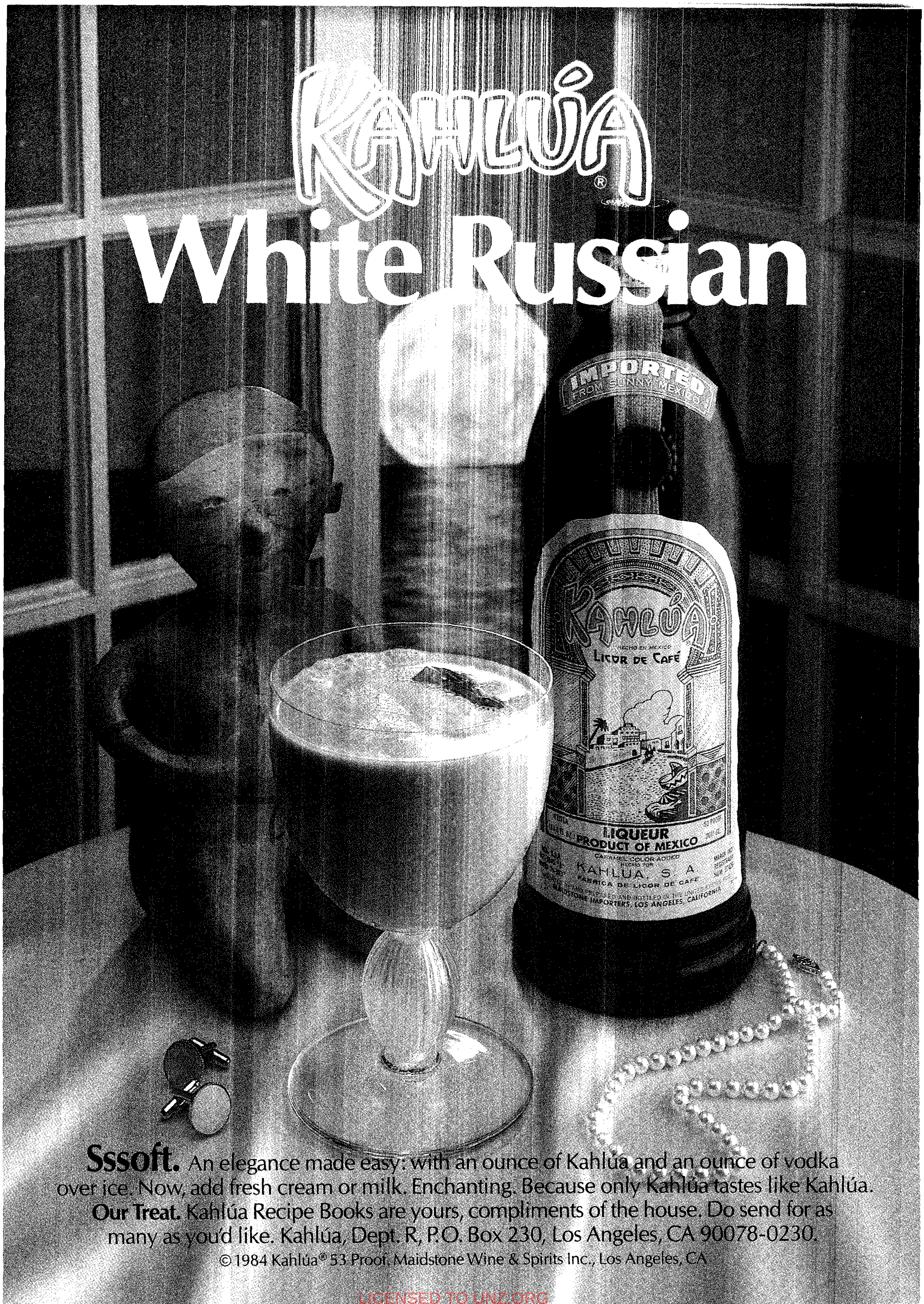


Judith Leiber
Handbags/ Accessories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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the artist's kilns. Through Tuesday, Nov. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Julio Larraz—Recent paintings by a Magic Realist. Through Dec. 7. (Haime, 1000 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

Alberto Magnelli (1888-1971)—Paintings by an Italian artist who embraced Cubism and later focussed on geometric abstraction. Through Dec. 14. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Twenty bronzes. Through Dec. 7. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

John Moore—Representational paintings; Winthrop Square in Boston and a waterfront mill in Waterville, Maine, are typical subjects. Through Nov. 27. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Ken Price—Small fired-clay sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Emilio Sanchez—Paintings in which the Manhattan skyline is reduced to buildings of rectangles and squares. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901)—Drawings and watercolors from a collection owned by the artist's family. Through Dec. 6. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open daily; opens at noon Saturdays and Sundays. A larger exhibition is at the Museum of Modern Art.)

Tom Wesselmann—Small paintings and collages from throughout his career. Through Dec. 7. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Troels Woersel—Paintings, drawings, and prints from 1979 to the present. Through Nov. 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

Group Shows—At **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Drawings by twentieth-century Europeans, including Klee, Klimt, Schwitters, and Balthus. Through Dec. 31. . . . **colnaghi**, 26 E. 80th St.: European paintings, 1550 to 1800. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **coe kerr**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Impressionist paintings and works on paper by American artists, among them Mary Cassatt, William Merritt Chase, and Childe Hassam. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **mazoh**, 13 E. 76th St. Paintings by Americans and Europeans, including Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland, Jean Dubuffet, and Hans Hofmann. Through Dec. 14. (Open Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings and drawings of Paris café scenes by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists who frequented them. Courbet, Monet, Renoir, Picasso, and Braque are among those included. Through Dec. 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Expressionist figures that embody darker aspects of human experience—starvation and paranoia, for instance. By Sydney Blum, Scott Richter, Mary Ann Unger, and others. Through Nov. 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Siah Armajani—Fanciful architectural constructions. Through Nov. 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Barnes—Allegorical paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A retrospective. Through Dec. 29. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

George de Forest Brush (1855-1941)—American Indian and mother-and-child portraits are among the paintings and drawings in this retrospective. Through Dec. 14. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gaston Chaissac (1910-64)—Painted-wood constructions based on the human figure and semi-abstract portraits, among other works. Through Nov. 30. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Sculptures and prints from the seventies. Through Dec. 7. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

José de Creeft (1884-1982) / **Claude Buck** (1890-1974)—Figurative sculptures in bronze, wood, and marble, plus works on paper. / Landscape and figure paintings. Through Nov. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Roger Dennis—Recent Impressionist landscapes of New England. Through Nov. 29. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St.)

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José de Rivera (1904-85)—A memorial show of about two dozen sculptures, many on revolving bases. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anne Dunn / **Leigh Behnke**—Loosely handled paintings of studio interiors and landscapes of New Brunswick, Canada. / Realist paintings on multiple panels—cityscapes, interiors, still-lifes. Through Nov. 27. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Glackens (1870-1938)—Landscapes, figure sketches, and magazine illustrations. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Watercolors of cattleya orchids, fancy chocolates, and ripe pears. Through Nov. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata / **Peter Bellamy**—New paintings. / Photographs of artists who work in New York, among them Richard Artschwager, Susan Rothenberg, and Raphael Soyer. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Ross, 162 W. 56th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973) / **Claudio Bravo**—A retrospective of sculptures, reliefs, and drawings. / Pastel still-lifes. Through Dec. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Melissa Miller / **William Wegman**—Paintings and works on paper of animals. / Large-format Polaroids of Miami. Through Nov. 30. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Ceramics done in collaboration with Josep Llorens Artigas. Through Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Lithographs and etchings. Through Nov. 30. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through Nov. 29. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St. Open Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—Bronze sculptures dating from 1959 to 1962. Through Dec. 14. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland / **John Graham** (1881-1961)—Paintings from the sixties, when he concentrated on chevrons and horizontal stripes. Through Nov. 30. / Portrait drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Non-representational paintings, some on aluminum panels, and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Edda Renouf / **David Deutsch**—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 26. / New paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Livio Saganić—Carved-slate sculptures. Through Dec. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—Unflattering portrait heads of art-world figures—artists, dealers, critics, collectors. The works resemble primitive masks, some of them exposing two sets of teeth. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

John Seery—Flower paintings by an Expressionist. Through Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Stubbs (1724-1806)—Intaglio prints, some finished with watercolors. Through Dec. 28. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Paintings of Italy, including a series of the abandoned Villa Orsini, in Bomarzo. Through Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Three large bronzes (abstractions, but obviously inspired by gymnasts' movements) and their preparatory charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Realist narrative paintings, one of them the artist's version of his father leaving home for good, seen off by a bowl of spaghetti flung by his mother. Through Nov. 30. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Takako Yamaguchi—New paintings on paper. Through Nov. 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **marisa del re**, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the fifties by American artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, Frank Stella, and Clyfford Still. Through Dec. 21. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Twenty-four American paintings, the earliest completed in 1763 by John Singleton Copley and the most recent, by Jack Levine, this year. Through Dec. 7. . . . **schoelkopf**, 50 W. 57th St.: "American Wood Carvers," a show that juxtaposes ships' figureheads by commercial artists and contemporary sculptures by such artists as Elie Nadelman, Louise Kruger, and Raoul Hague. Through Dec. 4.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Calvin Albert—Abstract terra-cotta sculptures and charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Doug Anderson—Abstraction and recognizable objects collide in heavily textured paintings. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Wendell Castle—Thirteen working long-case wood clocks, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl. Through Dec. 20. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Dale Chihuly—New glass sculptures. Through Nov. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Elaine Lustig Cohen / **Candida Alvarez**—Large paintings of lively geometric abstractions, plus wood constructions and works on paper. / Works on paper, sometimes collaged, dealing with the mores of Spanish Harlem. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Opens at noon.)

René Daniels—Paintings of pictures on the walls of a gallery, simplified almost to the point of abstraction. Through Nov. 30. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Norris Embry (1921-81) / **Sherry Markovitz**—Expressionist paintings in mixed mediums. / Life-size papier-mâché heads (cast from taxidermists' models) of deer, a bear, and a cat, completely covered with beads, shells, and jewelry. Through Dec. 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Rafael Ferrer—Tropical landscapes and figure paintings. Through Dec. 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Abstract sculptures in mixed mediums and the drawings from which they derived. Through Dec. 7. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Good-natured paintings with figures and objects which have the straightforward simplicity of a child's drawing. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Hamish Fulton—The artist says his works (photographs with texts) are "about the experience of walking." Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—A survey of paintings and works on paper from the past thirty years. Through Dec. 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Steve Gianakos—Large paintings of comic-strip

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images complete with captions. Through Nov. 30. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Keith Haring—Two shows of his rambunctious cartoon characters. Paintings on large, unstretched canvas, through Nov. 30, at Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St., and four massive steel and aluminum sculptures in bright colors, through Saturday, Nov. 16, at Castelli, 142 Greene St., where the artist has painted the walls to look like a playground.

Christopher James—Very wet-looking watercolors of women submerged in swimming pools, one in a Budapest bathhouse. Through Dec. 7. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Kelley—Scraggly abstract shapes painted on linoleum and Masonite. Through Nov. 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Penny Kronengold—Semi-abstract treatments of views from the artist's window in New York. Through Nov. 27. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Li-Lan / Mattie Berhang—Paintings of blank business forms (invoices, memo pads, receipts). /Large mobile-like sculptures made from found objects. Through Nov. 30. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—New paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Jakob Mattner—Glass rectangles, discs, and slivers set into a white wall and impeccably lighted so that shadows become part of the sculptures. One sliver is thirty-two feet four inches long and tapers from six and a half inches down to nothing. Through Dec. 28. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Bruce Nauman—Kinetic neon pornography in dazzling colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Clayton Patterson—Small, figurative watercolors. Through Nov. 30. (Herlin, 68 Thompson St. Open Mondays.)

A. R. Penck—New paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Frank Roth / Anthony DeBlasi—Abstract paintings. / Works that consist entirely of different-colored paints, layered one on top of the other, leaving out a canvas ground altogether. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract paintings, with some sections in relief. Through Nov. 27. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Rosa Silverman / Marilynne Herbert—Abstract paintings and complementary ceramic sculptures. / Documentary photographs of children who live in welfare hotels. Through Nov. 24. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Symbolic paintings combining abstraction and figuration. Through Dec. 3. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Small paintings on rectangular canvas boards, pieced together like mosaics. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Alan Uglow—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Steve Wood—Abstract sculptures made of large splinters of wood bunched together and sometimes covered with a polyester skin. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Baskerville+Watson, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Yarber—Dreamlike paintings, in most of which single figures or embracing couples float through bedroom windows and out over a city far below. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Judy Glantzman—Paintings of muscular figures done on Plexiglas and Masonite with cutouts of similar muscular figures attached to them. Through Nov. 24. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Renee Hiltunnen—Large paintings whose subjects are Barbie and Ken, pictured as toughs in a tough neighborhood, at the theatre, and so on. Through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Bond, 30 Bond St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Marvin Israel—Expressionist portraits and nudes. Through Dec. 7. (Gallery Lafayette, 430 Lafayette St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Lee Jaffe—Constructions made from found objects, including fur pelts that are used in a piece called "What Becomes a Legend Most." Through Dec. 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Jody Pinto—Two shows. Paintings on paper, mostly of arms, plus a sculptured arm. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ An outdoor sculpture. Through Dec. 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Maura Sheehan—Paintings of Greek vases done on salvaged automobile windshields. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every available space of the not exactly confining P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Eggleston and William Christenberry—Color prints of the rural South. Through Nov. 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Jan Groover—Still-lifes. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Florence Henri (1893-1983)—More than fifty prints by a European Bauhaus-connected photographer, including still-lifes and portraits (of Kandinsky and Arp, among others). Through Nov. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Klein—People at the beach seen very close up, backstage views of Paris fashion shows, and street scenes. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joel Meyerowitz—"A Summer's Day" is the title for a show of beach scenes mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Nic Nicosia / Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—Studio portraits of subjects more commonly seen in snapshots—fishermen, cowboys, a guy at the beach. / A series called "The New Irascibles," photographs based on the well-known 1951 portrayal of Abstract Expressionist painters. The cast this time is made up of lower East Side dealers and artists. Through Friday, Nov. 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.).

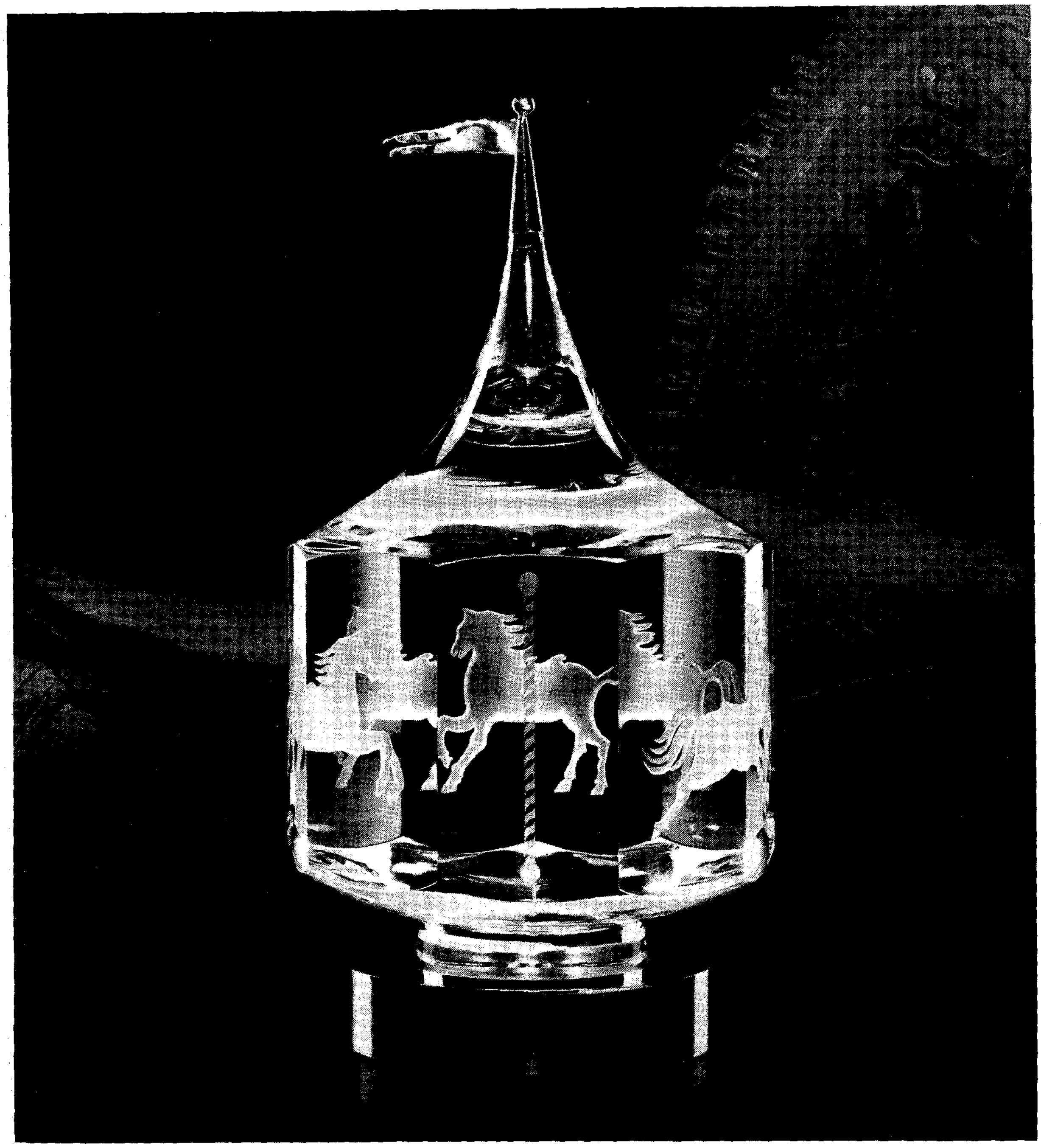
Richard Prince—New work by an artist whose photographs are of newspaper and magazine pictures. Through Dec. 1. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Albert Renger-Patzsch (1892-1966)—Photographs of plants. Through Dec. 7. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At **the Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: A selection of self-portraits, from the wet-plate era right up to Polaroids, by more than forty photographers (Nadar, Stieglitz, Outerbridge, Ray, Wegman, Samaras, Sherman). See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **303 Gallery**, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St.: Works by Jeff Koons, James Casebere, and Larry Johnson. Through Nov. 30. (Opens at 1.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Seventy paintings and drawings by John Frederick Kensett, a nineteenth-century landscapist linked to Luminism. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily except Mon-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. A complementary show is at the French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. . . . ¶ The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. . . . **photography:** A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century self-portraits. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. Through Dec. 2. . . . **photography:** Prints by Joel Meyerowitz. Through Jan. 13. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Architectural drawings and photographs of the archeological site of Vijayanagara, one of the best-preserved Hindu ruins of ancient India. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—Rocks (lapis lazuli, soapstone, malachite) and paintings depicting rocks (on hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, fans) in a show underscoring the significance of the rock in Chinese culture. Through Jan. 26. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Ezra Pound (born October 30, 1885) and his life's work are the topic of a show of first editions, autograph manuscripts, poems by authors he edited, and even carbon copies of two of the radio broadcasts he made in Italy. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of seventy-six *kawari kabuto*, Japanese helmets worn by warlords between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth and distinguished not so much by their protective capacity as by their daring, highly individualistic designs: a crouching rabbit, a boy's topknot, a morning glory, and so forth. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century: Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, Sonia Delaunay, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of fifty seventeenth-century Dutch paintings, by Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Aelbert Cuyp, and others, on loan from the Bredius Museum in the Netherlands. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A show devoted to watercolors by the nineteenth-century painter Jasper Cropsey, a number depicting the landscape of Hastings-on-Hudson. Starts Friday, Nov. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Frederic Remington's impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—David Wheeler (performance), Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Robbie McCauley (performance), Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.

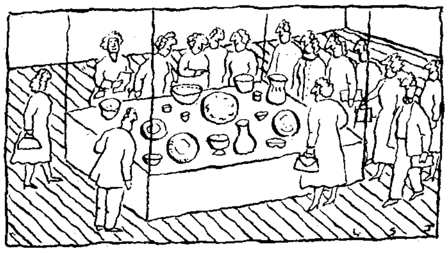
P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Bebe Miller (dance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 15-17, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., 1-718 636-4100; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Ernesto Veronelli, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Florence Quivar, Aage Haughland, and Martti Talvela; conducted by Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Hildegard Behrens, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Ernesto Veronelli, and George Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Karen Williams, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Florence Quivar, Aage Haugland, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, Jon Vickers, and George Fortune. Garcia Navarro conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Karen Williams, Charles Williams, and Michael Smartt; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rosario Andrade, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: A new production of Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Carol Vaness, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; James Levine. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Myra Merritt, Karen Williams, Charles Williams, and Michael Smartt; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mignon Dunn, Isola Jones, and Vasile Moldoveanu; and "Pagliacci," with Mariana Nicolesco, Jon Vickers, and Sherrill Milnes. Garcia Navarro conducting both.



New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2; and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7: "Kismet," with Michele McBride, Joyce Castle, Mark Thomsen, and Theodore Baerg; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 14-16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1: "Kismet," with Maryanne Telese, Susanne Marsee, Cris Groenendaal, and George Hearn; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Michael Recchiuti conducting performances of Robert Ward's "The Crucible," an opera based on the play by Arthur Miller. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Nov. 13 and 20, and Fridays, Nov. 15 and 22, at 8, and Sundays, Nov. 17 and 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of works by William Schuman, honoring his seventy-fifth birthday. With the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Ronald Braunstein. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays from 9:30 to 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

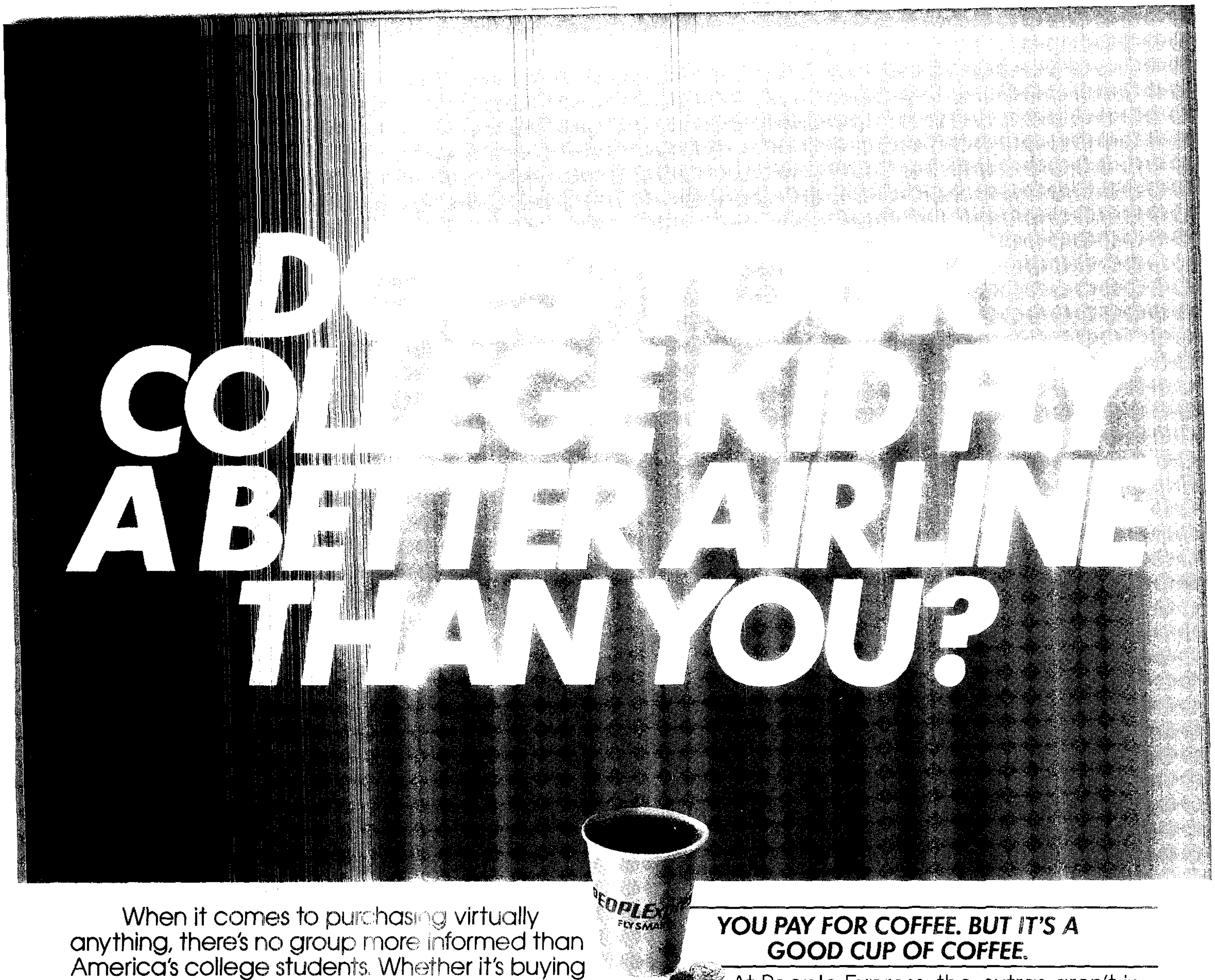
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: An all-Copland program, honoring the composer's eighty-fifth birthday, with Bennett Lerner, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: A varied program, with Wynton Marsalis and Philip Smith, trumpet.

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program that includes the New York première of a work by Hindemith, with Youri Egorov, piano. The opening performances of the regular season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2.)

American Composers Orchestra—Leonard Bernstein and Paul Dunkel variously conducting a David Diamond–Copland–William Schuman program, with Simon Estes, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

Hunter Symphony—Clayton Westermann conducting a Handel-Bach program, with Betsy Norden, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly



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AMARETTO DI SARONNO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-5020.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Nadia Pelle, soprano; Gretchen Greenfield, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing a program of German music, with David Smith, tenor; Kevin Deas, baritone; Michael Willens, violone; and Walter Hilse, organ. (Gustavus Adolphus Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a performance of Dvořák's "Stabat Mater," with Julia Faulkner, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Arthur Woodley, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Firkusny and Lynn Harrell—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Arkady Aronov—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—Three performances of a program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Richard Goode—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—A Haydn-Dvořák-Schumann program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug—Violin/viola and piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Helen Campo—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 5:30.)

"Music for a Great Space"—Paul Halley directing a program of liturgical music from eight centuries. With the Classic Brass Ensemble, the Massed Choirs of the Cathedral, and Jonathan Dimmock, organ. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of four programs performed by various members of the faculty of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—The Ridge Quartet, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2.)

Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir—A program of works by Schubert for piano, four hands. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2. For tickets, call 741-5689.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

North/South Consonance—Presenting piano music composed and performed by Faye-Ellen Silverman, and a work by Donald Betts performed by Wayne Dalton, baritone, and Mr. Betts, piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.) . . . ¶ Premières of compositions by seven Latin Americans. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8. For information about tickets, call 249-8950.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall—Sunday, Nov. 17, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 18-19, at 7:30: With Grayson Hirst, tenor; William Parker, baritone; Harris Poor, bass; Josef Suk and Laurie Smukler, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Robert Routch, horn; classical guitarists Edward Flower, Stanley Silverman, and David Starobin; and members of the Society. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5: With Steven Tenenbom, viola; Jean-Yves Thibaudet, piano; Mr. Suk; Mr. Routch; and members of the Society.

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Victoria Villamil—Soprano, with assisting artists, in a program of twentieth-century British songs. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano, performing Book I of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Albert Lotto—Piano. (Rutgers Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Michael Gordon Philharmonic—Mr. Gordon, with his electronic chamber ensemble, performing three of his own compositions. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Jo Ann Pickens—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 2.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Haydn-Shostakovich-Beethoven program, with the Cleveland Quartet and Misha Dichter, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20, at 8.)

Pleasant Moments Ensemble—Kenneth Cooper playing the harpsichord and conducting an all-Scarlatti program. With Josephine Mongiardo, soprano; Fran Schopick, mezzo-soprano; Beverly Hoch, soprano; Daniel Pincus, tenor; Judith Mendenhall, flute; and the Pro Arte Chorale Chamber Singers. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

William Mayer Sixtieth Birthday Concert—A program of the composer's works, performed by his friends, including Paul Dunkel, flute; Anahid Ajemian, violin; Francis Thorne, baritone; and Steven Mayer, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Musical Elements—A program that includes works by Stephen Albert, Hans Abrahamsen, and David Stock, all of whom will be present at a post-performance discussion. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Concert Royal—James Richman playing the harpsichord and conducting, with dancer Catherine Turocy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—A Haydn-Mozart-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of premières performed by the Kronos Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, through Sunday, Dec. 8, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. In the **Lepercq Space**—Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 20-23, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2: Chris Hardman's work, **Russia**, performed by his Antenna Theatre. . . . **Carey Playhouse**—Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 7: **Bob Berky** and **Michael Moschen** in a full-length work, "The Alchemedians."

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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 16: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19: Knicks vs. Washington. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Professional Football—Jets vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 20. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Vosburgh, Saturday, Nov. 16; the Ladies Handicap, Sunday, Nov. 17; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Saturday, Nov. 16.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—At the **West Side Y:** A benefit program for *Columbia: A Magazine of Poetry & Prose*, with Galway Kinnell, Stanley Plumly, Quincy Troupe, Joyce Johnson, David Leavitt, and Robert Stone reading from their own poetry and prose, Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Barry Hannah, Amy Hempel, Anderson Ferrell, and Nancy Lemann reading from their own fiction, Friday, Nov. 15, at 8. (5 W. 63rd St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the readings.) . . . **92nd Street Y:** Geraldine Page reading Chaucer's "The Wife of Bath's Tale," Monday, Nov. 18, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.) . . . **Great Hall, Cooper Union:** N. Scott Momaday reading from his own prose, Monday, Nov. 18, at 8. (Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.)

Jazz Discussions—Monday, Nov. 18, at 6: "History of Jazz: Highlights," presented by David Chertok. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 5:30: "The Sound of Jazz," with panelists Nat Hentoff, Whitney Balliett, Roy Eldridge, and moderator David Chertok, preceded by a screening of the jazz TV broadcast of the same name. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 6: "Jazz Musicians," with Ira Gitler and jazz musicians. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 6: "The History of Jazz on Television," with panelists Bruce Lundvall, Martin Williams, Gary Giddins, Stanley Crouch, and moderator Dan Morgenstern. (Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. 752-7684.)

Flower Show—An exhibition of Japanese chrysanthemums, including bonsai plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 2: Modern illustrated books. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 10:15: African, Oceanic, and American Indian art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: Tribal art. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Pierre-Joseph Redouté's original watercolors for "Liliacées." Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 10:15: Illustrated books and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 15.

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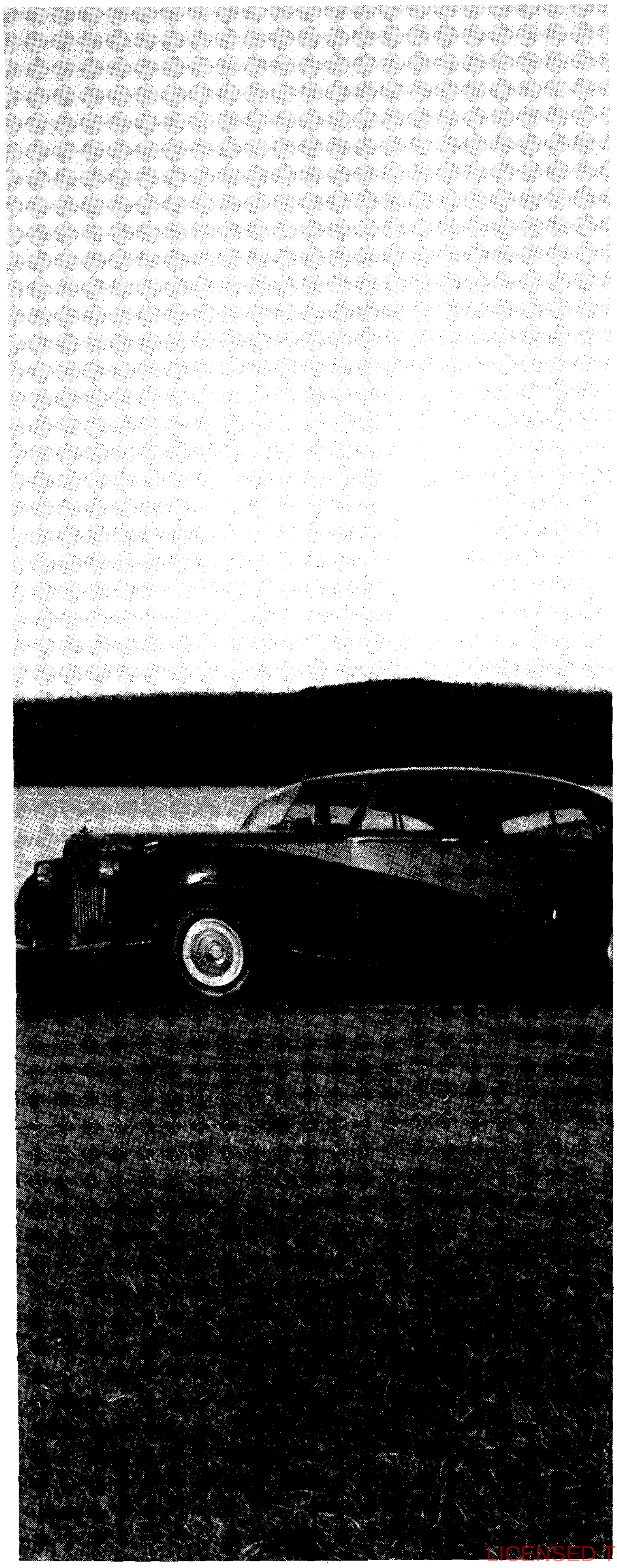
She Knew Life Could Be Lived Richly,



without being rich.

She lived as if in a dream, with the kind of grace and charm, sensitivity and style that could never be bought. The accident of birth that had placed her in moderate circumstances, somehow never prevented her from living as if she were always about to come into a great fortune.

The first time I saw her, we were both weekend guests at a rather palatial Newport estate. She alighted from an automobile holding a bouquet of red roses. As she approached the puddle in her path, the chauffeur lifted her into his arms to carry her across it; a gallant gesture prompted, perhaps, by her radiant beauty. A manservant struggled with four pieces of handsome luggage that I recognized to be of the highest quality. The kind that summered in the South of France and wintered on St. Bart's. The kind that held silk and satin and whispered of intriguing adventures. She wore lizard sandals and inexpensive perfume that smelled of gardenias and October mornings. In the back of the automobile was a leather-bound volume of poems by Apollinaire and an ostrich eyeglass case.

She was the kind of woman who lived a life in which she cultivated the element of surprise. It was obvious she knew how to live.

Reminiscing about her, years later, I usually experience two conflicting emotions. One is a sense of loss that we would probably never meet again. And the other is a feeling of joy, knowing that some of the things I had created had contributed, in some small way, to the beauty of her life and the incandescent beauty of that moment.

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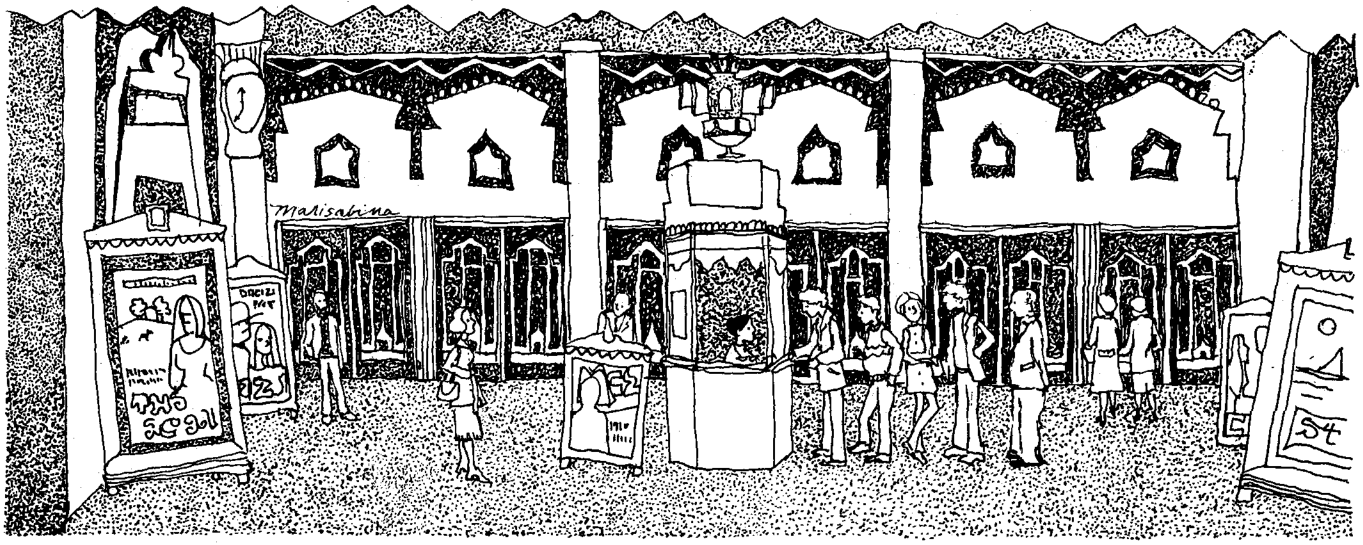

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 14: "Paris, Texas" (1984; directed by Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
From Nov. 15: "Les Plouffe" (1982; Gilles Carle; a Canadian film, in French). In addition, each night a second film by Mr. Carle will be shown.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "That Was Then . . . This Is Now" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.
Theatre 3: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Back to the Future" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Nov. 21: "The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.
From Nov. 22: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Eleni" (Peter Yates), with Kate Nelligan, John Malkovich, and Linda Hunt.
Theatre 2: "Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "Flanagan" (Scott Goldstein), with Philip Bosco and Geraldine Page. From Nov. 15: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Twice in a Lifetime" (Bud Yorkin), with Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: "That Was Then . . . This Is Now" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Macaroni" (Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.
Theatre 2: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From Nov. 15: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 14: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Nov. 15: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Choosing Children" (1984; directed by Debra Chasnoff and Kim Klausner) and "Breaking Silence" (1984; Theresa Tollini), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 14: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata. From Nov. 15: "Buddies."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Louie Bluie" (Terry Zwigoff), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "El Diputado" (1969; Eloy de la Iglesia; in Spanish). From Nov. 22: "Gringo" (Lech Kowalski).
Theatre 2: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 14: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Nov. 15: "Plenty" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 21: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson. From Nov. 22: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.
Theatre 4: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). From Nov. 15: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jagged Edge" (†).

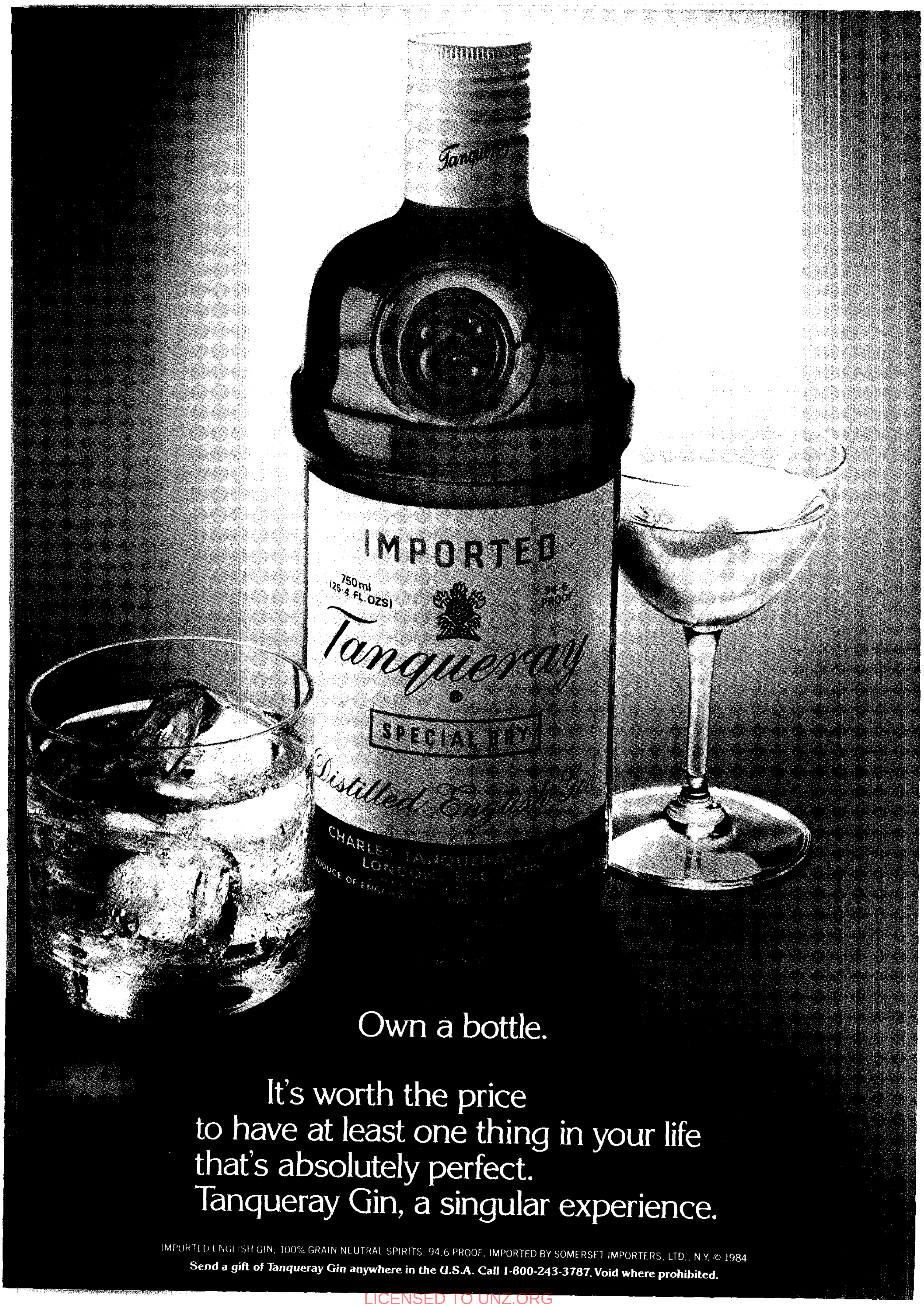
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 21: "Fantasia" (†).
From Nov. 22: "White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)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"Bring on the Night" (Michael Apted), a documentary, with Sting.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 14: "A Year of the Quiet Sun" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish). From Nov. 15: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).
Theatre 3: "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (Claude Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-hour documentary. Part One will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah." Part Two will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard. From Nov. 15: "Rasputin" (Elem Klimov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 2: "To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.
Theatre 3: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.
Theatre 4: "Target" (Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.
Theatre 5: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 6: "That Was Then . . . This Is Now" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Nov. 21: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
From Nov. 22: "Tokyo Story" (†) and "Rashomon" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). Nov. 15-21: "Basket Case." From Nov. 22: "One Magic Christmas" (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 21: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz). From Nov. 22: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 14: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson. From Nov. 15: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 4: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Target" (directed by Arthur Penn), with Gene Hackman and Matt Dillon.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 4: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 5: "Morons from Outer Space" (Mike Hodges).
Theatre 6: "After Hours" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Re-Animator" (†).
Theatre 3: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 4: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"To Live and Die in L.A." (William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "That Was Then . . . This Is Now" (Christopher Cain), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "TRansylvania 6-5000" (Rudy De Luca), with Jeff Goldblum and Joseph Bologna.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Back to the Future" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Silverado" (†). No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 18-20.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 21: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder). From Nov. 22: "Bad Medicine" (Harvey Miller), with Steve Guttenberg, Alan Arkin, and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge."

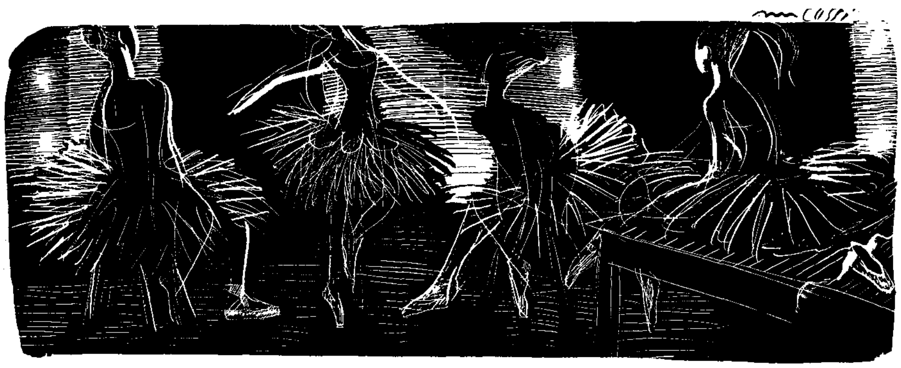
R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 2: "Krush Groove."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 14: "Death Wish 3" (Michael Winner), with Charles Bronson. From Nov. 15: "Once Bitten" (Howard Storm), with Lauren Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Death Wish 3."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 13: A program of documentary films.
Nov. 14-20: A week-long program of Alberto Sordi films.
From Nov. 21: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 14: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; directed by John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Nov. 15-16: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
Nov. 17: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Nov. 18-19: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair; and



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"Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Nov. 20-21: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "The Miracle" (1959; Irving Rapper), with Carroll Baker and Walter Slezak.

Nov. 22-23: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 13: "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and "Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein" (1948; Charles Barton).

Nov. 14-16: "The Mortal Storm" (1940; Frank Borzage), with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Robert Young; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940; Ernst Lubitsch), with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart.

Nov. 17-18: "Dance Fools Dance" (1931; Harry Beaumont), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Cliff Edwards; and "Possessed" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Wallace Ford.

Nov. 19-20: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and "Three Strangers" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Nov. 21-23: "Pat and Mike" (†) and "Adam's Rib" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Nov. 13: A program of seven James Mason films.

Nov. 14: A program of six British films from the forties.

Nov. 15-16: "The Three Ages" (1923; a silent film), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton; and "The Balloonatic" (1923; a silent film), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.

Nov. 17: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

Nov. 18: "A Man for All Seasons" (†); and "Martin Luther" (1953), with Naill MacGinnis.

Nov. 19: "The Black Lizard" (1968; Kinji Fukasaku; in Japanese); and "The Mansion of the Black Rose" (1969; in Japanese).

Nov. 20-21: Two days of British films, eleven films in all.

Nov. 22-23: "The Beach Boys: An American Band" (1985; Malcolm Leo), a documentary; and "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 13: "It Should Happen to You" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, Peter Lawford, and Jack Lemmon; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (1935; John Ford), with Jean Arthur and Edward G. Robinson.

Nov. 14: "Kings Row" (1942; Sam Wood), with Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, and Bette Field; and "Knute Rockne—All American" (1940; Lloyd Bacon), with Pat O'Brien and Ronald Reagan.

Nov. 15-16: "Ministry of Fear" (1945; Fritz Lang), with Ray Milland, Marjorie Reynolds, and Dan Duryea; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Nov. 17: "The Southerner" (†) and "The River" (1951 †).

Nov. 18: "J'Accuse" (1937; Abel Gance; in French), with Victor Francen; and "Lucrezia Borgia" (1935; Abel Gance; in French), with Edwige Feuillère.

Nov. 19: "Experiment in Terror" (1962; Blake Edwards), with Glenn Ford, Lee Remick, and Stephanie Powers; and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.

Nov. 20: "Life with Father" (1947; Michael Curtiz), with Irene Dunne, William Powell, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Our Town" (1940; Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.

Nov. 21: "True Confession" (†) and "We're Not Dressing" (†).

Nov. 22-23: "The Philadelphia Story" (†); and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 14 at 2:30: "Variety" (1924; directed by E. A. Dupont; a German silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5: "Master, Mistress, Servant" (1962; Abrar Alvi; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2:30: "Aar Paar" (1954; Guru Dutt; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 1: "Master, Mistress, Servant." . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 5: "Mr. and Mrs. 55" (1955; Guru Dutt; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2: "The Citizen" (1953; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5: "The Mechanical Man" (1958; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30: "The Citizen." . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "Aar Paar." . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "The Runaway" (1959; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "The Cloud Capped Star" (1960; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30 and 6: "The Seashell and the Clergyman" (1928; Germaine Dulac; a French silent film); and "The Man with the Movie Camera" (1929; Dziga Vertov; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "E Flat" (1961; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "Reason, Debate and a Tale" (1974; Ritwik Ghatak; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 3: "The Cloud Capped Star." . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5: "The Runaway."

Theatre 2: Nov. 14 at 12:30: A program of French advertising films, 1905-85. . . . ¶ Nov. 14-15 at 3 and 6:30: Four different programs of Hungarian films. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons about going to war. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of Hungarian films. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons about going to war. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 2:30 and 5:30 and Nov. 18 at 3 and 6:30: Four different programs of Hungarian films. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3 and 6:30: "Strategic Thrust: The Making of a Nuclear-Free Palau" (1984; James Heddle). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 3: "Dear Karl" (1984; Maria Knilli; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6:30 and Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Future of Emily" (1984; Helma Sanders-Brahms; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5:30: "Dear Karl."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Nov. 13, three film sculptures by Deborah Whitman—"A Cloud Is on Top of the Box of Doors" (1982), "A Staircase with a Tree at the End" (1983), and "The Upper Room" (1984). Continuous showings Tuesdays, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)—"Pandora's Box" (1929; G. W. Pabst), a German silent film, with Louise Brooks. (Nov. 18 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. She attacks, he blocks; their skirmishes are desperately, ludicrously civilized. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women; i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, free-style wit. And, as a composer neighbor of the married lawyers, David Wayne airily upstages the two stars—Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strongwoman). (Regency; Nov. 21-23.)

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Manhattan, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Eastside Cinema, and Movieland.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, from the novel by Susan Isaacs, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews Paramount.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett) and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass

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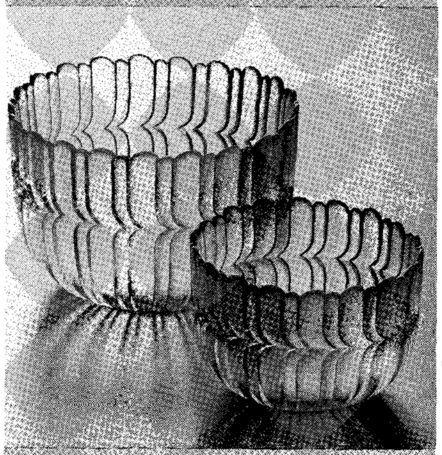

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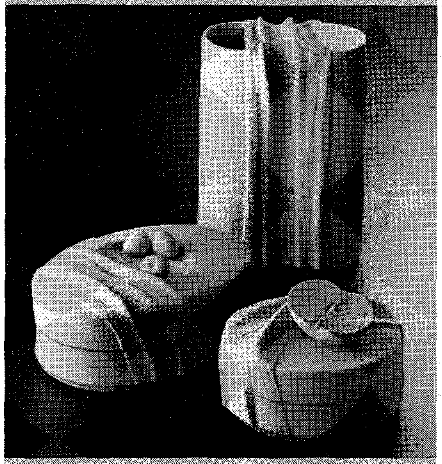

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culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" and of hyped-up excerpts: volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 21.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. It catches you in a vise—it's scary, and when it's over you feel a little shaken. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. She's the star of the movie; we feel an immediate, empathic connection with her excitement. Good thrillers have an electric current running through them; here it runs through her performance, and then charges the film's last section. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. Bridges is marvellously hooded; you can't read his emotions. (This is some of the best work he has done.) And Coyote's D.A. has a suggestion of something rancid and vindictive. As the profane, hard-drinking private investigator who tracks down witnesses for the defense, Robert Loggia provides a few puckish curlicues and walks off with his scenes. Also with Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and, as a final surprise witness, Karen Austin, in an intense scene that has a porno queasiness about it. (11/4/85) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt's play about the moral tug-of-war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well spoken, his presentation of More's martyrdom is so one-sided we don't even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines; he's the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" he's like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey, Leo McKern as Cromwell, and Susannah York, Wendy Hiller, Nigel Davenport, John Hurt, and Corin Redgrave. (Thalia; Nov. 18.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports

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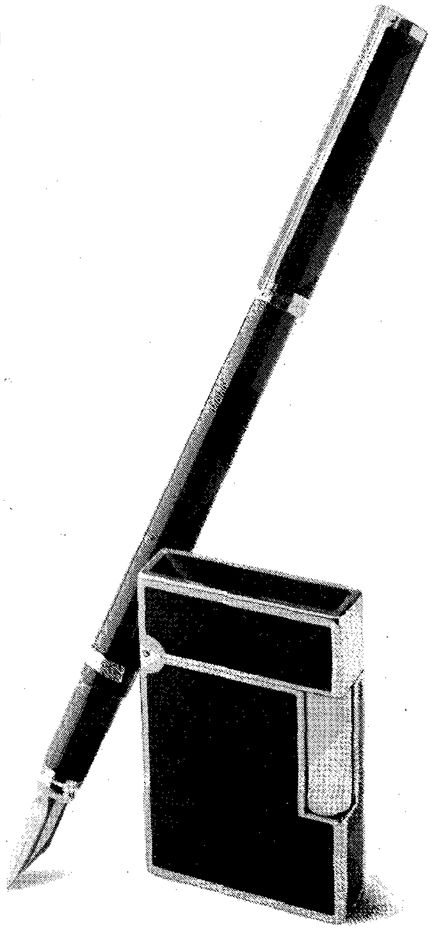

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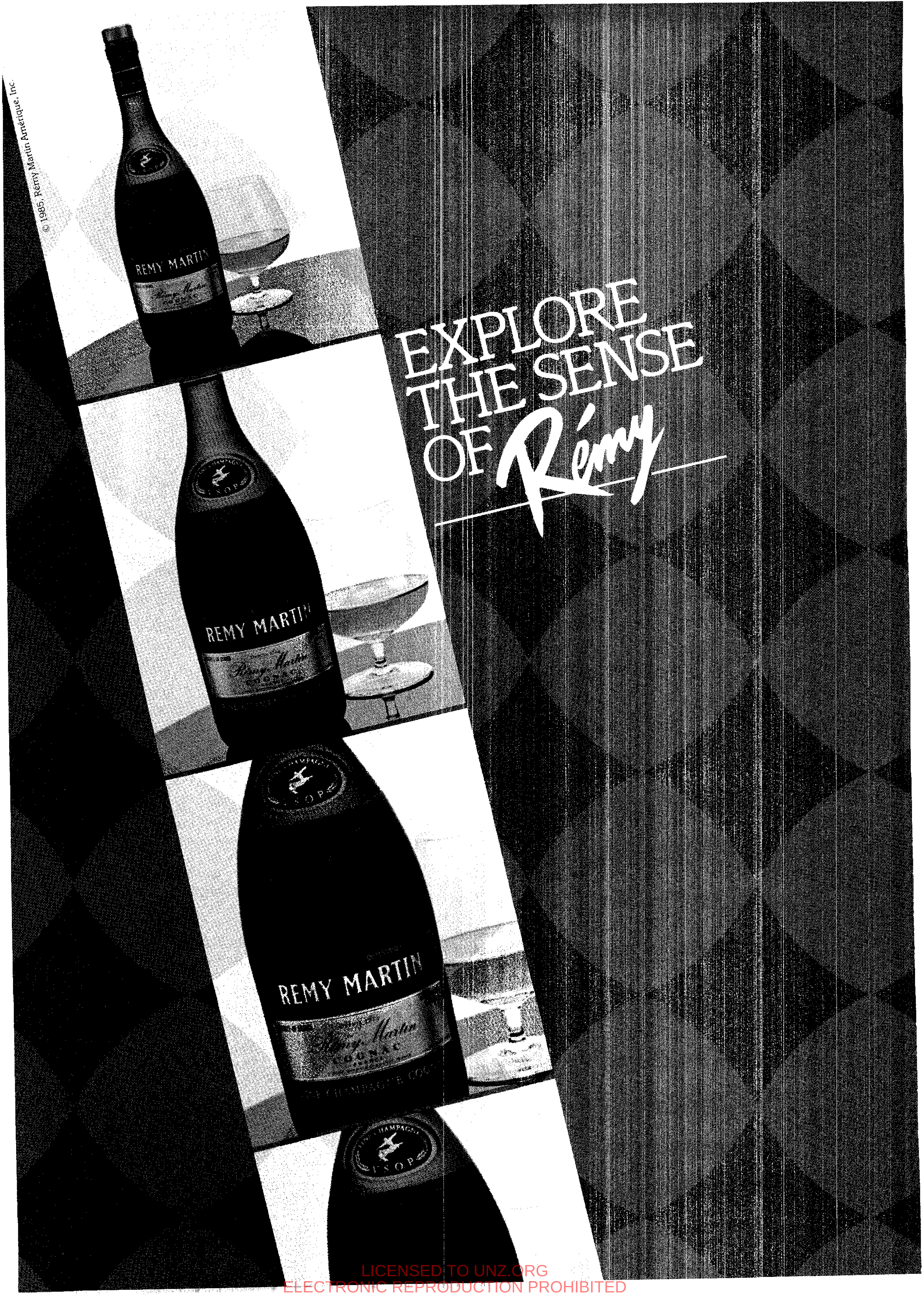
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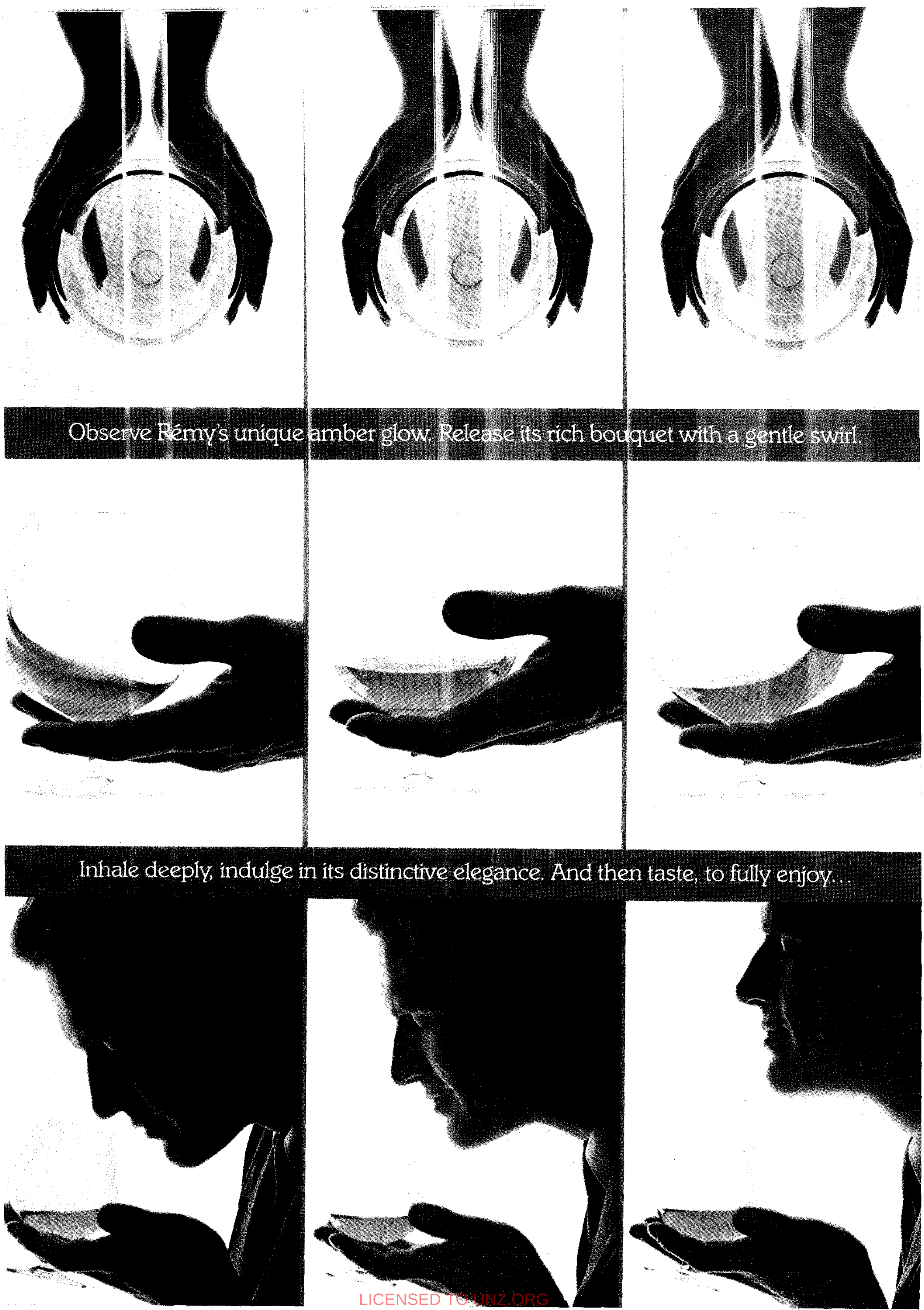

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with grace and ease. Tracy, who plays a sports promoter (with a streets-of-the-big-city accent—"cherce" for "choice"), has a lighter, funnier tone than in the other Tracy-Hepburn pictures. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer, William Ching, Jim Backus, Phyllis Povah, Sammy White, Chuck Connors, Charles Bronson, and Don Budge. George Cukor directed—beautifully. It's as close to perfect as you'd want it to be. (Regency; Nov. 21-23.)

The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off Hepburn's public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in 1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. With James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adapter, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22-23.)

Plenty—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting Nov. 15.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, this great, enigmatic film asks, How can we ever know the truth? The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

Re-Animator—With Jeffrey Combs, directed by Stuart Gordon. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Embassy.)

The River (1951)—Jean Renoir's first color film, made in India, in English, was adapted from Rumer Godden's novel about a British family in India and shot along the banks of the Ganges by the director's great cinematographer nephew, Claude Renoir. It's a poetic study of the contact of two civilizations. Renoir does not usurp the position of an insider; he sees India with Western eyes—eyes so sensitive and highly trained that his vision of India is a mythic poem set in the midst of the Indian river of life. This river encompasses death (the goddess Kali episode, the holy cobra that kills the child, etc.) in a way that American audiences tend to find disturbing. Rumer Godden's themes and story line are part of the texture, interwoven with the ritual feasts, the festivals, and the rhythms of native music; some people, accustomed to films edited for dramatic crescendo, dislike the serene flow—so much is going on that they feel nothing happens. There are static patches of dialogue, and some of the casting is questionable, but the theme (outsiders in a culture) meshes perfectly with the director's own position as a moviemaker in India, and visually the film is serenely yet passionately beautiful. With the dancer Radha, Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, Adrienne Corri, Patricia Walter, Arthur Shields, and Thomas Breen. Adapted by Renoir and Rumer Godden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (New Embassy 49th Street. No performances Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 18-20.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic tribute to some of the patterns of American life. It's an account of the year of a poor white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Field plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Having agreed to release this uneven but affecting picture, United Artists tried to sell it with a campaign of astonishing irrelevance—"She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!" Though William Faulkner worked on the screenplay, Renoir is the only one listed, with Hugo Butler credited for the preliminary adaptation. Werner Janssen did the music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17.)

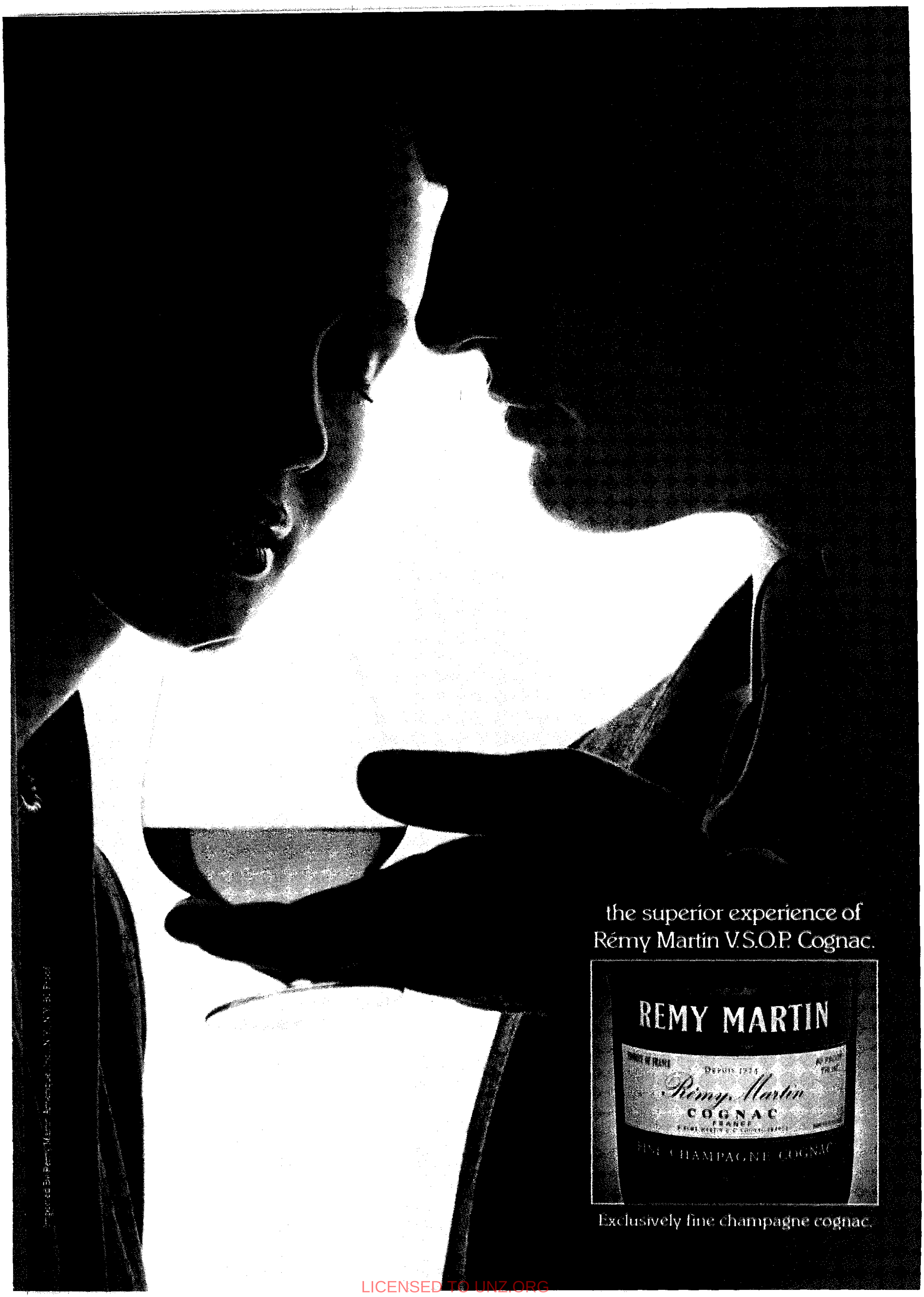
Sweet Dreams—As the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline, Jessica Lange has a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963, and Lange's body lives up to the sound. The director, Karel Reisz, doesn't step back from Patsy; she's taken on her own terms. As Patsy's husband, Ed Harris brings the role a tragic, pitiable sweetness. With Ann Wedgeworth as Patsy's mother. People cry at this movie though it isn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. (10/21/85) (Gemini, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Nov. 21.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; starting Nov. 22.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture. "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but Barrymore and the general giddiness keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr; cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff. With Una Merkel, Edgar Kennedy, Lynne Overman, Porter Hall, and Fritz Feld. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard; he doesn't bat her around the way the hero of Lina Wertmüller's shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 21.)

White Nights—With Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gregory Hines, directed by Taylor Hackford. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 22.)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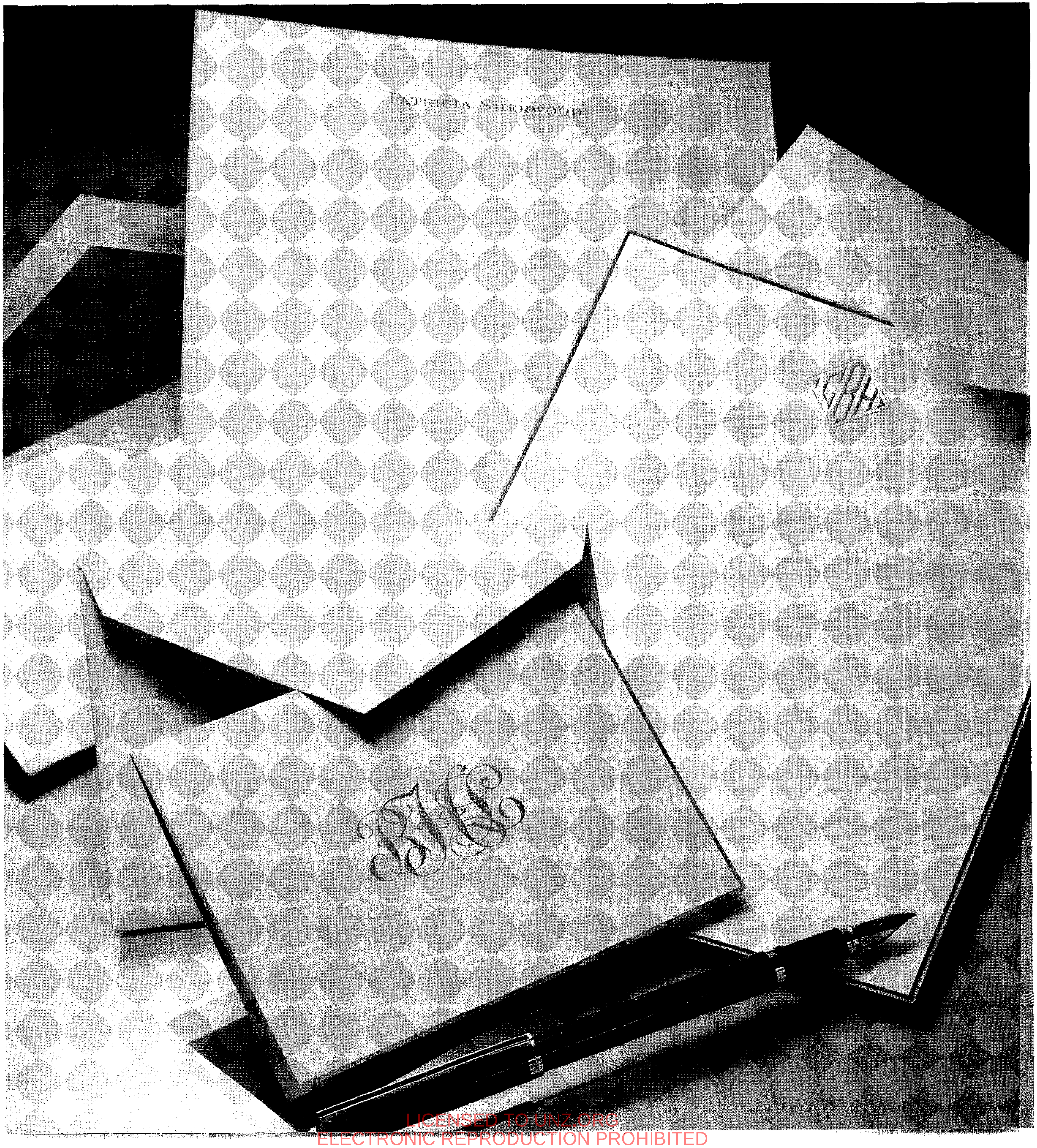


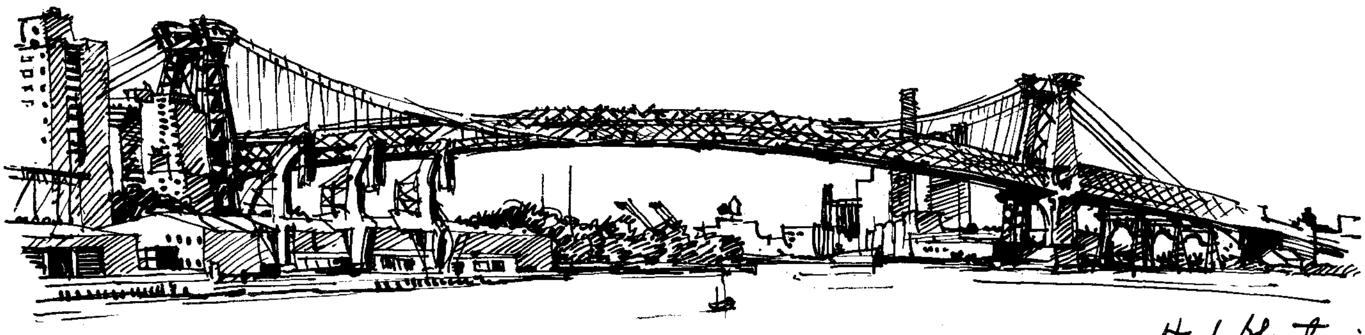
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, one of the standard questions of philosophy was whether the phenomena of the world consist solely of appearances, to which human senses happen to be attuned, or whether, behind these appearances, and somehow causing them, there are "things-in-themselves"—and, if so, how these things-in-themselves might be conceived. Some philosophers, known as "idealists," argued that appearance is all, and one or two even went on to challenge the very existence of any objective world. Other philosophers argued in favor of the things-in-themselves, reasoning, with Kant, that if one did not posit their existence one would "arrive at the absurd conclusion that there is phenomenal appearance without something that appears." Our thoughts went back to the philosophical dispute when we read a recent comment on the President's Strategic Defense Initiative, popularly known as Star Wars. The comment was made to the Washington *Post* by an executive of a group called the Coalition for the Strategic Defense Initiative, which has launched a campaign that will cost more than a million dollars and will include a television ad, to win public support for the Initiative. The television ad shows a childlike stick drawing of a family, its house, its car, its dog, and a few flowers and trees. A little girl's voice says, "I asked my daddy what this Star Wars stuff is all about," and at that point a rainbowlike arc draws itself above the scene. She goes on, "He said that right now we can't protect ourselves from nuclear weapons, and that's why the President wants to build a peace shield." Then red missiles fly toward the arc, which turns out to be the "shield," and bounce off and vanish. An American flag unfurls from the house, and the girl's voice says, "My daddy's smart." Of course, nothing remotely resembling this shield can be built at present, and the question whether it will *ever* be possible to build one is a matter of fierce debate in the scientific community. Even among the supporters of Strategic Defense, there are few who claim that a perfect defense, such as the one pictured in the ad, is possible. And just one bomb that gets through the shield can do an awful lot of damage to the little family, not to mention its house, its car, and its dog. That's why for the last forty years the United States has relied for its safety not on defense (heretofore widely regarded as impossible) but, in a deliberate embrace of paradox and terror, on "mutual assured destruction"—the knowledge on each side that if one side strikes first the other is in a position to launch annihilating retaliation.

The comment made by the Coalition official on these matters was "I don't think the American public wants to be bothered with the what, when, and how of lasers in space and things like that. Whether the technology will work or how much it will cost—these are peripheral arguments." Implicit in this remark, it seems to us, is a political version of the "idealistic" position in philosophy. Is the unicorn beautiful, and does it appeal to the public? That is the important question. Whether it exists, or can ever exist, is "peripheral." (The "what, when, and how" of unicorns—which covers a lot—is also peripheral.) One doesn't need to think very long to recognize that the "idealistic" position is gaining ground in American politics these days; the recent efforts both in the Administration and in Congress to take a popular position on federal-deficit reduction without having to do anything about it before the next election are example enough. No doubt one cause of the change is the arrival throughout the country of the permanent political campaign, in which the victory celebration on Election Night becomes the first appearance in the reelection campaign, and the actual business of governing is, accordingly, slighted—or, worse, bent to public-relations purposes. The rise of television is obviously another cause. But, whatever the causes, our politicians at times seem to have achieved a freedom from the mundane world of actual



events—a freedom that eluded even the dreamiest philosophers of the past. It is no longer enough to speak of “images” distorting “reality.” Reality is now reduced to a footnote to the images—a sort of unsatisfying afterthought, which only tends to spoil the mood that the images have produced. And politics, spinning in an autonomous realm of its own, is reduced to a diversion: the bemused public turns to it for entertainment, or perhaps for therapy (when it wants to “feel good about itself”), but rarely for results. Yet the old questions persist. Have the things-in-themselves really disappeared—been banished to some peripheral realm in which they have lost the power to disturb us? Can there be “phenomenal appearance without something that appears”? Isn’t there still a world out there: a world that is as harsh and real as the missiles pointed at our still defenseless cities, and that may one day—offended, perhaps, by our neglect—take a stern revenge?

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A YOUNG friend writes about idealists of a different kind:

Most large decisions creep up on you, and it is hard to recall exactly when or why you made them. But I know that it was on the night of April 27, 1978, that I decided to go to Harvard. I had visited the campus that afternoon and, seeing posters announcing a demonstration in the Yard, had stuck around to watch. Shortly after dark, thirty-five hundred students, most carrying candles, lined up in long, glowing files, stretching from the statue of John Harvard back toward the college pump. Eventually, they began to march, and I with them. Up to the old Radcliffe quadrangle we surged, and down again to the Charles, always chanting. I can remember some of the slogans:

G.M., 3-M, I.T.T.,
All South Africans Must Be Free

and

Hey, Hey, Ho, Ho,
Racist Stocks Have Gotta Go.

And I can remember the feeling of daring—and of rightness. This was where I wanted to be and what I wanted to do. As it turned out, no demonstration during my four years in Cambridge drew a crowd half as large as that one (which, in turn, was puny compared with the protests of a decade earlier). Some issue arose each spring to allow a sizable rally or two: freshman year, the university decided to name a library for a man who had made a good part of his fortune in South Africa; sophomore year, President Carter reinstated draft registration; and so on. Each time, perhaps five hundred people would assemble on the steps of Widener Library for the usual speeches; each time, the Spartacus Youth League—a nutty far-left gang—would attempt disruptions; each time, some folk song or other would close the proceedings. And though I was not helping to organize the rallies I can remember my emotions’ running the same course each time: anticipation mixed with fear that no one would show up; exhilaration when people did; and frustration when the evening ended and I realized that that was it for the year. I would retreat to the offices of the *Crimson*, the university newspaper, to write editorials about student apathy. And then I would read bound volumes of the *Crimson*, studying the stories from the bad old days of the late nineteen-sixties. My zeal was not entirely artificial. In a circuitous and abstract way, I felt anger at injustice, and that was one reason all this interested me. But I am certain now that there were other, more complicated, more personal, and less noble reasons. And perhaps I was not alone; a good many of the people who wrote those fiery editorials in the late nineteen-sixties now practice corporate law.

Wayne Meisel arrived at Harvard the same year I did. I never knew him well. Occasionally, he got his picture in the paper, because he managed the women’s field-hockey team; he lived in Eliot House (the preppy bastion); and he usually wore a painter’s cap and a goofy smile. That was all I knew about him until the weekend before last, when, at a conference of campus activists from many colleges which I was covering in upstate New York, I spent some time listening to his story. “I wasn’t doing all that much while I was in college,” he said. “One day, I was just sitting in the dining hall, and a tutor I knew came up to me and told me about this entertainment program for special-needs kids in Cambridge that was about to close down, because they’d lost the facility they were using. For some reason, he thought I should do something about it. Since I’m a preacher’s kid, my parents had sometimes sent me to play with retarded kids, and they scared me—they drooled or they smelled, or whatever. But this tutor thought I was the person to do something, and I couldn’t believe how good that made me feel. So I got things going—nine to three every Saturday. I’d run around getting anyone who could do anything to help out. If you could play three songs on a guitar, you were on. Modern dance. Anything. And, of course, the kids loved it—the program’s been going six years now. While all this was happening, I got cut from the soccer team, and I decided to coach local kids, but there was no youth league in the town. A couple of friends and I decided we’d need maybe thirty people to start one, and we weren’t at all sure we’d be able to get that many. We decided to set up tables outside several dining halls to recruit students, and we just figured we’d stay out as many nights as it took. Well, the first night a hundred and fifty people signed up. Some of them were All Americans and some had never seen a soccer ball, but they all wanted to help. And this is when it hit me—my idea. For as long as I could remember, I’d been hearing about the ‘me generation,’ about how college kids were only interested in their own careers. But that isn’t true. They still want to get involved—they just don’t know how to do it. I call it ‘structural apathy.’ People just need someone to show them how.”

a. ehrenberg

After graduating, Mr. Meisel spent a year at Harvard setting up a program that linked each of the college’s thirteen houses with a Cambridge neighborhood; three hundred students now do regular community-service work. Then he went to Washington and tried to convince several large governmental and nonprofit organizations that they should support his efforts. “None of them were interested,” he said. “They all told me, ‘We know about students today.’ So I decided to see whether or not I was right. I wanted to visit a lot of campuses, but I didn’t have a car, so I got some friends to drive me up to Colby College, in Maine, and from there I hiked south for several months, stopping at every college along the way. One college had closed. I got there, and it was just empty—talk about apathy. Everywhere else, I'd just arrive and ask someone if I could sleep on his floor. And over the next couple of days I'd track down the chaplain or the newspaper editor or the president and discuss community-service programs. And over and over again the person I talked to would get excited." After visiting sixty-five schools on foot, Mr. Meisel founded an organization—the Campus "Outreach" Opportunity League, or COOL—to provide detailed technical assistance to universities across the nation. Last year, he travelled to eight campuses, spending two or more weeks at each and setting up programs that involved thousands of students. This year, he is working with more than fifty colleges. "Last week, I got a nice letter from President Reagan," Mr. Meisel told me, a little sheepishly.

BAR
WOODMAN

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The conference at which we met drew campus activists from as far away as Iowa City—Progressive Students and Democratic Socialist Youth and the like, all concerned with organizing anti-apartheid demonstrations and championing other good causes. They were earnest, smart, and committed, and I felt drawn to them in a nostalgic way. But I've become less and less interested in the political and more and more concerned with community-service projects, and so Mr. Meisel's notion meant more to me. It has been a slow shift—one of those decisions that cannot be dated—but I do know that I first realized its underpinnings when I read George Orwell's essay on Dickens. Orwell sounds so sensible to so many ears because he can appreciate that with which he disagrees. Though Orwell is a radical, or was in 1939, when he wrote this essay (he scolds Dickens for not having "the vision to see that private property is an obstructive nuisance"), he nonetheless understands the power of Dickens' belief in good men. "Two viewpoints are always tenable," he writes. "The one, how can you improve human nature until you have changed the system? The other, what is the use of changing the system before you have improved human nature? . . . The moralist and the revolutionary are constantly undermining one another. Marx exploded a hundred tons of dynamite beneath the moralist position, and we are still living in the echo of that tremendous crash. But already, somewhere or other, the sappers are at work and fresh dynamite is being tamped in place to blow Marx at the moon. . . . Dickens . . . had the vision to see that 'If men would behave decently the world would be decent' is not such a platitude as it sounds."

In the most general sense—maybe just for argument's sake—let us say that the political activists at the conference represent one end of that seesaw. In their effort to improve the world, they put their weight into changing the world's institutions. And, again in the most general sense, Mr. Meisel and his corps of guitar players and soccer coaches are the totter to their teeter, concentrating on service. The two ideas are not necessarily in opposition—almost everyone at the conference seemed to approve of COOL—but they are different. Orwell says the two positions "appeal to different individuals and they probably show a tendency to alternate in point of time." He is convinced that the "ordinary people in the Western countries" will become more political (by which he probably means more inclined to socialism), and that this shift will render the Dickensian ethic as "out of date as the cab horse." That almost happened in the late nineteen-sixties (if my reading of the history is correct), though mainly among college students. The war—the napalm—and the revelation of American racism and the stinging crackdown on dissent and the idea that hypocrisy clotted our whole culture led to what one veteran of the "movement" who spoke at the conference called "a crisis of legitimation." For a few years, students considered the entire shebang and wondered if it should and could continue. Was capitalism incompatible with humanity? Was our government a democracy or was America a police state that needed smashing?

But the system survived—that is the point. How it survived is an interesting question (probably, as many have said, the answer has to do with the system's ability to change enough to absorb the fury) but is less important than the mere fact of its survival. The wax that softened in the nineteen-sixties has hardened, and it is difficult to see what will be hot enough to melt it again; it took Vietnam then, and perhaps the system has learned to avoid Vietnams. Our institutions are at present secure from frontal assault. This is not to say that the problems are solved, or that there is no reason for anger. Thank heaven there are people demonstrating about South Africa. But the reason such movements are not sweeping campuses—the reason they only smolder instead of bursting into flame—is that they do not mesh with the moment. Students, as far as I can tell, sense that idealism expressed as radicalism is "old hat," a throwback.

Idealism, however, lives. It can be expressed in several ways, among them brightening things up for retarded kids and sitting up at night in some church basement watching homeless men sleep off their sadness. But aren't these good works just kisses on the cheek? How can anything that President Reagan supports truly help the poor? The answer may be that Orwell's two categories are not mutually exclusive. Consider what happens when a college student from a white suburb reports once a week to an inner-city housing project in order to run a Boy Scout troop. He will most likely not end up wanting to smash the capitalist state—that is not in the air, and would not be likely to help much anyway—but he may very well be shocked, and the shock will be different from the one he would get if he simply read about the housing project in a newspaper. The effect on the children who live in the housing project may be minor (though concrete, and all to the good), but the effect on him will be subtly dramatic. Experience can silently corrode myth, even myth ingrained as deeply as the myths about our society—that the poor are lazy, that there's a job for everyone, that no one is hungry. Having volunteered in a tattered, frantic city school should make it hard to be glib about tax cuts. Compassion, like any virtue (or vice), grows with regular exercise. And in a country where most of the people live in comfort—and in a world where we are, by all comparisons, rich—compassion counts. At the least, people will think, and thinking is the great enemy of smugness and self-satisfaction.

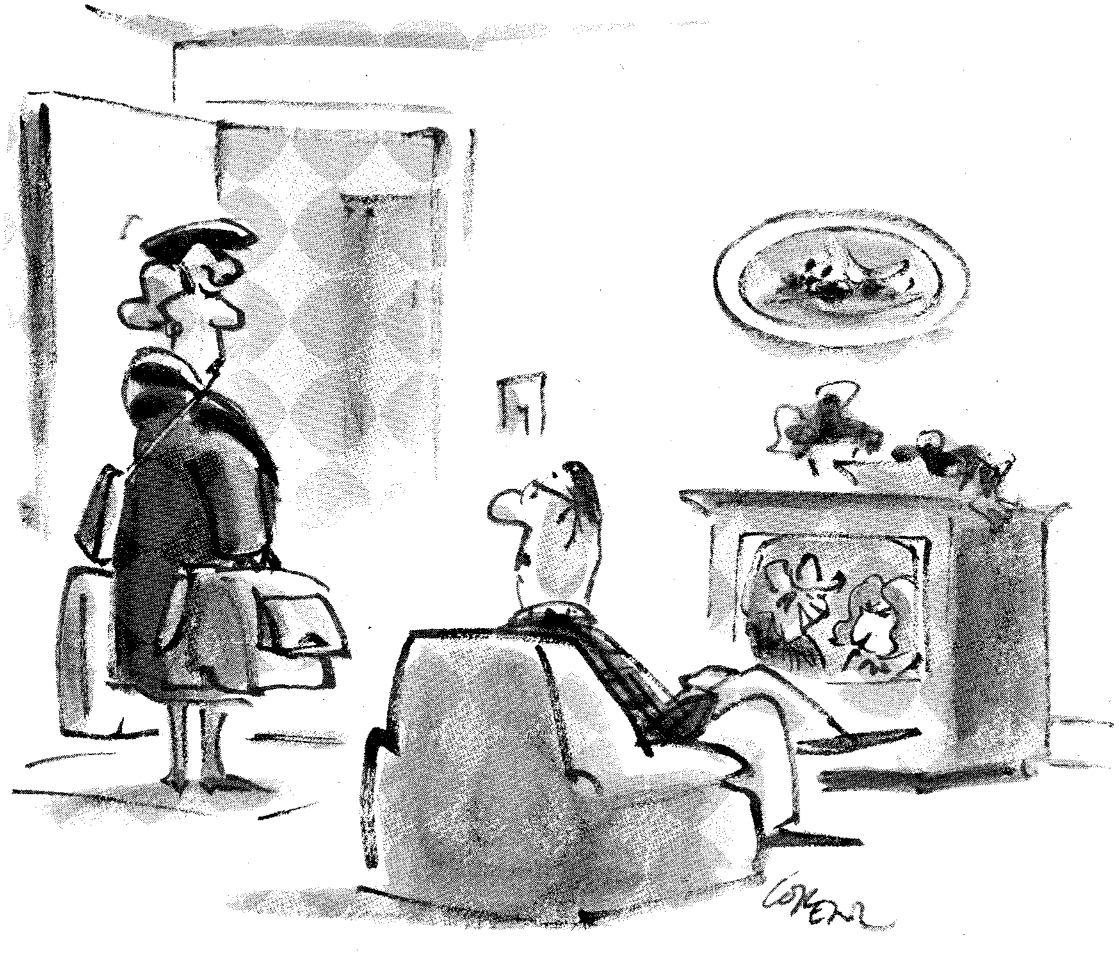
* * *

Goldfinch

AND another friend writes:

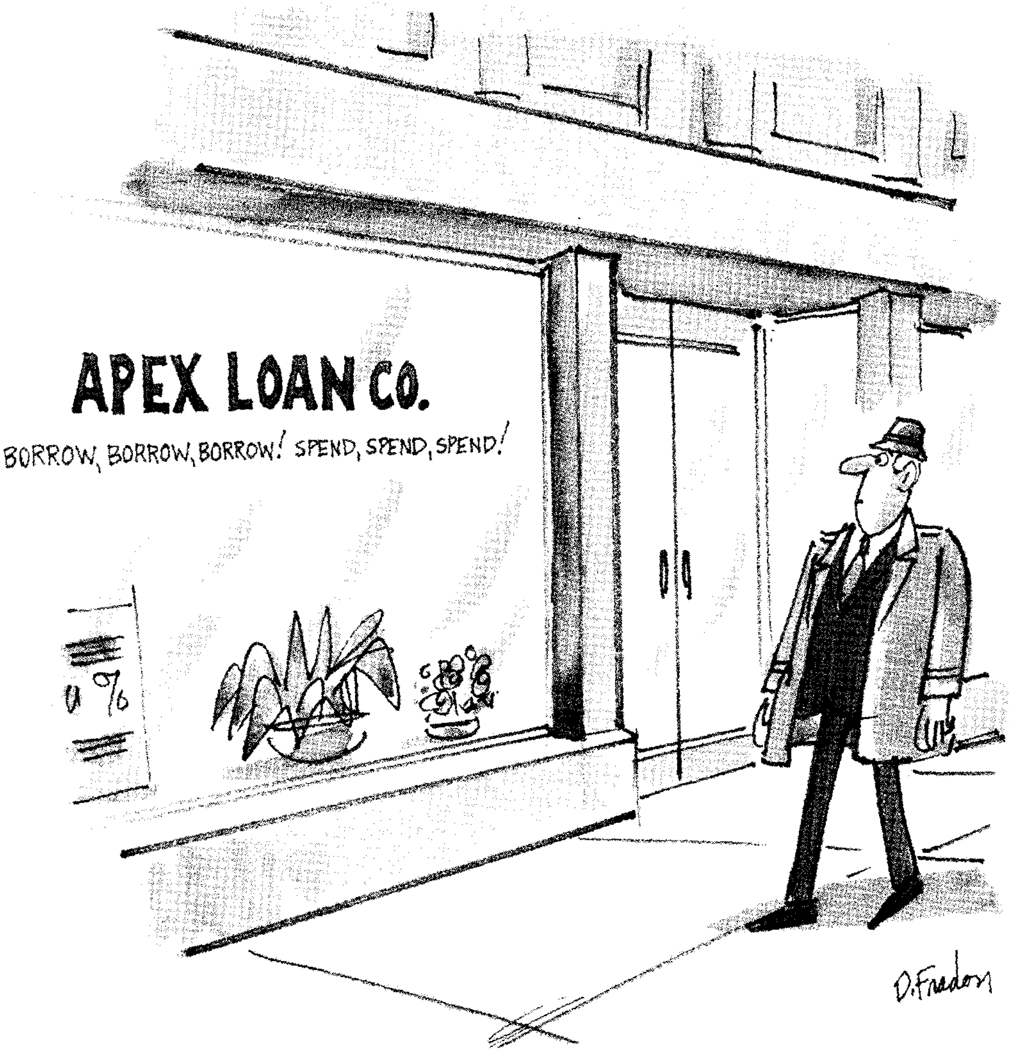
I live in an old district of New Rochelle. Towering trees line the grand boulevards and shield the once grand and still grand mansions from view. For the many wild animals that live here, it is not a planned residential park that was laid out on generous grids a hundred years ago but a mature sixty-some-acre woodland—a congenial pocket of wildness only "forty-five minutes from Broadway," as the song goes. Yesterday, a skunk with the most luxuriant mane of white fur I've ever seen was run over on the corner. In my neighbor's yard, a raccoon routinely snoozed in the hollow tip of a huge dead oak, twenty feet up, until Hurricane Gloria knocked the tree down. Our gray-squirrel population is thriving. We have both regular gray ones and the black phase of the metropolitan area. The human population is mixed, too. This is, in fact, one of the oldest integrated neighborhoods in the country. People of various hues have been living here harmoniously since the late forties, and nobody even thinks about it anymore.

This morning, a long-awaited event took place, convincing me that we have all the nature here that we could ask for. I hung in my back yard last May a clear-plastic cannister full of thistle seed, in the hope of attracting goldfinches—a remote hope in such an urban area, I realized, but worth a try, because goldfinches are probably my favorite Northeastern songbird. All summer long, nothing happened at the



"Goodbye, Howard. I've written you out of this season's episodes."

feeder except that from time to time a local chickadee or house finch would land on one of its rungs, delicately tweeze a seed or two from the small hole at beak level, and depart, leaving the feeder swaying on the clothesline. In the last few weeks, a lot of southbound summer birds have been passing through. Autumn has been slow this year: usually the leaves are down and raked up by Halloween, but here it is November and many trees haven't even turned yet. All kinds of warblers, in subdued fall plumage, have been stopping over in the row of Norway maples in front of the house and filling up on insects. Local patronage of the feeder has also increased. A spot check at any given time usually discovers a bird or two. This morning, I happened to look down at the feeder from the third-floor-bathroom window, and—glory be—a goldfinch was perched on the top rung. It had probably come to see what the commotion was about. It was sooty olive, with loud white chevrons tapering down its black tail—a female, a juvenile, or a male that had just turned. At this time of year, all goldfinches begin to look alike, and none of them are gold. After a nervous jab at the seed, the bird did an about-face and took off, but I bet this isn't the last I'm going to see of it. It's probably passing the word to the rest of its flock. If a dozen of its compadres aren't mobbing the feeder within the next twenty-four hours, I will be surprised. I hope they'll stay awhile and eat their fill without getting so attached to my thistle seed that winter overtakes them.


APEX LOAN CO.
BORROW, BORROW, BORROW! SPEND, SPEND, SPEND!
0 %

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Lunch

"IT'S vegetables parmigiana. That's with some vegetables and some cheese," said the waiter, who was a happy waiter, pleased by his specials.

"And tofu?" asked David Becker, who is twenty-three years old and in charge of Lunch Impressions, Inc.

"Tofu? No, not tofu, really," said the waiter. He was wearing a button that said "WORLD PEACE BEGINS AT HOME." "If you don't have peace at home, how can you have peace in the world?" the waiter explained.

So many things were happening at this one table in one restaurant in one city in one country. There was a tuna-melt sandwich on seven-grain health bread, and a strawberry-yogurt drink, and the smiling waiter, and David Becker. People often say, "Nothing ever happens to me." That's because they're sitting on their wallets instead of giving seventy-five dollars to David Becker so they can become members of Lunch Impressions, the first lunch-networking group in the world. Once you're a member, you call up David Becker, or maybe his assistant, Kara—she is also his assistant in a magic act he does (she gets levitated)—and you tell whoever it is what sort of person you'd like to lunch with, and the lunch is set up.

"Just today, I got this woman who wants to buy businesses together with this other woman, who has a health-food-snack-pack-mail-order company she wants to sell—she wants to write novels instead," Mr. Becker said.

The owner of the restaurant came by to talk to Mr. Becker. "There is a Korean after-hours club on the floor above me," he said. "Its bar overflows, and it leaks through my ceiling, and when I complain they make like they can't speak English." The owner, who gives free frozen yogurt to all Lunch Impressions members, said he wanted to sell his restaurant. Mr. Becker knew a man, maybe. He would try to set up a lunch.

Mr. Becker told us he had recently performed his magic act on a transatlantic flight in return for a free ticket. "I do bird effects, multiplying balls, whatever," he said. "When I'm doing 'David Becker's Magic Moments,' I wear tails, but when I'm at company picnics I'm Bonzo the Clown." Networking, he added, has got a bad name recently, because sometimes the word is used as a cover for dating services. "Do you listen to Jim Kerr on WPLJ?" he asked. "One morning, at six-fifteen, he started putting down networking, saying it was just a lot of singles clubs. I was furious. I called him up to refute it. 'Dave,' he said, 'I'm not referring to you.' "

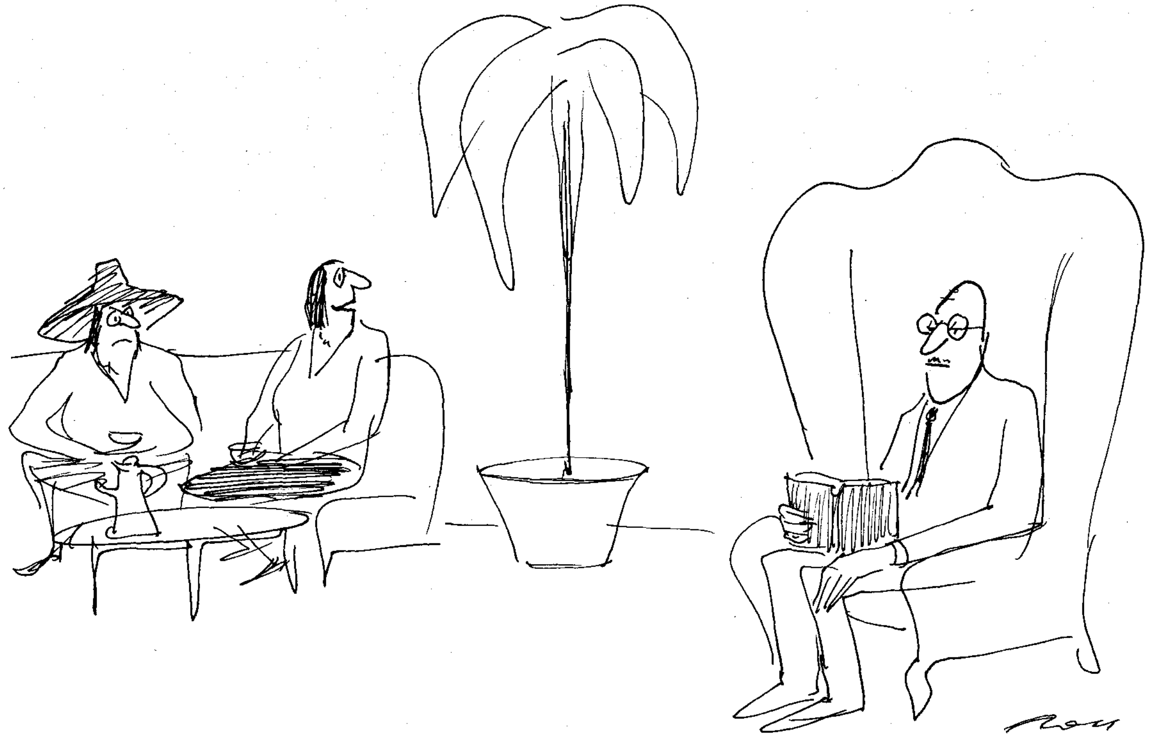
BERLIN SNOWFALL

Berliners are a people more accustomed to dire forecasts on politics than on weather. They felt impending doom in the weatherman's prediction on the last day of November that a cold, snowy season lay ahead. The autumn had been stately and moderate as usual: one light attack of frost, the expectable count of dead leaves. Three more weeks until winter; the superpowers might go to war, and trample West Berlin in the process, but at least the weather was mild. Then came the dour prediction, and politics was forgotten. The snow that fell on the first of December was greeted with all the trepidation that surrounds the unknown. On that day the temperature fell from ten degrees Celsius to zero; a centimetre of snow flooded the early evening; the midnight bells sounded as though they were under water. The clouds parted briefly at dawn the next morning, when the sun rose pink out of Poland and all the icy East hung below it. After a moment the sun was covered again, and it just snowed and snowed. What would become of Berlin? At No. 86 Düsseldorfer Street, in the Wilmersdorf quarter, a sense of emergency prevailed. "Life in Berlin," proclaimed Frau Knobel, who had spent two world wars as concierge there, "is dreadful."

Officially, it was a day like any other. An ordinary workday for the shops, offices, and services, which cannot afford it to be otherwise, and for Osram, Schering, and Siemens, the great factories of Spandau and Wedding. But the weather flushed Düsseldorfer Street full of astonished onlookers, so that the place looked like a Bruegel village. In the back yard of No. 86, Frau Knobel could not stop her collie, Son, from his agitated pacing. The dog was only two years old, she explained to tenants who came to commiserate with her, and had never seen more than a few centimetres of snow. She herself remembered the snowfall of '19, when the streets were so quiet, when politics retreated to the *Kneipe*—the Berlin pubs—and took days to return to the streets. "In 1919 it was this bad," Frau Knobel told her neighbors. A warning-giver, not a storyteller, she did not elaborate. But privately she remembered walking with her mother—how she had to lift her skirts to cross a snowbank, and the soldiers who had not the breeding to look away.

Frau Knobel's associations with snow were not unpleasant. And it provided her with another luxury, too: complaining. Frau Knobel was responsible for keeping the front sidewalk shovelled, as well as a path through the *Hinterhof*, the rear courtyard, leading from the back door to the four municipal garbage bins over which she presided. Berlin city regulations required that the front and back walks must be cleared of snow twice a day, once at seven in the morning and again at eight in the evening. Frau Knobel could pay a local boy four marks an hour to do this for her, but she preferred doing it herself. She always rose at five on the morning after a snowfall. Instead of getting into her usual attire of loose dress and wide overcoat, she put on a tight sweater and a skirt. So revealed, Frau Knobel's figure became mysterious. Its center of gravity lay low to the ground; its general form when viewed from above—from tenants' windows—was pyramidal. Frau Knobel had a body pushed downward by years of hard work.

She never shirked exertion. She was a model *Trümmerfrau*, one of the women who served her country during the Second World War by shovelling together the shards of Berlin as they tumbled out from under the bombs, and then stacking them in perfect piles, one for roofs, one for doorways, et cetera, so that the conquerors regarded the neatly destroyed city with amazement and not a little fear. Frau Knobel did not sentimentalize the past. She still used the same shovel. She bought it in 1938, the last good year for shovels, before metal became scarce. Typically, on a winter morning before she started to clear away the snow she gave the garbage bins their first inspection, rummaging quietly with her shovel, then ramming the trash down to smash any bottles. She always succeeded in aurally beating awake the twenty-five residents under her care. That is one of the few privileges of being a concierge.



"Edgar is a simple theme elegantly stated."

On the morning of the first snowfall of the winter, Herr

Schubert, on the second floor, could not fall back asleep. He felt odd, and wondered about the weather. Since his bed lay with the head beneath the window for maximum fresh air, he could see the sky by shifting back on his pillow and using his long nose to push aside the curtain, an exercise he repeated every day. When Herr Schubert saw the snow, he felt dismay: it meant a dangerous walk to the corner for his newspaper and milk. He looked at his sleeping wife indecisively, wanting to complain to her. He overcame the urge and hoisted his legs over the side of the bed, sliding his feet into the slippers waiting there in formation. The war wound in his leg was aching. He would definitely mention that to his wife.

One flight overhead, Frau Doktor Rothe's girl, Liesel, set the breakfast table early; the snow unnerved her, too. She laid the ancestral silverware, not forgetting the crystal knife rest. She ate her own breakfast in the kitchen. The Frau Doktor was also up early. She bathed, taking pleasure in her ability, at ninety-three, still to do so. She decided not to venture out that day, and kept on her cheap house shoes. At breakfast, she nipped the top of her boiled egg with a special device, and glared angrily. Frau Doktor Rothe was born a duchess in 1891. She married a Jew, spent the Nazi years in Scandinavia, and returned to Berlin a widow, bereft not only of her husband but of the most important attribute of her class: a society that acknowledged it. And now the egg was undercooked. She pushed the silver eggcup to the other side of the table, her hand suddenly trembling.

When the tower bells rang at seven-forty-five, Frau Knobel's shovel reached the slate of the courtyard. The rasping penetrated the double windows of the twelve apartments at 86 Düsseldorfer Street. Those noises too high for human hearing set off a protest among the dogs of five surrounding buildings.

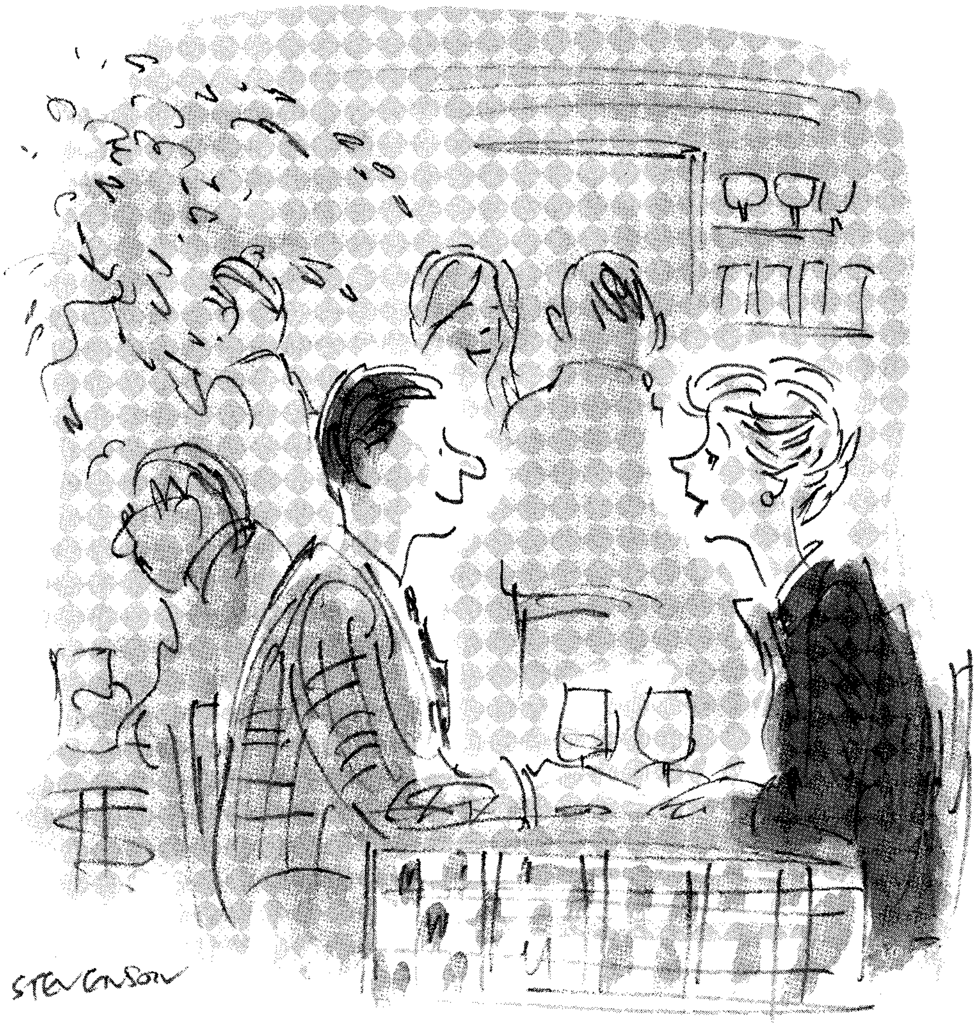
A little later, the only young tenant in the building went down into the courtyard and begged Frau Knobel to let him take a turn with the shovel. "Out of my way," she said. She continued to shovel, her back turned to the young man.

"Frau Knobel, please," he urged. Straightening up, Frau Knobel sauntered very close to him. Through the driving snow they looked like one, for the top of her head fit beneath his chin like Brazil into the African continent.

"I know—I have a bad heart," she said. She looked up at him and laughed, showing her tongue but no teeth. He noticed with displeasure the purple fleck on her lower lip. "But who else ever does it?" she demanded. She returned to her shovelling. "It's almost done anyway," she called over her shoulder to the young man.

By the eight-o'clock bells, Frau Knobel had finished the front walk. She returned to her apartment on the ground floor to feed Son his first chocolate pudding of the day. She fixed herself some *Malzkaffee* and a dish of chocolate pudding, and went back to bed.

Liesel, meanwhile, was running errands, clutching her Christian Democrat shopping bag. Her own butcher shop was closed. Reluctantly, she joined the line at the "other" one. Liesel pushed along in line, feeling hostile to the butcher. Why? She had something against him. In 1945, when meat was rationed, he had stayed fat while others grew thinner, that's why. And because of what he did to Herr Meulen. The butcher had a talent for cutting exactly the correct amount of meat. His skill had become uncanny in the days when each citizen was allotted only two hundred and fifty grams a week. But he had miscalculated once. That time, Herr Meulen, who got thinner day by day, stood before him watching the scale as though it spelled his judgment, and he saw the butcher weigh out ten grams too much. One mouthful. Expertly, the butcher trimmed the extra bit from the portion lying on the scale. "*Ach, bitte*," Herr Meulen pleaded. The butcher did not reply. He took the raw piece and stuffed it into his own mouth. Chewing, he called out, "Next!" Forty



"I do? That's funny. You remind me of Prince Charles."

• •

years later, Liesel scowled at the old shopkeeper as she barked out her order.

THROUGH the morning, the snow continued to fall on Berlin, like eiderdown, like ashes.

Frau Knobel napped deeply, but not for long; Son woke her, slipping his nose beneath the covers to nudge her face. She slapped his nose, remarking that it was colder and wetter than the snow; she had already got her bearings. Then she hurried out of bed. Not only did the canary have to be fed but she heard footsteps in the courtyard. It was Frau Schubert, disposing of her garbage. Frau Knobel watched through the curtains, noting grimly that Frau Schubert had correctly emptied the plastic bag first, then correctly pushed down the load with the bag. She observed further that Frau Schubert had no bottles today.

By now, Düsseldorfer Street was crowded with shoppers. Café Kanzler was all out of rolls. The newspaper-and-tobacco shops were closing early. A steady stream of people pushed through the heavy wooden door of No. 86. Frau Schubert passed Liesel coming in the door and noticed her Christian Democrat bag with irritation; she herself carried a Social Democrat shopping bag. She had persuaded her husband to stay home today while she did the marketing herself. She enjoyed seeing the street under the snow because it looked different. She had been living at 86 Düsseldorfer Street for fifty-five years. She remembered when the address was less affluent. She had a good memory: she could list the sons and husbands of the house who did not return from the war; she could describe how the bomb came into the third-floor window. The apartment there lacked the ornate ceiling and the balconies looking out over Düsseldorfer Street. Another bomb took away most of the back wing; No. 86 used to be square, but now it was L–shaped. Herr Nadler came back several years after the war to half an apartment. He was still there, the nicest old S.S. man in the house.

Frau Schubert bounded through the streets, beaming and pink-cheeked, with a friendly word for everyone. All along her way, people stopped to give her the latest reports about their illnesses, their grandchildren, their finances. Usually Frau Schubert stayed home and her husband did the shopping; someone had to stay with their son, Richard. He had been bedridden for forty-two years with a disease she couldn't pronounce. He was sixty-six, his mother eighty-eight.

At the eleven-o'clock bells, Frau Doktor Rothe was pulling on her boots, with Liesel helping and protesting. On their way outside, they met Frau Schubert returning and Frau Knobel leaving. Frau Schubert said an ostentatious "Good day" to the Frau Doktor, who did not reply. She always said Frau Schubert pried. Frau Knobel had something important to tell Liesel, whom she liked. She nudged her away from Frau Doktor Rothe. "Something's up at the Fosters'," she said. "Noise last night at twelve. Can you have a look from your kitchen window? See what's going on in the bedroom. I think they've quarrelled and she's moving out."

The ladies stood in a cluster outside 86 Düsseldorfer Street, with Son pulling Frau Knobel around the periphery by his leash. They complained about the weather. It was bad for the lungs. It was bad for the heart. One couldn't dress warmly enough. It made the mailman late. When he came, the mailman could barely get by them.

"Hallo, Bartchen," said Frau Knobel to the young man. He still had a Trotsky beard. Last year she thought he was a terrorist. This year she felt he was one of the few nice young people left. She accompanied him inside into the dark lobby, waiting as he sorted the mail into their twelve

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THE ROMANTIC ENTANGLEMENT

Ah, you don't know what fun it is
Arriving in the rain just as night has changed the subject
To a downhill story of professors, pigs, and pianos,
To the sermon of the moment.
How the lamplight crackled then! It was like the elision
Of a final vowel, and also a new adventure, proposed on a pinnacle
Not previously noted.

And snaking along a steep shelf of brushwood
To be close to a river, parallel: the fun of that, too.

In dreams when you ask me
What kind of time we're having and
I reply something about emerald moss
Coating the standpipes of this century,
How it all turns in on us,
Focusses on us,
Is us, finally, no beauty left
In the eye of the beholder, only mistaken
Beginnings, false notes, marches, tunes, arias
With so little to recommend them.
But you saw only mussel gatherers
Waist-deep offshore,
Forcing an ever-diminishing sustenance
From the sea's floor.

And we can see how it's impossible
To answer anything and stay unnatural,
Response being, by its very nature, romantic,
The very urge to romanticism. The precise itch.
What if I met you at the store
Five seconds from now—would the sleepers still elide their snores,
Would the stares of the salespeople compensate us
For what we shoplifted,
Cold as ashes in a grate after we're home?

—JOHN ASHBERY

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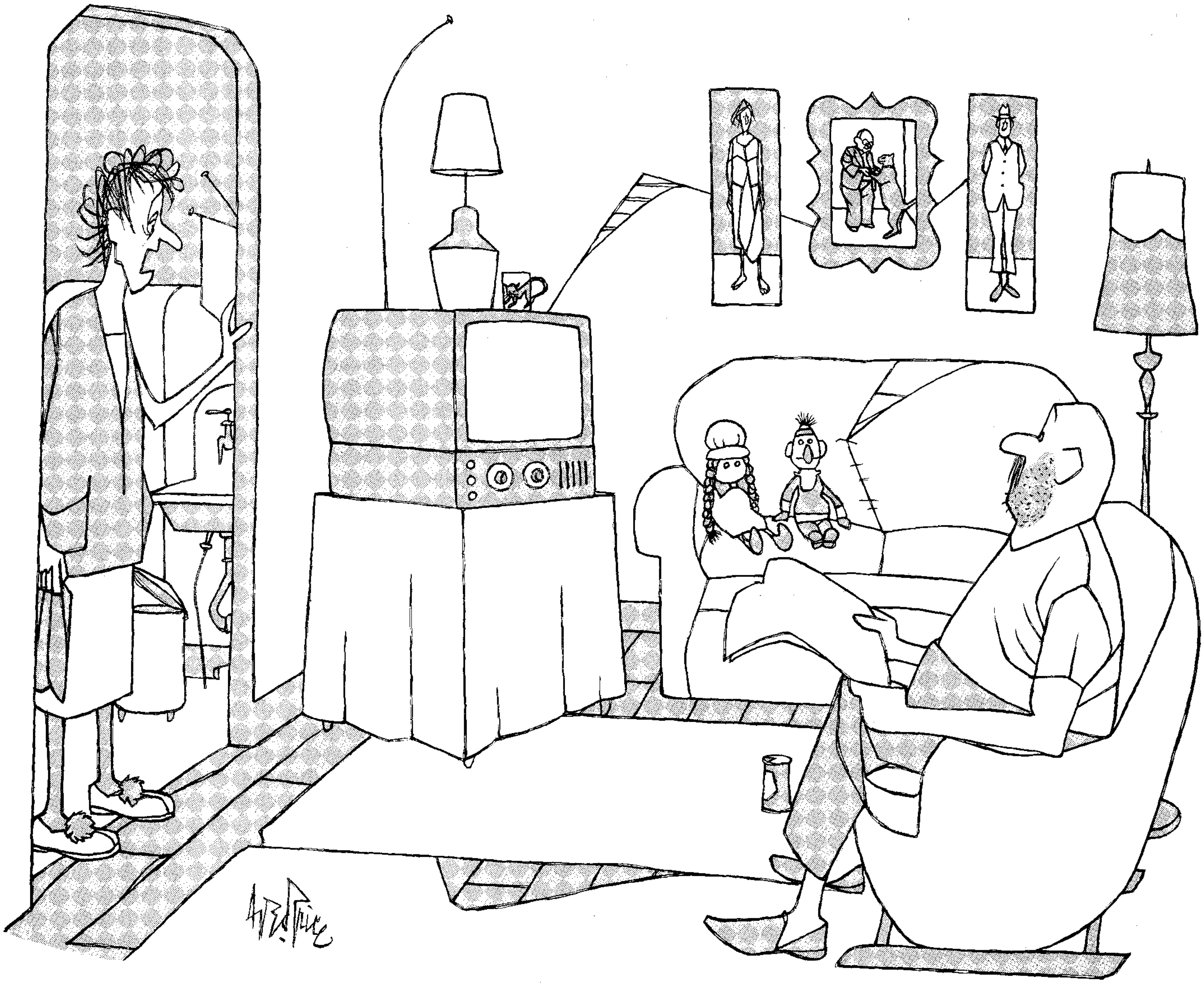


"If you're about ready, it's cockamamie time in the dining room."

• •

metal boxes. "Why are you giving a letter to Herr Gronefelt?" she asked. "He's dead."

But the letter was already in the box. The mailman worked while Frau Knobel told him what a nuisance Herr Gronefelt had been. The mailman turned and handed a letter to her. "For Herr Knobel?" she said. "Take it back. Heart attack two years ago."

The noon bells rang muffled from the church at the corner. The snow was still falling, catching in the eyebrows of those who stood watching it.

A rumor began that if enough snow fell, then the people "over there" could walk across the Wall. This pleasing fantasy spread from block to block in Wilmersdorf. By the time it returned to 86 Düsseldorfer Street, on the lips of Frau Grosskopf, who'd been around the corner visiting Frau Lehmann on Sachsische Street, it had a new twist: all over East Germany, it was said, citizens were donning skis and snowshoes, leaving work early, slipping through the streets, quiet as mice, quiet as the snow, skiing over the barbed-wire border.

WHEN the bells rang thirteen hours, Frau Knobel took Son inside. She locked him into the *Mädchenzimmer*, the maid's room—a tiny unheated cubicle like the one in every apartment. There he had his own bed, his own picture of the Virgin on the wall. Frau Knobel took her wallet in her hand and returned outside. On Uhland Street, the snowbanks were very deep, and from afar Frau Knobel, balancing with her arms flapping, her feet toed in, her head wrapped in a bright scarf above her beaked nose, looked like a great goblin.

At three-thirty, the snow suddenly stopped. All the old people were exhausted, and the little crowd dispersed with enthusiasm. They went home to settle deeply into old armchairs or to doze in couples on their beds, occasionally reassuring each other that they were awake. By four o'clock it was dark, and Frau Knobel considered the day over. She cracked an egg into a pan, sang "Kommt ein Vogel Geflogen" for the canary, and then "Morgen Kommt der Weihnachtsmann." She felt an agreeable sense of accomplishment at having mastered the snowfall, a feeling close to happiness. —IRENE DISCHE

CLEO

THE day before Gretchen goes to visit her family in Albuquerque, we drive over to pick up an old friend of hers, a woman named Cleo Haas. We're going shopping. Cleo has just returned from two years in California, and Gretchen is saying how happy she is that Cleo's back. "I'm talking about friends," she says. "We need to try stuff. We don't want to die in this thing."

"What thing?" I say.

"This," she says, waving her hand between the two of us. "Everything. I'm serious. I'm glad she's back. We need her. You can't just go around losing people all the time."

"We didn't move to California," I say.

"That doesn't matter," Gretchen says.

Gretchen and I have been together three years. We met in a nursery, on a Saturday. Six weeks later she moved in, bringing Cleo with her. Cleo stayed for a year, sleeping on a cot in the dining area of the apartment. Near the end of that first year we were together, Gretchen left and moved to Seattle. Cleo stayed with me in the apartment. Gretchen was gone less than a month. Early one morning she called and said she was coming back. I said that was great. Then, when she got back, Cleo left.

Now the three of us go through a department store at the mall, then split up and agree to meet at the fountain. I head for the mock outdoor café and get in line to order a chocolate-filled croissant, but a young guy with ratty hair and a silver shirt open to the waist comes in singing a torch song and pushes in front of me. He jokes with one of the girls behind the counter. They're in French-maid uniforms. I figure he's a local celebrity, maybe a drummer in some important band. The girl he's talking to likes him, which I think is amazing. I'm wondering about that when Cleo comes up.

"I hate to shop," she says. She orders a spinach croissant, then leads the way to a wire-topped table out in the mall.

I start to say something about not wanting Gretchen to go to Albuquerque, but Cleo interrupts.

"I don't do girl advice anymore. That's the way I am now. You'd better learn to work around it."

"Yes, Ma'am," I say.

Cleo came back to open an aerobics franchise called Thigh High. She wears a lot of exercise gear. Today she's got on a peach-and-gray leotard under an open white shirt, a pair of baggy pants, and a yellow sweatshirt tied by the arms around the waist. Red shoes. She's good-looking—long legs, small breasts, radiant skin. Gretchen says she hasn't had a decent boyfriend since she was nineteen.

I tear my croissant in half and break off a small piece with chocolate in it. "So, how's the new-woman business?" I ask, nipping at the chocolate.

"It's all new," Cleo says. "You ought to try it."

A girl of about eighteen comes out of a candle store, leading two children. The kids have fur animals—a red bird and a hippo. They're playing. One kid drops the bird and kicks it six or eight feet in front of her, then the other does the same with the hippo. The mother scolds them, but it doesn't have any effect.

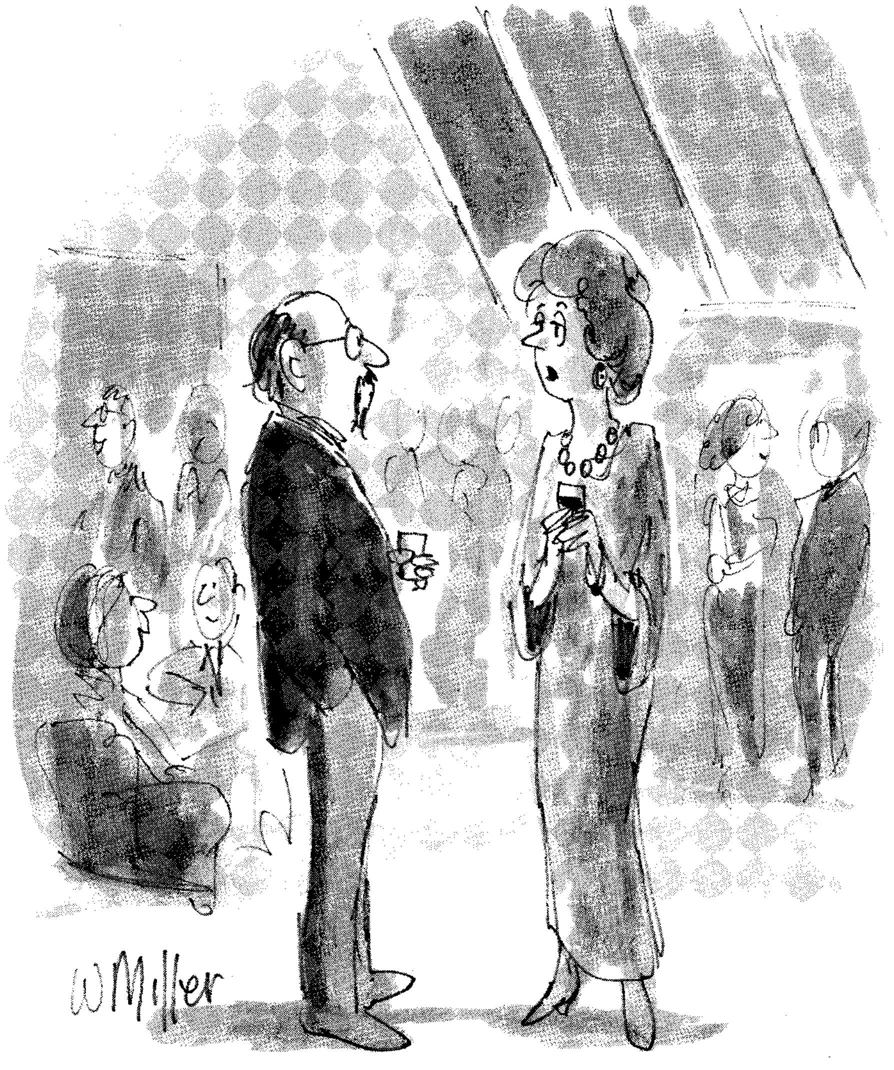
"So, did everybody miss me?" Cleo says. She's waving her croissant around in her hand, not eating it.

"Sure," I say. "We kept bumping into something imaginary in the dining room."

"That's funny," Cleo says. "I was thinking about when Gretchen went to Washington State, you know? You were all over me. You couldn't get enough. Then she shows up and suddenly I'm bad meat. I hated your guts for that, I really did."

"I guess it wasn't my best moment. But it wasn't yours, either—you didn't want to sleep with me."

"Big deal. What is that, a way to measure something? I was a loyal guy." She playfully shoots me the finger, then shakes it for emphasis. "Never forgive, never forget," she



"In the nineteen-fifties, I came to Greenwich Village to be a poet, but now I find myself a major force in real estate."

says, finally taking a bite of the croissant.

"Don't be mean," I say.

She looks at the skylights. "This time, this time I show you what you missed. Is that nice enough?"

"That's nice," I say. "Did you see this guy inside here?" I point out the kid in the silver shirt as he leaves the serving counter. "What's the deal on him?"

"He works at Slime Land," Cleo says. "I don't know. How am I supposed to know?"

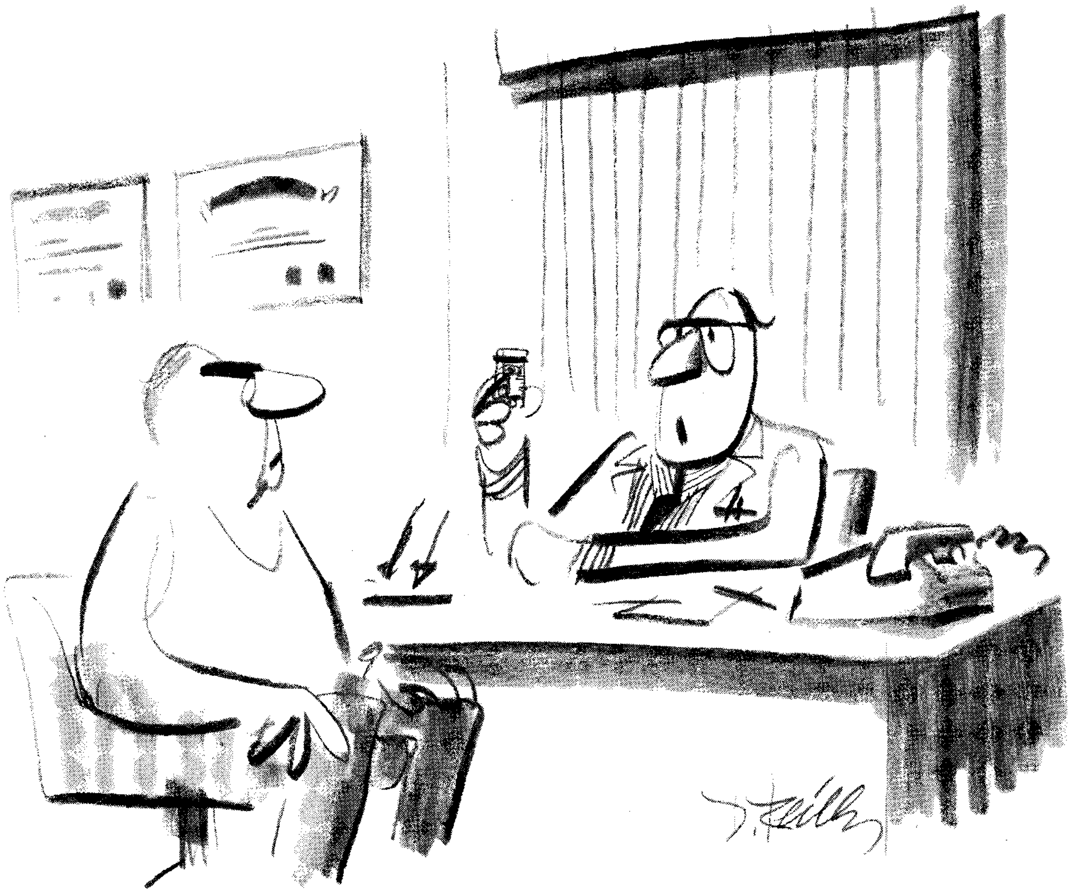
The young mother is disciplining her kids for kicking toys in the mall. She's right alongside us now. She's bent in half and she has the girl by the wrist, whipping her back and forth, shouting in a stage whisper. The girl is crying, trying to get her fists into her eyes, but the mother is jerking her around so much the fists don't seat. "Do you want to be popped?" the mother says. "I can pop you, if that's what you want."

"Probably not what she wants," I say to Cleo.

"Hush," she says, leaning across the table.

"Hell, I think I'll go over there and give her a poke or two myself—what do you think about that?"

"Pick on somebody your own size," Cleo says, tapping her collarbone with a knuckle.



"You take two of these at the first sign of the onset of boardroom turbulence."

Gretchen wants to go back to Sears after we drop Cleo at her aerobics place, where some workmen are finishing the interior. I don't mind going, but I say, "Why didn't we go when we were there?"

Gretchen says, "I can go in by myself, if it's too much for you. It'll take a minute. You can sit in the car."

It's been raining all day. I take a corner too fast, bump into a curb, then bounce up on the median and rip up a bush. Trying to get out in a hurry, I mash the gas and spin the wheels, so we're kind of lurching down the street, half on and half off the road divider.

Gretchen braces herself against the dash. "This is great. Would you stop and let me drive? Christ."

"Take it easy. I've almost got it." I slow down and let a Jeep with a gray-haired woman in it go by, then I roll off the curb and into a lane. "I'm on track, headed for Sears," I say.

At the mall, I let her out, then park by the curb with the engine running for the air-conditioning, then push in a tape. It's some wet-sounding rock and roll. It fits with the rain and cool-gray sky, and I sit there listening and feeling pretty wistful.

After a while Gretchen comes out of Sears empty-handed, followed by a woman in a short, red-dotted jumpsuit, and a boy who looks like her son, a thin ten-year-old. When Gretchen gets in the car, she folds her hands in her lap and stares out the windshield. "They didn't have any popcorn," she says.

"We came all the way back here for popcorn?"

"So? I like it. It's bright yellow. They soak it in butter. It's good."

"Uh-huh," I say, nodding. "You want to go someplace else for popcorn? Maybe . . . "

"Forget it," she says. "Let's go." She makes a shovelling gesture with her hands and rocks in her seat to illustrate going. Then she hits the direction-reverse button on the tape deck. "I hate this," she says. "What's on the other side?"

"Jason and the Scorchers," I say, but she's already hit the eject button.

"I hate them," she says. "Who are they, anyway? Oh, yeah. The semi-rockabilly revival. I remember." She yanks the tape out and tosses it in back. "Let's just leave it alone, O.K.? Let's just go."

The jumpsuit woman is eating candy out of a small Sears bag, and the boy is slinking along beside her, one hand on her hip. They stop together on the curb, watching the drizzle. It looks as if that's the rule: whenever they're out together he has to have the hand on her hip. She holds a piece of candy for him, and he takes it with his teeth.

"She's pretty," I say, pointing to the woman. She shakes out a clear-plastic rain hat, then curls it over her head, wraps an arm around the kid, and steps into the parking lot. The boy nestles against her, his face pressed into the curve of her waist, and they crab-walk, like a creature with two extra legs, toward a Buick parked in a handicapped zone.

"She's in love with him," Gretchen says. "If that woman ever was in love with someone else, it's over now."

"Leave her alone."

The woman unlocks the front door in the passenger's side. The boy stands off at arm's length, as if waiting for her to reach in and unlock the back door. When she sees what he's doing she leans over and gives him a hug, then steers him into the front seat.

Gretchen says, "My brother says a man doesn't really start to care about a woman until he takes possession."

"Well," I say, whining a little, rocking my head left and right. "Maybe he starts—"

She turns around, chin in hand, and gives me her drollest expression.

I say, "I think your brother's a tough guy."

"Women are the same. Look at this." She points to the kid and his mother. "He's a little monkey-boy and she loves it."

"It's good for him," I say.

"No, it's terrible. It's the same mistake. I don't want to discuss it. Can we go?"

"Sure." I get the car moving and head out of the parking lot. "Maybe I should, like, go with you on this trip. You seem to be upset."

"I thought you were the one," she says.

"I am. I just thought I might go."

"Don't be silly," she says. "Stay here. Do whatever you want. No restrictions, reports—get something going. What about Cleo? You guys have been ripe for years."

"This morning she said she'd show me what I missed last time you left," I say. "When you went West."

"I'll tell you," Gretchen says. "Gorgeous stomach, real white skin, legs shorter than they look. Otherwise, it's a kill."

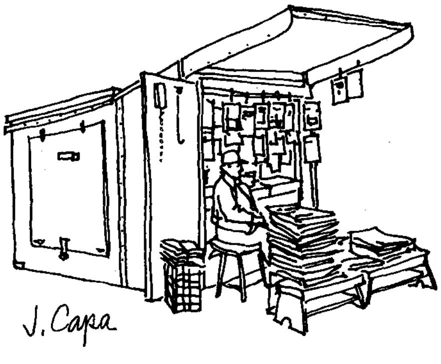
THE evening is uncomfortable. I can't remember the last time there was so much distance between us. I don't know why I'm upset, and I don't know what's bothering her. She watches a show about transsexuals on TV, and I wander around the apartment, making up things to do. Now and then, I look at the screen a minute and guess whether the person talking is a man or a woman.

At eleven, she starts packing. I sit with her on the bed, watching. Finally I say, "I don't want to stay here alone."

She smiles at me.

"I'm serious. I don't want you to do this."

"Take it easy," Gretchen says.



"Why don't you watch David Letterman? You like him, don't you?"

"I don't like him very much right this minute," I say.

"I don't think I like him ever," she says.

"Me, too," I say. "Now that I think about it. I used to like him."

"He's all right," she says. She's going in and out of the closet, getting clothes. "Why don't we put on some music?"

I stop looking at her, stop watching her fold the clothes and press them into the open suitcase. I roll onto my back and stare at a spot on the ceiling where the air-conditioning register has stained the sheetrock. Then I stare at the red second hand on the clock on her bedside table. I watch it make two full circles.

"What if I have a heart attack?" I say.

"I'll find you when I get back," she says. "There'll be an investigation. What will you be wearing?" She stops packing a minute and looks at me. "I don't know what's wrong with you. It's not the end of the world—I'm just

A STUFFED TORTOISE

Inwardly re-outfitted over a century ago
according to the handwritten yellow
three-by-five directly below
the lunging neck, he is, among this petrified
menagerie, just as once in life,

the oldest of animals. The armadillo
beside him, the Manx cat, the dartlike row
of birds along the wall, all look as though
they never were alive, but whoever re-posed
our tortoise attended to that

tension which makes him—with the frog and fox—so
didactically adaptable: Who can resist the slow-
paced, cumulative humor of this low-
profiled plodder, who somehow sweeps
the big races, speaks volumes by example only,

and, fetchingly shy, zeroes inward at any show
of attention—and yet whose narrow,
near-panicky glance is that of some desperado
on the lam? The neck strains, *forward*,
as if that tough, undersized head

yearned to outstrip its ponderous cargo.
—The time's not ripe for that? If so, the true
burden on his back may be years which offer no
movement casual or quick enough to escape
a painstaking, on-the-spot review.

—Brad Leithauser

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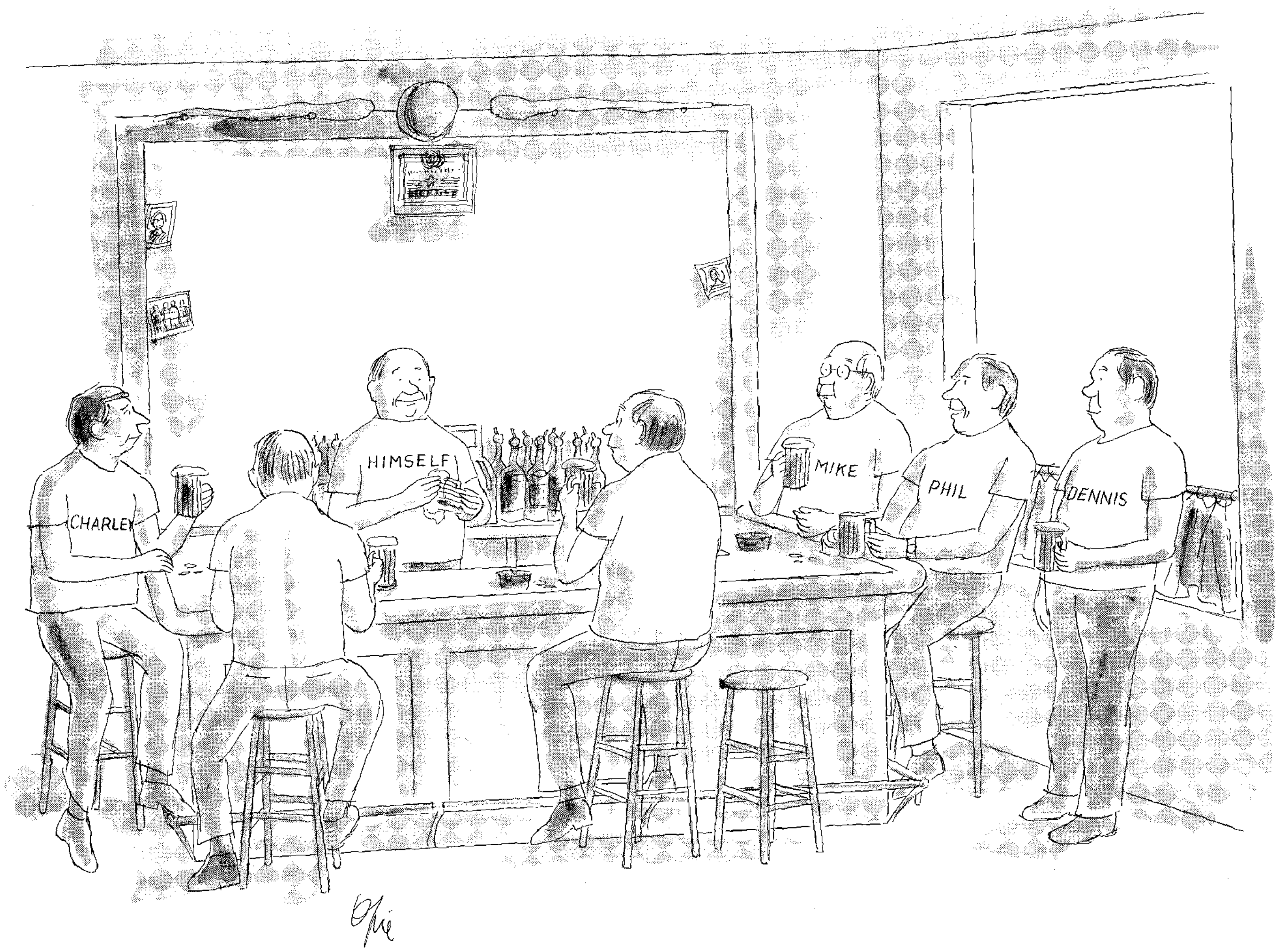

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going to see my family. It's not a big deal."

My shoulders hurt. The bedroom looks like a halfway house for magazine chic—dusty and almost correct. I feel light-headed. I say, "I'm going to end up spending the whole time with Cleo, like before."

"If that's what you want," she says. "Don't tell me about it, though, O.K.?"

"I'm telling you everything," I say.

She gives me an impatient smile. "If that's what you want," she says, finishing the suitcase.

"What about money? What are you doing for that? Are we spending my money for this trip?"

Gretchen sighs. "No, we are not. The checkbook is yours and yours alone. In perpetuity."

"Sorry. That was stupid." I get up and go into the bathroom. "Take the money, O.K.?" Before she can say anything, I twist the handle on the hot-water tap. Water splashes all over the place. I forgot about the hot water. It spatters if you open the tap too far. By the time I get the faucet off, my clothes are soaked. I go back into the bedroom, unbuttoning my shirt. "I love you," I say, stepping over her suitcase to get into the closet.

She looks at my chest and says, "Me, too."

THE morning is no better. We talk about the plants, and how much water they need, and how much sun they need, and we talk about running the dishwasher, and about the lint filter in the clothes dryer, and that I have to remember to get the slides at the camera place, because she wants them sent to her by overnight mail. Then she has some last-minute errands to run, so she goes off to do that, and I stay at home. She gets back around noon and starts to repack her bag, but then gives that up. At three she's ready and walking around with her coffee, waiting for the cab to take her to the airport. I sit on the couch, staring at the fireplace. When the driver honks, I carry her bags, kiss her, watch her drive away, then stand on the curb, looking around at our neighborhood. The sky is overcast. The parking lots are empty.

A guy in a red truck pulls up and asks if I know where Cheryl Harrison lives. He's hanging out the window of his truck with his chin on his arm.

I tell him I don't know Cheryl Harrison.

"Crap," he says. He pops the steering wheel with the butt of his fist. "Last night I see this chick at the grocery store. You know, the one up here on Pine Tree? So I run my cart into hers and we get to talking. It seems like we're made for each other—you know that feeling? So, finally, she tells me why don't I come for a beer this afternoon, because that's when her boyfriend leaves for work and everything. I mean, she says she doesn't like to do that kind of thing, but they're having rough times and she thinks she's leaving anyway."

I shrug at him, starting to back away toward my apartment.

"She gives me this apartment number," he says. "So I'm cool, and I write it on my arm, just like in the movies. What do you think happens?" He sticks his forearm out the window for me to see. There's some ink there, but it's unreadable.

I do a gasping sound, then say, "That's terrible."

"What it is," he says, "is I read this article about frozen Japanese dinners. You know? So, of course, I had to run out and get some." He shuts his eyes and gives his head a tiny shake. "Last night. I had to have them last night."

I'm about ten feet away from him by now. "I wish I could help," I say. "Why not look her up in the book?" Then I realize that's an invitation, so I say, "I'd let you look in mine, only we lost it in the move. We just moved here."

"Doesn't matter," he says, sitting up behind the wheel. "She isn't in the book. Or, if she is, she's in the guy's name." He shifts the truck into gear and eases it forward. "I must be getting old. I gotta stop." Then he brakes hard and the truck jerks to a halt. "You know what else? I ate one of those dinners, you know? That I bought?" He pauses for emphasis. "Lost it," he says.

I watch him drive off, then go in and freshen Gretchen's coffee and take it into the bedroom. I set the cup on the bedside table, sit on the edge of the bed, pull the curtains, look out at the path between our apartment block and the next one. On the TV screen in the bedroom there's a reflection of me with a quadrant of blue sky out the window behind. The hum of an air-conditioner comes through the walls, sounding internal and basic to life. A couple of birds chirp. I hear bell-like wind chimes repeat a song pattern and wonder how the wind can do the same thing over and over. Then I hear a car horn, then a motorcycle accelerating. There's a pair of ski sunglasses on top of the television set, with the thin black elastic that runs around the neck looped down over the screen.

Some neighbors are walking the path, just below the window. The woman's voice is quick, up-and-down, and the man's is short, slow-sounding—a grunt. The phone rings.

"So, what's the story?" Cleo says. "She go?"

"Yep."

"How do you feel? You all right? You ready for me?"

I put a finger in the coffee to see how warm it is. "I don't know. Maybe."

"Half an hour," she says. "After that, I go for other responsibilities and obligations. You call me, O.K.?"

"How about five? I'll call at five."

"Don't push me around," she says.

"Right," I say.

"I'm ready to roll. I've been after it since first light, working the equipment. Looks terrific. You're one lucky fella."

"I know that I am," I say. "What if Gretchen changes her mind at the airport?"

Cleo does a big, exasperated sigh. "She's not changing her mind. C'mon. Two weeks is the deal. In two weeks she's back and everything's like it was. I'll be there at five. You want to go to the beach after? I can get us a place."

"Cleo," I say.

"O.K., O.K. So long."

She hangs up, leaving me with a dead line. I shake my head at the receiver, then put it away.

We go to a movie, then to dinner at a seafood restaurant on South Main, where I order fried shrimp and Cleo has king crab. It's a place with white tablecloths, heavy silverware, old panelling, waiters in faded red jackets, with huge fish on the walls.

When the food comes it looks great. I ask for some extra lemon, and the waiter zips off to get it.

"I like this place," Cleo says.

"It's good," I say.

"I was in love with you," she says. "You know? Last time." She pinches a claw, digging the white meat out with the tiny two-pronged fork. "I thought I was going to die." She dips the meat in a metal cup of liquid butter, then presses it against the rim.

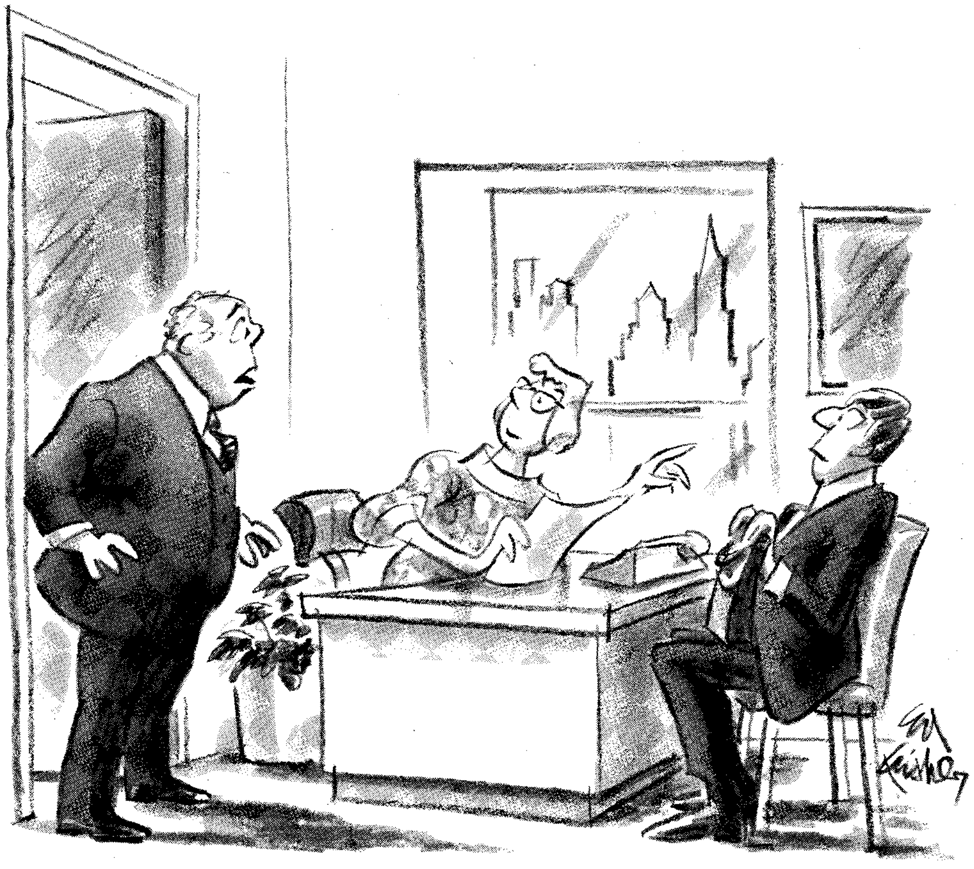
"Me, too," I say.

She looks at me, making a face.

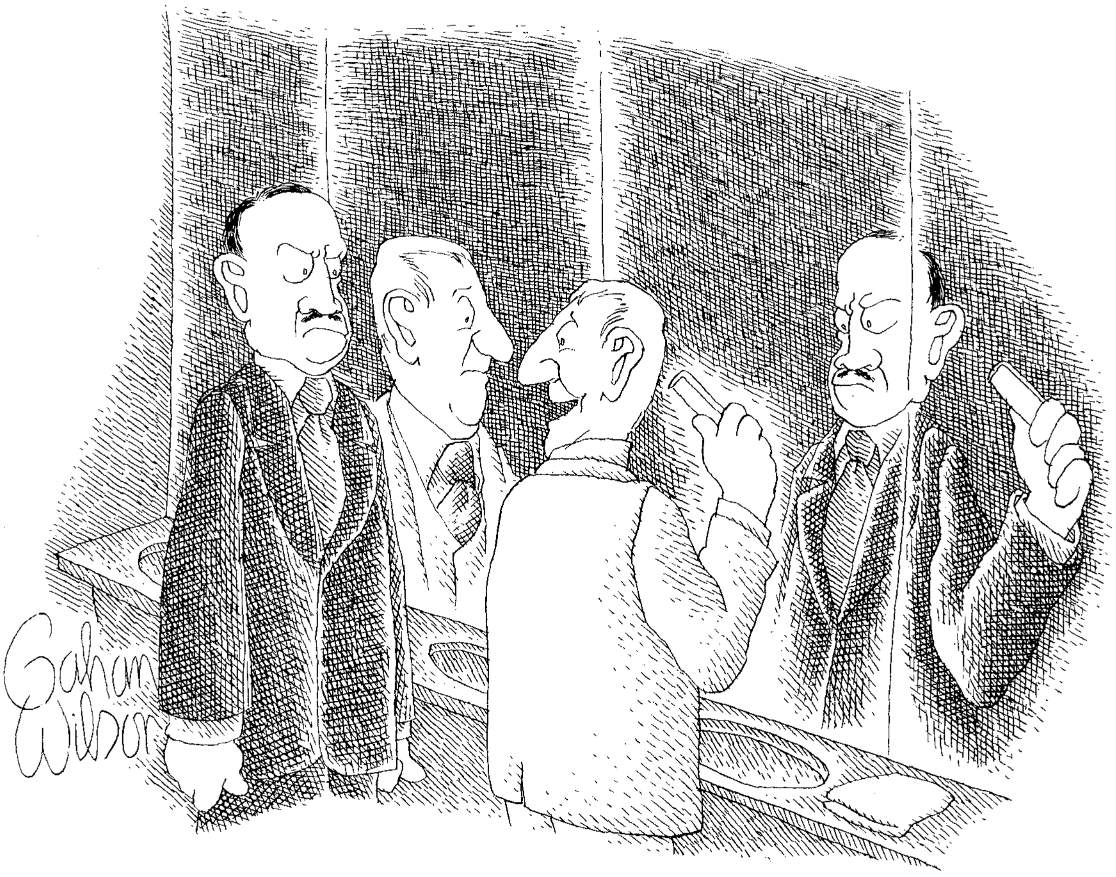
"I mean I was in love with you, too," I say.

She smiles, shaking her head. "I had fun in California," she says. "Pretty much fun, anyway. I'm a lot different now, though. I don't know if I'll ever be the same as I was."

"That's the way it happens," I say, nodding and thinking about how pretty she is.



"For heaven's sake, Miss Wheeler! When I asked you to screen my appointments, I did not mean checking people out to make sure they shared my philosophy!"



"Oops, sorry. Wrong mirror!"

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"I'm not backing anybody up anymore," she says.

"Why should you?" I say.

"I'm picking my openings," she says.

"Right," I say. "Just like the rest of us."

She does a little take, then says, "I'm going through with this. You know that, don't you? This is the break. I do it. Bang." She narrows her eyes at me. There's a smile in them, but it's not easy.

Cleo loosens up then. We finish dinner, and afterward she drives back to the apartment, staring straight ahead the whole time. When she pulls up in the parking space, she says, "Here we are."

"So, how about some coffee?" I say.

She makes coffee, and I sit on the couch in front of the TV, switching the channels. She must know where everything is—she doesn't ask me anything. When the coffee's ready, she sits down for a minute, then takes her cup and heads into the bedroom. I watch her back, then watch the bathroom light come on, throwing a bright trapezoid on the bedroom wall. The light squeezes down to a sliver when she shuts the bathroom door.

I turn off the TV, dump my coffee in the kitchen sink, check the front door, then sit on the couch again. Water is running in the bath. It's almost twelve. For a second I think it smells funny in the apartment, but then can't smell what I thought I smelled. The light flashes across the bedroom wall again and Cleo's shadow passes through it, but she doesn't come out. She's in the closet. Then the bathroom light closes down again, only this time not as far. There's a two-foot strip of light left. The water stops in the bath.

The telephone rings. I answer it, hoping it's Gretchen.

She says, "How are you?"

There's a little cracking sound on the line. I say, "I'm O.K.," then listen to the sound. "What's that?"

"What?" she says.

"That noise. You hear that?"

"I don't hear it," she says. "So—I'm at the Dallas airport. We missed the connection. I'm here for another hour at least."

"Cleo's in the bathtub," I say.

There's a pause on Gretchen's end. Then she says, "So, was I right?"

It takes a minute to figure out what's she's talking about. Then I say, "I haven't looked."

"Just like old times," she says. "You O.K.?"

"I guess. We had dinner at Goldsmith's. I'd be better if you were here to protect me."

Gretchen laughs, then tells me she's going to need her recipe for lemon cheesecake, and that I'm going to have to find it in her blue recipe book. "You're going to hate me, because it's a mess. I mean, I'm going to organize it when I get back. I promise."

I take the phone in the kitchen and open the refrigerator. I stand there looking for a minute, then lift the window blinds and stare out at the cars, all the time listening to a story about a woman she met on the plane.

I interrupt her. "So what do I do?" I say, taking a bottle of spring water out of the refrigerator.

Gretchen says, "Rock her socks. It's O.K."

"You're a help." I unscrew the cap and take a drink. It doesn't taste like anything special.

She says she has to get a hamburger and a magazine, so she wants to get off the phone. I put the bottle back and tell her I love her, then kick the refrigerator closed, hang up the phone, and go through the living room to the bedroom. It's dark in there. I look at the bathroom door for a minute, then sit on the edge of the bed, just out of the light, and watch Cleo wash.

—FREDERICK BARTHELME

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[Headline in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution]

DOCTOR SAYS AGING IS VIABLE CAUSE OF DEATH IN SOME ELDERLY

PERSONAL HISTORY

SOUND-SHADOWS—I

Lying Low and Venturing Out

When thou art at Rome, do as they do at Rome.—*Cervantes, "Don Quixote."*

AT the time, I could not have given a name to my condition. Though I was in its grip through most of the summer and autumn, I was scarcely aware of any of its symptoms. Years later, I read through my letters, my journal, and other papers of the period and talked with the people who knew me then, trying, like a detective, to reconstruct events long past. I came away with the feeling that the condition I was going through was the slough of despond and that it might have had its beginnings in the ice-cream plant in North Little Rock where I was working as a packager of ice cream and ice-cream novelties the summer I was sixteen.

When I had been working at the plant nine weeks, I arrived there one morning to discover that Jay, the young manager of the plant, had been fired overnight and in his place we had a tough-sounding older man. His voice had a military ring, and I wouldn't have been surprised to learn that he carried a riding crop.

The new manager made Gladys, Jean, Helen, Tom, and me—all the hands—line up in front of the freezer vault, and he told us in an ominous voice that the plant was not making enough profit and that he intended to turn things around, even if that meant firing us all and hiring a whole new crew. He informed us that he was instituting a new system: he would see to it that we worked our hides off until the freezer vault was filled, and then he would lay us off until all the ice cream we had made and packaged had been moved out of the plant.

"But I got two children to feed," Gladys said. "I need my weekly paycheck."

"That's your problem," the new manager said. "I'm here to run the plant and make money for the Mayflower Dairy."

"How many days do you reckon we'll be laid off?" Tom asked with feigned casualness.

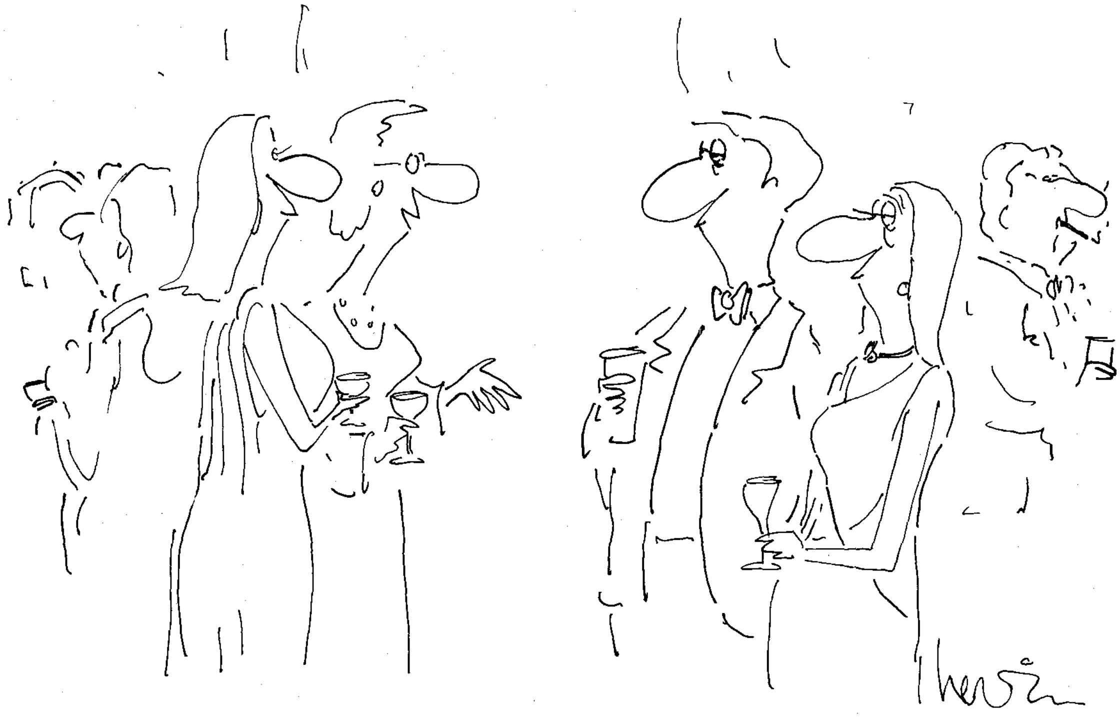
"That depends," the new manager said. "It could be one day or two days or three days a week."

We all talked at once, telling him that we'd counted on making a certain amount of money a week.

"Quiet down!" the new manager bellowed. "If you don't like it, you can leave. There are plenty more hands where you came from."

The new manager arrived in the second week of August, about a month before the beginning of the first six-week term at the Arkansas School for the Blind, in Little Rock, where I had recently finished the ninth grade. (As a result of meningitis, I have been totally blind since I was four years old. I was born and brought up in British India, but at the age of fifteen I had come to Arkansas for my education.) He whipped us into a frenzy and made us overproduce for four days, then laid us off for two. I had thought that by the end of the summer I would have worked three full months and earned three hundred dollars. Now there seemed to be no way for me to reach my goal.

I began to dread being in that small plant with the new manager. I imagined that he had the power to blacken my short employment record and so banish me forever from the sighted working world, to which I'd so recently gained entry. Indeed, he appeared in my dreams as a menacing figure—as a Muslim hooligan in Lahore with a big knife in his hand. And yet the busier and more productive the days at the plant were, the emptier and lonelier the layoff days seemed in the deserted school, where I was staying. When I had to go to work, I would get up at six-thirty, perhaps because I didn't want my pay to be docked, but when I didn't have to get to work I would oversleep and lose the will to get out of bed. On such days, I might wake a little after breakfast, which was cleared away promptly at seven-thirty, and, feeling resentful, stay in bed half-awake, half-asleep, thinking that I should read something but lacking the energy even to turn on the Talking Book player I kept at my bedside. Sometimes, in this state, I would dream about Daddyji's hand on my forehead or Mamaji's under my neck; that was the gentle way they used to wake me up when I was a child. Then I would imagine that my sisters were sitting around my bed and having a whispered conversation over me, as they used to do when I was sick. I would



"Eileen, these are the Gundersons from New York, the city that never sleeps."

wake up around lunchtime. I would have no appetite, and there would seem to be no reason for me to get washed or dressed. I would stay in bed, like a small animal hibernating—so inactive that sometimes I imagined that my heartbeat had slowed. When I did get out of bed—and sometimes it wasn't until dinner—my head would be so full of lethargy that I would want only to go back to bed. On one layoff day, I made a great effort and went to the Boys' Club in North Little Rock, as I generally did in the evenings after work, and swam, dived, and played chess. But the coming and going by trolley and bus took nearly two hours, and I returned to my bed exhausted, wishing that I'd never left it. The layoff days began to disrupt my routine so that I couldn't sleep much at night, and when I did go back to work I had trouble getting to the plant on time and staying awake on the job.

On other layoff days, though, I would furiously type letters to Daddyji in New Delhi, telling him of my low spirits and asking for his advice. Day after day, I waited for an answer, thinking that a word from him would magically lift me out of the slough, only to receive a disheartening cablegram from him saying that something was obviously wrong with the ribbon of my typewriter, since the letters he was receiving from me were packets of nearly blank sheets. The realization that I had poured out my feelings to a defective typewriter deepened my depression. I couldn't bear to go over the same ground, so I just cabled him, "BLANK LETTERS UNIMPORTANT."

Then I decided I couldn't work another day under the new manager, and at the end of August I quit my job and accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days in Hot Springs as the guest of Joe Red, the director of the Boys' Club, and his wife, Jean. They had rented a cottage just ten feet from Lake Hamilton. There I did many extremely enjoyable things for the first time: I swam in the lake, and was pleasantly surprised by how soft the water was and how little resistance it offered compared with the water in the Boys' Club swimming pool; I rode in a motorboat, and was thrilled by the feeling of moving over a body of water as if in a car; I fished, and enjoyed sitting and waiting for a tug at the pole. But I came away from Hot Springs feeling sad. In the country, I had been unable to do anything by myself—everywhere, I had needed the help and indulgence of sighted people. In fact, all the time I was in Hot Springs I had longed for my familiar beat in Little Rock.

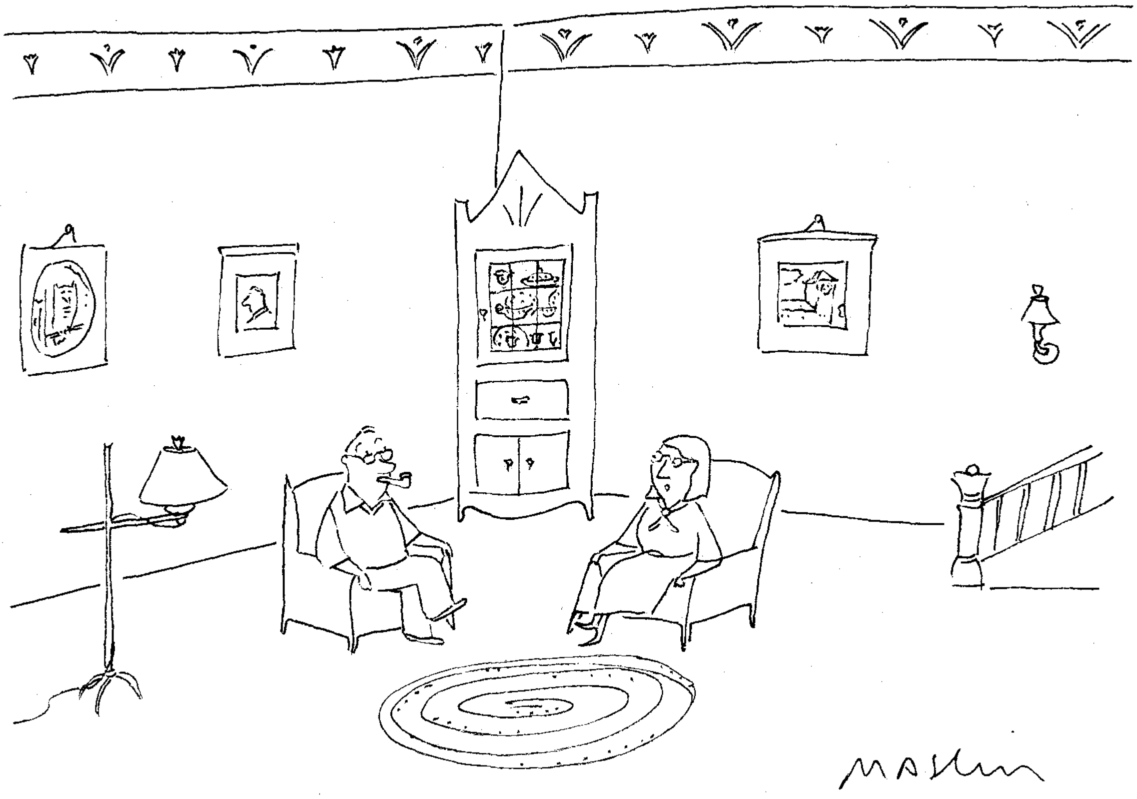
ATE, DRANK
& WAS MERRY
Chon Day

A FEW days before school opened, Cousin Yog came to Little Rock to see me. He was the eldest of my Mehta cousin-brothers, and was the trailblazer to the West for our generation of Mehtas, much as Daddyji had been for his. After earning a bachelor's degree in civil engineering at Oregon State University, in Corvallis, he had spent a year getting practical training in the state's highway department. He was now on his way back to India, to find a job and a wife. We younger cousin-brothers had always looked up to him, imagining that he combined in his person the good character traits that had been parcelled out among all the rest of us. But since coming to America I had scarcely been in touch with him; it was difficult to make calls on the school's only telephone, and he was not much of a letter writer. Anyway, Cousin Yog was six years older than I was, and I knew his younger brothers better than I knew him—I had been just twelve when he left for America. I was eager for his visit; I thought that since he knew both India and America he would be able to tell me how I should live as an Indian *in* America. (I had just completed my first year in the country.)

When he arrived at the school door, where I had been waiting for him, I went forward to embrace him, Indian fashion, feeling almost as if he were Daddyji come to clear up my confusions.

"Vedi, fancy seeing you here!" Cousin Yog said, breezily shaking my hand, American fashion. I tried not to show my disappointment.

Cousin Yog reclined on my bed, as if he were holding court in India, and I drew up a chair and immediately started talking to him as I had talked to no one since leaving home. I longed to see how well I remembered Punjabi, and spoke to him in our mother tongue, but he answered in English. I couldn't tell whether he had forgotten Punjabi or simply preferred English. I brought up this family member and that family friend, but he answered vaguely. Again, I couldn't tell whether he had forgotten the people or simply didn't want to remember



"It's not just my imagination, Carl. Through the use of sophisticated sensing equipment, I've been able to detect a trace of irony in your voice."

them. Since he was older than I was, I didn't feel I could press him.

Cousin Yog was staying overnight, in a room connected through the bathroom to the room where I was living for the summer, which during the school term belonged to my civics teacher, Mr. John Ed Chiles. We spent some time walking around the school building, which was as compact as a ship. I showed Cousin Yog the locker room where I had my numbered locker, the lounge outside it, where we sat in our free time, and the sleeping hall where we older boys had our beds. We went to Stifft's Station—a little shopping strip near the school. We took the trolley downtown and strolled along Main Street.

In the evening, when we were again sitting in my room—he on the bed and I on the chair—I brought up the worrying question of dating. The Indian in me regarded any close contact with the opposite sex outside of wedlock as dirty and base. At the same time, from my first days at school, when I'd learned about dating, I had wanted to have dates. I had tried hard, if furtively, to get a date. When I repeatedly failed, I had told myself that I didn't want dates anyway—that they were immoral. As long as I could remember, Daddyji had made a distinction between temporary pleasure and permanent pleasure, the one wasteful and meaningless, the other fruitful and meaningful. After each rejection by a girl, I would self-righteously tell myself that dates were mere temporary pleasures, only to ache for a date again a few minutes later.

"I find the American custom of dating quite disgusting," I now began. This was, of course, far from the truth, but I thought that Cousin Yog would approve of this sentiment, and praise me for remaining faithful to our Indian principles. After all, at home marriages were completely arranged by the parents, and a couple had no contact with each other before the wedding. If young persons did associate with the opposite sex, they lost their reputation.

Cousin Yog's response took me aback. "Dating? Why, dating, Vedi—that's as necessary for living in America as drinking Coca-Cola." He said "Coca-Cola" in a very Indian way, emphasizing "Cola." It sounded especially funny to me because at school everyone just said "Coke." In some ways he's more Indian than I am, and in others not at all Indian, I thought. I can't make him out.

"But surely you would never go on a date, would you?" I said. I felt frightened by my boldness. It was like trying to find out whether Daddyji had ever been plagued with base desires like mine. I had taken it for granted that people I respected were above them, but something in Cousin Yog's manner—a sort of bravado—made me wonder.

"Why, Vedi, I've been going out on dates practically from the day I got to America."

His admission was so startling that I felt my ears blush. "I'm sure that Daddyji would not approve of dating," I finally said.

"Didn't you grow up hearing him say, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do'? I'm sure that when he was in the West he had a gay old time."

"Daddyji couldn't possibly have done things like dating," I said.

"Your daddy is very worldly, you know. I'm sure he did everything."

Around the corner, in the office, the night watchman was playing his radio. Unmodulated hillbilly music echoed in the empty hall, making the building seem even lonelier than it was. (During the summer, there were only nine or ten people living in it.)

"Everything?" I cried.

"Absolutely everything."

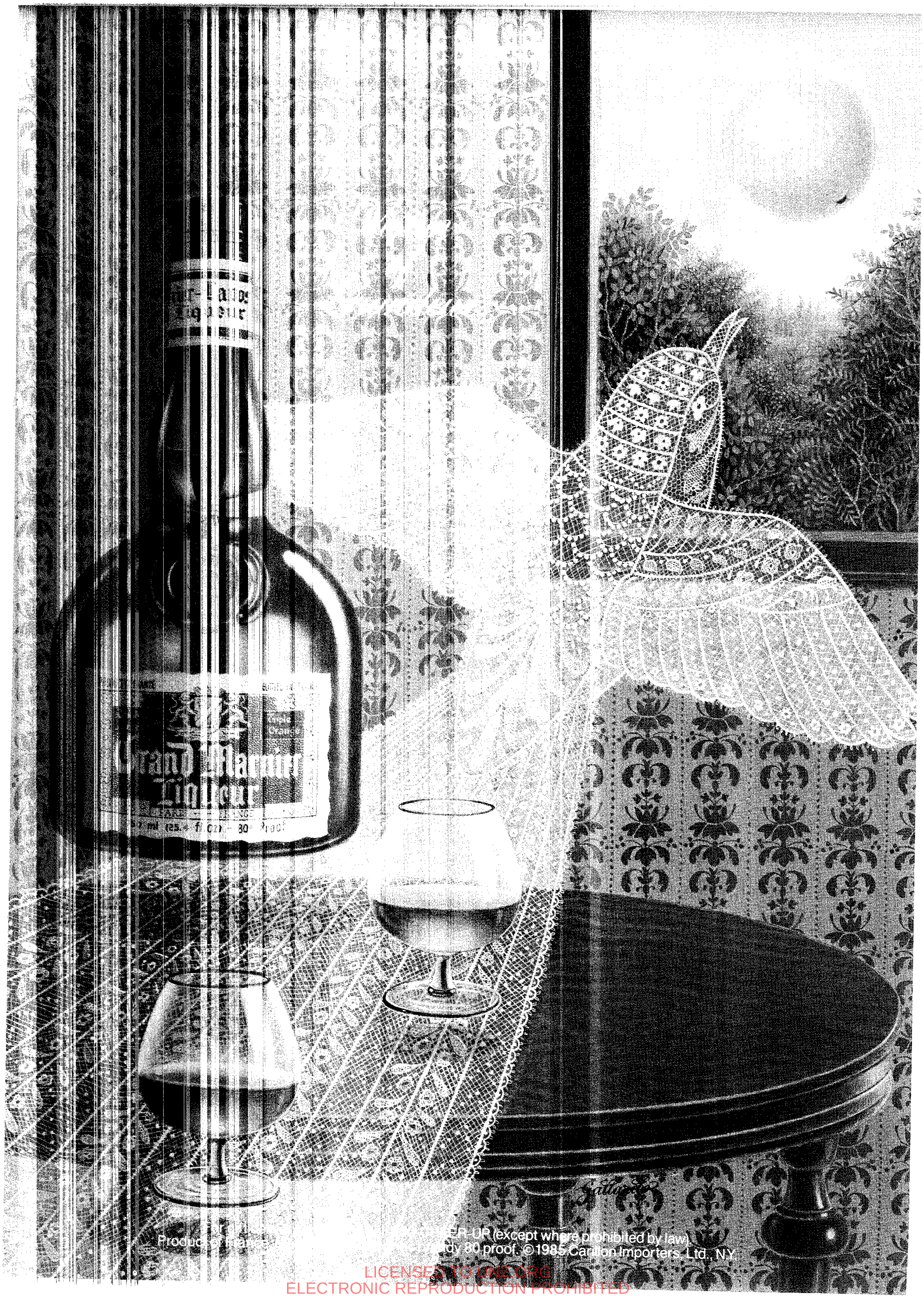
"But I don't remember his ever talking about it."

"Things that are done in the West are never discussed at home—they don't count. I'm sure your daddy never wrote home about them. And, by the way, neither should you. They are just part of the fun of life here."

"You think people at home won't mind my keeping such things secret?"

"Certainly not. Just do as the Romans do. Behave like an American boy while you're here. You're sixteen—it's healthy at your age to get to know girls. When you get back home, you'll just turn over a new leaf."

"But I hear that if you take a girl out in this country it can easily cost you five dollars—that is, if she is a nice girl," I said, trying to strike a practical note, such as Daddyji some-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Liqueur

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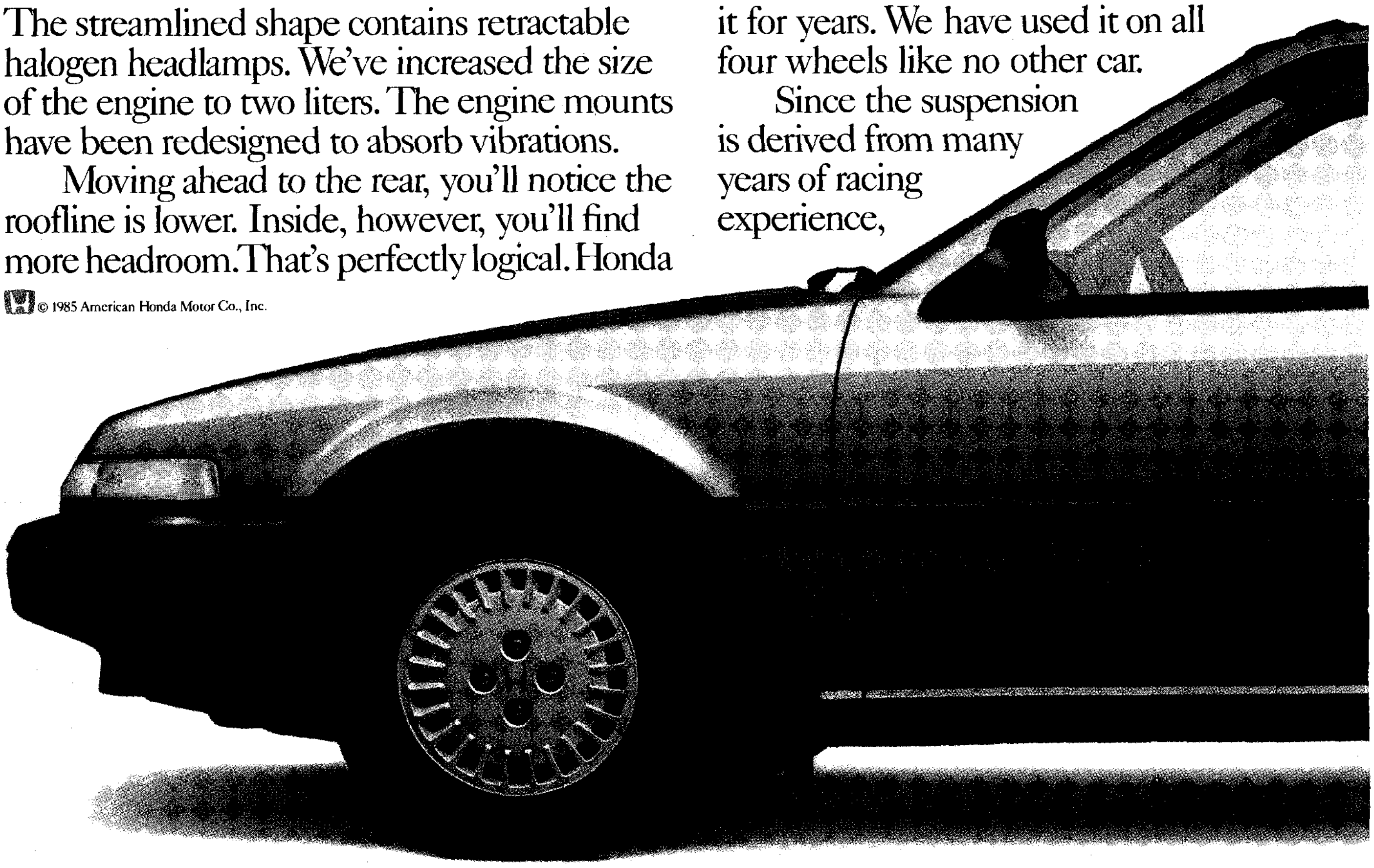

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dictions.

ou might deduce that the handling is an xhilarating experience. You would be correct.

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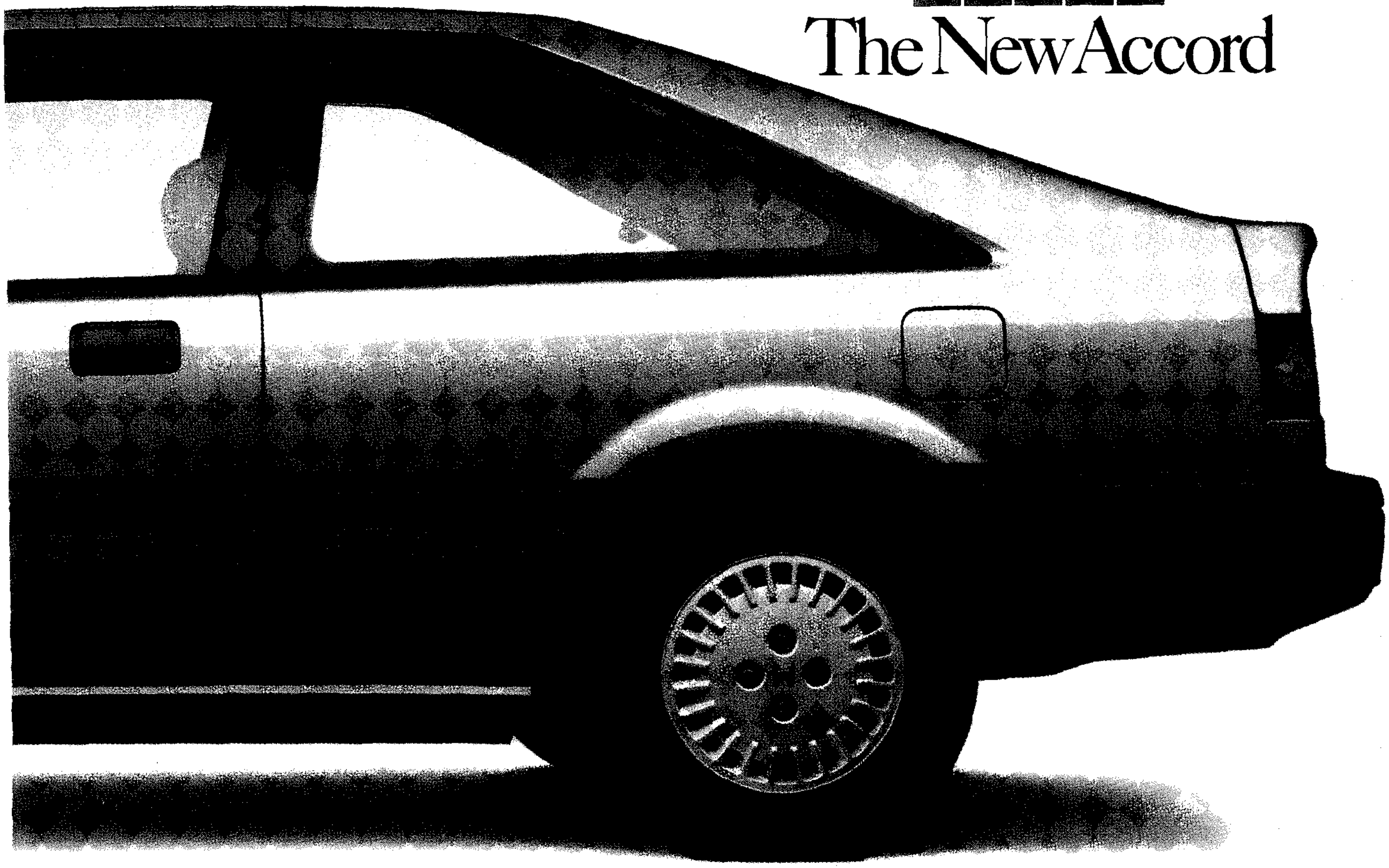

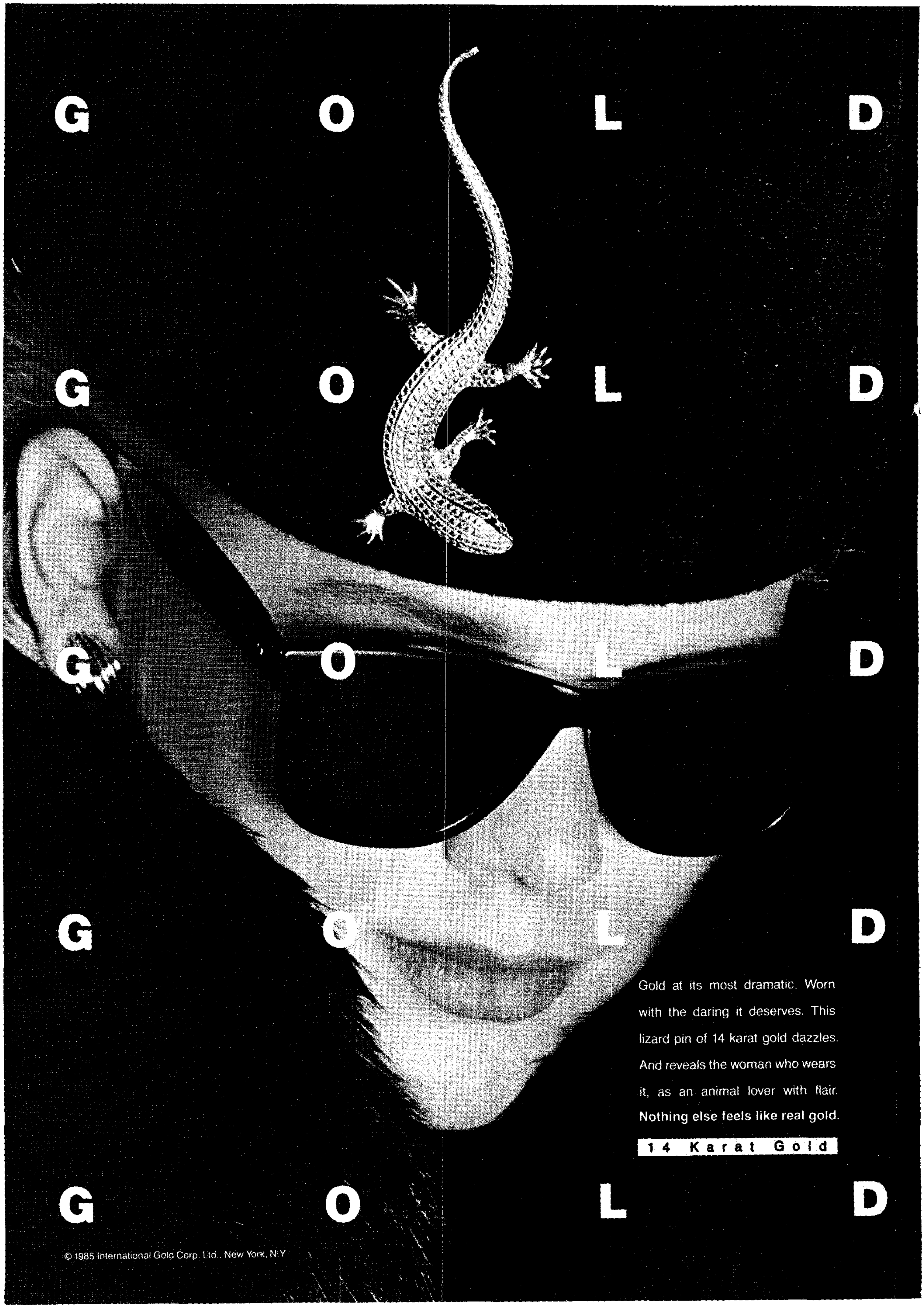

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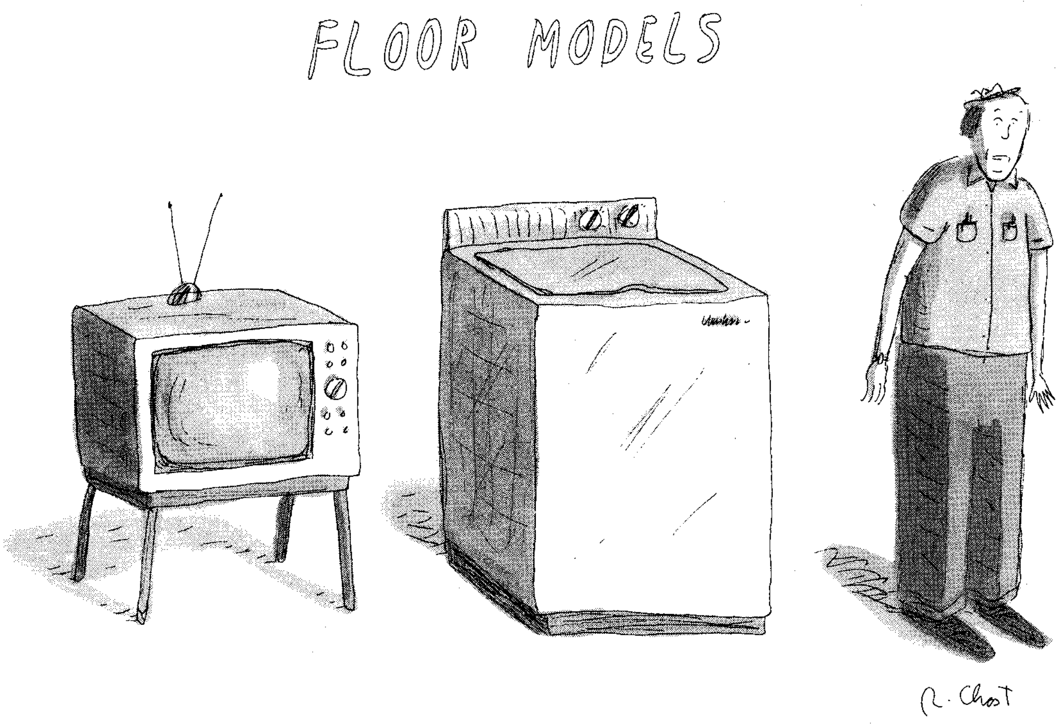


times adopted with us children when an issue was overcharged with emotion. “If she isn’t a nice girl, it can cost you much more. They say American girls are very greedy and take full advantage of their sex appeal.”

“You would probably take a girl out only once a week, on a Saturday night. That won’t add up to too much money.”

“Five dollars a week, twenty dollars a month, two hundred and forty dollars a year—it all adds up. Remember how Daddyji used to say that money saved is money earned—that he had paid for the education of at least two of his younger brothers with the money he saved by not smoking and drinking?”

“Vedi, I think you worry about money too much.”

It was astonishing to hear Cousin Yog say that. In the family, he was known for being a penny-pincher; in contrast, I could never keep money in my pocket. “I can’t forget that we lost everything in Partition, that we are refugees,” I said, reflecting that he had come out of India in 1946, a year before Partition, and therefore was perhaps not fully aware of its effect on the family fortunes. (At the time of Partition, we, as Hindus, had been forced to flee from the part of British India that had become the new, Muslim country of Pakistan to the newly independent India.)

Cousin Yog fell silent. The hillbilly music blared on, and I felt as if we were marooned on an island with a radio that couldn’t be switched off. Then Cousin Yog said, “But, come to think of it, Vedi, when you’re at school you’ll only be taking girls to school dances, which should cost you little more than the price of a *Coca-Cola*.”

He’s right, I thought. Saving money and dating are two separate issues. I must be getting them confused because I’m afraid of girls. All the same, I take life seriously. I wonder if Cousin Yog does.

“But what’s the point of seeing a girl if you’re not going to marry her?” I asked.

“The point of seeing American dames is to have fun,” Cousin Yog said. “You never think of marrying them. You should learn to enjoy yourself.”

I was appalled by Cousin Yog’s talk, yet also excited by it. It was almost as if he were giving me his—and, by extension, Daddyji’s—permission to have dates, to do almost anything with girls, as long as they were Americans.

“But if you do such things here you can’t go back to India and get married to a nice Punjabi girl,” I said hesitantly.

“Why not?”

“You’ll be corrupted, unclean.”

“But this is America, that is India. You have your wine, women, and song here and then you go home and have buttermilk, marriage, and children. After all, we can agree that our system of marriages arranged by the parents is the best. Nothing can take the place of the home comforts that only an Indian wife can give you. I’ve already written home that I will be in the market for a good Punjabi girl as soon as I get back.”

When Cousin Yog went to bed that night, he left me more confused than ever. He had given me the impression that he thought that his American self and, therefore, mine were suits of clothes that we would be able to discard when we left America. I wasn’t so sure.

As Cousin Yog was leaving the next morning, he spotted a story in the *Arkansas Democrat* about his visit. A reporter from the *Democrat* had hurriedly interviewed us together after Mr. J. M. Woolly, the superintendent of the school, alerted the paper that there was another Indian in Arkansas. “It’s a wonderful headline,” Cousin Yog said, and he read it aloud: “YOUNG COUSINS OF INDIA DISCUSS WORLD PROBLEMS.”

I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry, but Cousin Yog was reading on:

> Family relations in India are probably closer than in any other country in the world.
>
> This was exemplified when Yoginder Kumar Mehta, 21, traveled 2,200 miles from Oregon to visit his first cousin, Ved Mehta—a student in the Arkansas School for the Blind—for only one day.
>
> Yog, as the former is known to friends, hadn’t seen Ved since Yog left India to attend Oregon State University and study civil engineering. After graduation, he worked a year for that state’s highway department. Then he decided to kill two birds by visiting Ved and seeing some of the nation’s largest dams, for educational purposes.
>
> When they got together they sounded like two professors of history, science and international government. Yog apparently has unalterable convictions on the international situation and puts his finger on the Communists for muddling everybody’s affairs.
>
> Ved agrees, but believes gullible people of the world can be educated out of chaos by fulfillment of promises which the Communists merely make without keeping.

Folding up the paper, Cousin Yog

"You know, as the days go by and I pay my debt to society, I get a feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction I've never experienced before."

• •

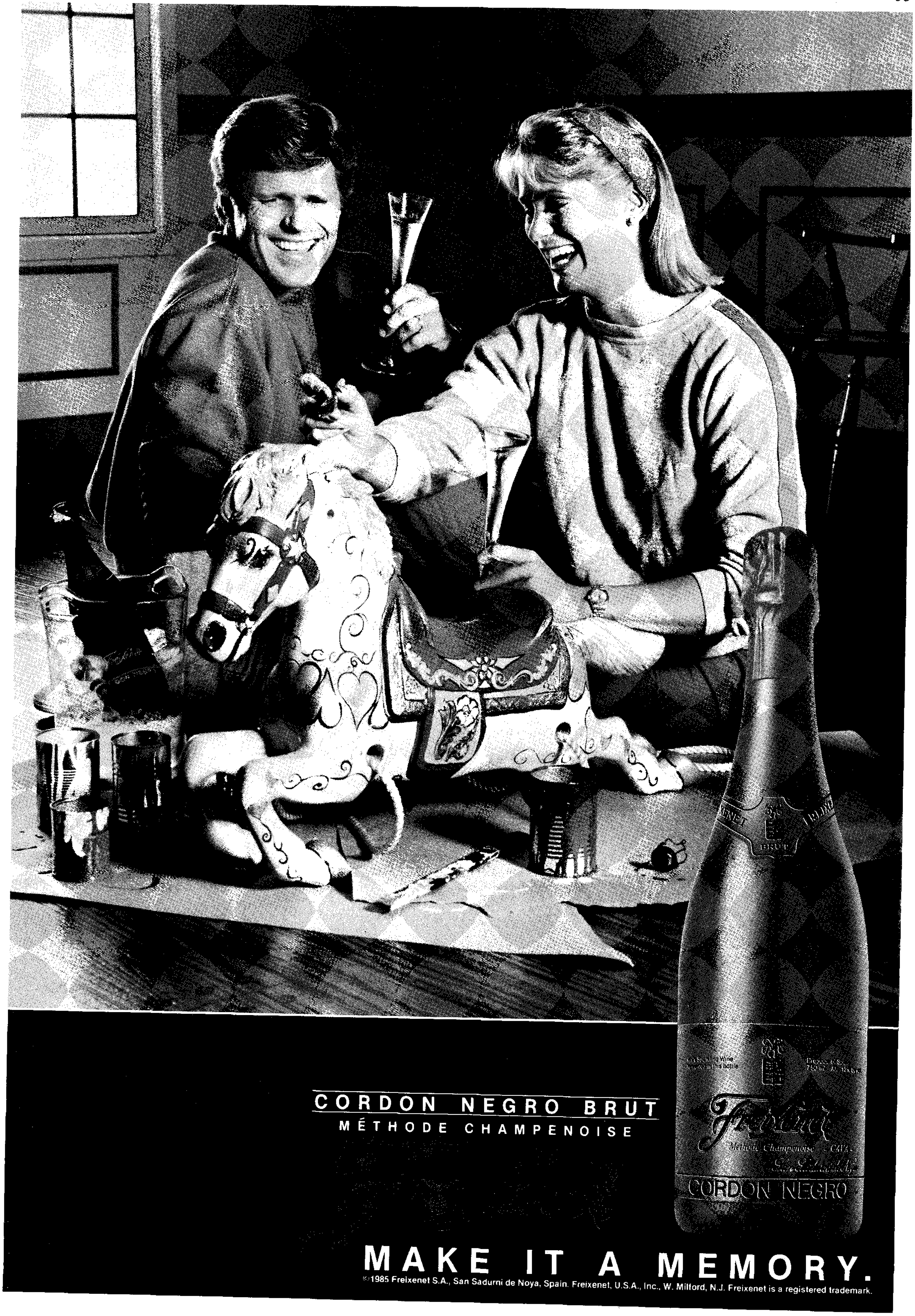
said, "We'd better get several copies of this. Both our daddies would like to have the story."

AFTER Cousin Yog left, I felt pulled this way and that way. I wanted to have dates and do everything he'd done, but at the same time I feared, among other things, that I would destroy my reputation if I didn't keep my Indian morality intact. (Years later, I realized that the source of my confusion over the whole dating issue was the clash between my ideal of an arranged marriage and an all-encompassing family, on the one hand, and my wish for romantic love and an individual destiny, on the other. Because of my abrupt separation from the family, Daddyji's remarks, over the years, about the superiority of the Indian system and the inferiority of the American system had become for me as sacred as laws carved in stone, and, again because of that painful separation, everything I had lost often seemed good and everything I was discovering seemed bad. I tended to idealize India and imagine that everything in America, by contrast, wore the face of corruption. I told myself that eschewing the pleasures that money could buy—or women could give—was an incomparable act of purity. And yet I was constantly tempted by the new, frightening customs and the throb of my own senses.) I sat down and poured out my heart in a long letter to my older sister Nirmila, or Nimi, in whom I had always confided, and wrote a more restrained letter to Daddyji. Since I couldn't read what I was typing—never mind revise or edit it—I couldn't be sure whether I was making sense, but I counted on our family closeness to help them understand what I was saying even when I was saying it badly. To Sister Nimi I wrote, in part:

> I opened my soul to Cousin Yog. He told me that in this country life is impossible without a girl, and I should do as the Romans do. According to him, he had dated girls from the beginning.
>
> With one part of my mind, I consider dates to be the lowest kind of temporary pleasure. Perhaps I feel this way because our daddy brought us up to look for permanent pleasures. What really troubles me, Sister Nimi, is that if I'm not going to *marry an American girl, if I am not looking for a suitable match here,* what's the point of dating? But then, I have not been on any dates, and maybe I have no idea how much fun they really are. For all I know, boys and girls in our country are also dating and looking for thrills, but I just didn't know it because I was visually handicapped and was not able to see them. What I do know is that if I should let my willpower slip, and succumb to one temporary pleasure, then I'll have trouble resisting the second and third and so on, so forth.
>
> But you will admit that we are socially very backward in India compared to America. If a virgin or a spinster is caught kissing in India she is condemned as a criminal. In this country such kissing is normal. People here go on dates every day—to shows, to dances, to picnics, to parties—with the intention of having fun. They go on long moonlight drives in deserted places. *Kissing is just nothing.* The folks in this country think that anything that both parties agree to is perfectly all right. Our morality is certainly better, but now I'm here, and I find that that morality does not serve me. I feel at a loss. I find myself thinking of God, thinking of that eternal thing.
>
> Cousin Yog thought that what was holding me back from dating was my shyness. Sometimes I think he's right, there. I want to tell you something I haven't breathed a word of to anyone. The idea of going with a girl from our school doesn't completely appeal to me. After all, I don't want to marry a blind girl. And going out with an ordinary girl, a sighted girl, even if I could, doesn't appeal to me either, because I feel that she's bound to feel sorry for me, and that I wouldn't like at all. Maybe I'm wrong in this, but even if there were a one per cent chance that a girl would feel sorry for me, I wouldn't want to go out with her. Another thing. I feel that I am one in millions who has been given this opportunity to study, and shouldn't waste my time on dates. Yet I have these urges—uncontrollable urges.
>
> I hope you'll explain everything to Daddy, especially if Cousin Yog tells him about our conversations, which I hope he won't. I don't want you to think that I am afraid of Daddy. I never want to keep anything back from him, but at the same time I don't want to add to the strain he's under.
>
> I wish I had someone around whom I could trust with all my confidences, but it seems that in America everyone is left to face problems on his own.

I wrote to Daddyji in a totally different vein, keeping things back from him ostensibly to spare him worry, and setting the problem of my dating in the light of society's attitude that the blind weren't normal. In my letter to him, I said, in part:

> May I say that I enjoyed having Cousin Yog with me over here. It gave me an opportunity to share my problems with somebody who could understand the standards of our family to some extent. It also gave me a chance to talk about my country, to which I feel so close, even though it made me homesick. But Cousin Yog's ideas and my ideas about our civilization and about the West are very different. Maybe he has lived in this country so long that he has started thinking like an American. Perhaps there is nothing wrong with that, but I think like an Indian and am proud of it.
>
> I tried to discuss with Cousin Yog some of the problems which have come stagger-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> ing at me since I came to this country. But I got nowhere. He kept repeating, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." He advised me to act boldly like an American—to go out on dates and have a good time—but he doesn't take into account that I am a handicapped person, that the world doesn't expect handicapped people to act in a bold way. You see, we are confronted with a vast ignorance in the world about the handicapped, and the world would not understand if we acted like normal people. I couldn't begin to lead the kind of life that Cousin Yog wants me to. Until such time as I can convince the world that we are capable men and women, it's best for us to lie low. Cousin Yog doesn't understand that my experience of blindness at home has a lot to do with what I am and what I will be. The circumstances in which I will have to face life and those in which he will are absolutely different. Another thing—my every little action is noted here. I have, therefore, to be always on guard against doing anything that would lower people's opinion of me or my country.

Reading these letters now, after the passage of some thirty-five years, I realize that I had taken my father's oft-repeated advice "Always see the other person's point of view" a little too much to heart, and so had tried to intellectualize my emotions away. Moreover, when I was less than five years old I had been sent away to the first of several substandard institutions, and there I hadn't had anyone to run to or confide in. I had had to learn to be wary. As a consequence, I had become mature in some ways long before my time and had remained infantile in other ways much too long.

No sooner had I posted the letters to Sister Nimi and Daddyji than I began fretting about what, exactly, I had said. I wondered if I should have written about Cousin Yog at all, and if perhaps I had betrayed him—not presented his viewpoint fairly. I wondered how I would get the replies to my letters read without embarrassing the person who read them to me—not to mention myself. The first few months I was in America, people at home wrote to me mindful that their letters would have to be read aloud, and so the letters tended to be circumspect and a little bland. But lately they had dropped their guard, almost as if time and distance had made them forget my blindness and so the problem of the intermediaries. Daddyji now wrote freely about money matters and the trouble he was having finding a husband for Sister Nimi. And Mamaji, who herself needed an intermediary to translate her letters from Hindi into English, wrote about my diet and her prayers for my success.

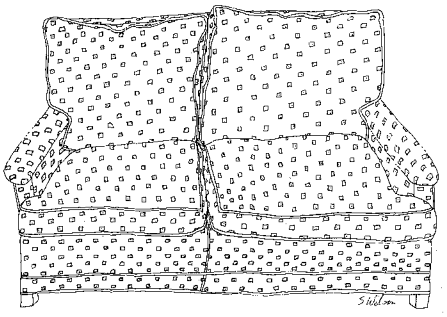
About a month after I posted the letters, Mrs. Lollie Hankins, the school's secretary and bookkeeper, called out to me as I was passing the door of the office, "I've got a letter for you from your dad—it's as fat as all getout." She had never sounded more disconcertingly Arkansan to my ear.

As a rule, the supervisor of the boys' dormitory or partially sighted boys read letters for totally blind boys. In my case, however, it had become the custom that if Mr. Woolly or Mrs. Hankins happened to see a letter for me while sorting the school mail one of them would get hold of me and read it to me. Sometimes, however, the principal or the sighted teacher on duty sorted the mail, and then the letter was handed over to me. I would carry it around in my pocket, wondering who wrote it, what it might say, and whom I could really trust to read it, suspense building up in my head all the time and making me long for a sighted person who would neither understand nor remember what he read.

I now walked toward Mrs. Hankins' desk with little steps and stood in front of it, my heart beating fast. The sheaf of papers crackled in her hand like the airmail stationery in Daddyji's office. Daddyji must have dictated it to his steno, I thought. So maybe it's all right for Mrs. Hankins to read it.

"It's dated the twenty-fifth of September," she began, and she read:

> My Dearest Ved,
>
> In your letter to me dated the 28th August was enclosed a letter solely meant for Nirmil [Nimi], and as such, was passed on to her. She has been rather worried over the views expressed by you in that letter, and she has passed on the same to me to reply to. I have carefully read your letters, and, knowing you as I do, I am not alarmed by them. You have expressed your possible ignorance about the situation in India in the words, "For all I know, boys and girls in our country are also dating and looking for thrills, but I just didn't know it because I was visually handicapped and was not able to see them." Well, I may assure you that your brothers and sisters were always frank and open hearted with you and never concealed anything from you, nor did I do so, as I have always treated you as normal. Promila, Nirmila, and Urmila, and Sheila and Leila [my three older sisters and Cousin Yog's two sisters, respectively]—and their friends—cannot imagine this dating business. In Indian society, such things are not done, because Indian religion and philosophy tell us that they do not bring any happiness. If you date a girl and so to speak get a taste of it, you want to do it over and over again. It is just like any intoxicant. You feel in a way happy under its influence and want to take more of the same. But no sooner is that short period of intoxication over than reaction sets in and you feel much more unhappy than you did before you took the intoxicant, and the longing comes back again and again to repeat the thrills of the cheap pleasure. Perhaps such an experience is necessary in America to select a suitable companion by experiment, but in our culture marriages are more or less arranged by the parents, who are well experienced in life and have a maturer judgment, and take into consideration not only "love," as it is understood ordinarily, but also the social and economic background of the two families. My point is that we in India minimize the risks in marriage by finding a partner for our child who is as much like him or her as possible. Once married, like anywhere else, the law of compensation and compromise must apply—given the fact that no one is perfect.



Insofar as I could take in the words through the haze of my apprehension, I was glad that it was Daddyji rather than Sister Nimi who was writing. He is saying intimate things, but in a fairly abstract way, I thought. I noticed that Mrs. Hankins was reading faster and faster. I thought that with anyone else that might have had to do with the length of the letter, but not with her, for she was a reflective person and generally read letters to me deliberately, as if she grasped the fact that she had to fully understand what she was reading in order for me to understand it. I imagined that she was reading quickly because she sensed that the letter was extremely personal and that I was feeling awkward. I tried to relax my shoulder muscles and assume a casual posture. She read on:

> According to our Hindu religion, there are four periods of life: the first, bachelorhood, or celibacy; the second, married life; the third, social service; and the fourth, renunciation of worldly things. Each of these periods is meant to last twenty-three to twenty-five years. You are passing through the first period. During it you should devote all your time to study and to gaining knowledge. This is the time when all of the organs of your body develop to maturity.

I felt like snatching the letter from her hand and running out of the office, even if that meant never finishing the letter. But I was no more capable of moving than a statue. I was able to

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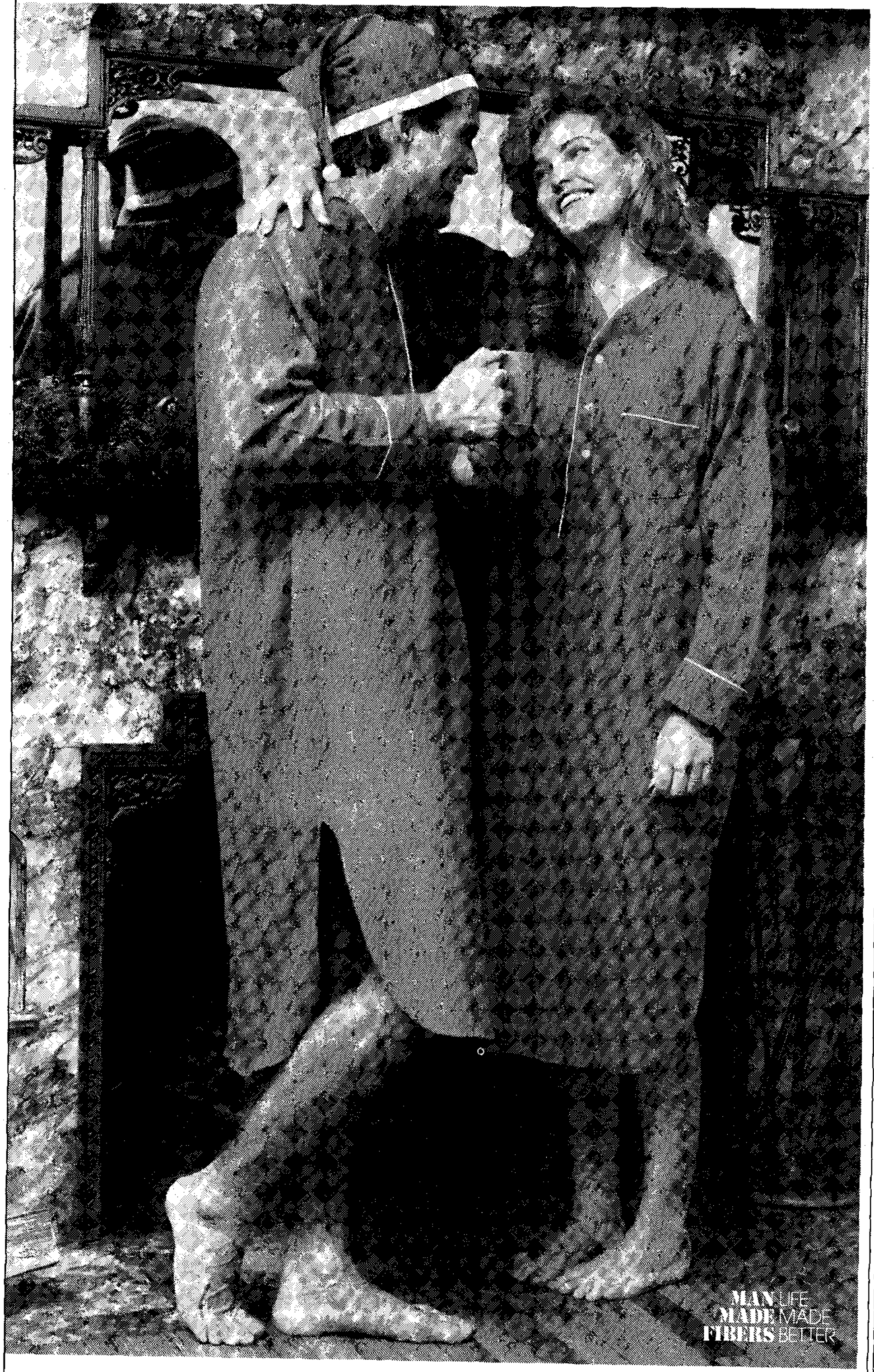

Snuggle up and settle down for a long winter's nap. His and hers placket-front nightshirts and matching caps are detailed with contrast piping. All styled in AVONDALE "Southbrook" flannel of Kodel polyester and cotton. Sizes XS-XL. At fine stores including those listed opposite.

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bear what she was reading only because my natural curiosity was getting the better of me.

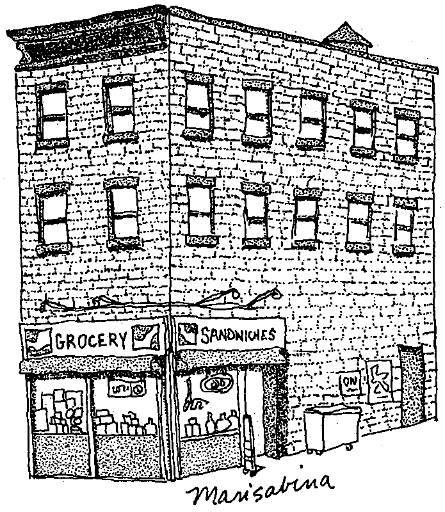
> From the physiological point of view, I may acquaint you with the fact that there are excretions in the body such as perspiration, urine, and faeces which must be thrown out of the system to keep it in a healthy state, and there are secretions like saliva and semen which it is not necessary to throw out—in fact, they are reabsorbed into the system and are necessary for the development of various organs, particularly the brain. From this, please do not conclude that the loss of a little saliva or a little semen is harmful—not at all—but it is the habitual discarding of such valuable elements which is not very desirable. Another very important point that you must take into consideration while thinking about such a subject is the valuable time which can be devoted to studying worthwhile books, to developing one's faculties for the practice and appreciation of music, etc. I am sure you realize that you would not have gained the knowledge and the respect that are yours in Little Rock but for your keeping away from temporary cheap pleasures like dating, and, instead, saving time for doing worthwhile things. The picture of dating painted by Yog is a wrong one. Yog's ideas are very immature, and I am afraid he got mixed up with a crowd who talk much of dating girls and spending hundreds of rupees on them. Such things are not welcomed in good American families—those of doctors, engineers, professors, and other professional people.
>
> Even in India, there is some cheap sex, but only among factory workers and certain hill peoples. Amongst such people a version of dating occurs, but even that very, very secretly. Amongst them, the standards of morality are so low that venereal diseases are common.
>
> I think Yog's idea that you are shy is entirely wrong. I know you are simply reserved, and have high principles. People like us, who are reserved and principled and who have an eye to their future, grow up self-confident. Certainly, with people like us, such character traits have borne good results. I'm sure moral character is also appreciated in America. I would strongly recommend that you not be carried away by Yog's ideas.
>
> Do not have any hesitation to write about sex matters to me. There is nothing unnatural about them, because sex is a normal physiological phenomenon which enters into all of our lives. All that we have to do is to understand its implications —not be frightened by it—and to remain disciplined.
>
> You have talked of the backwardness of our country in the letter to Nirmil. We certainly are underdeveloped so far as the material wealth is concerned, but so far as our moral and spiritual stature is concerned, we are rich. Our old culture and philosophy are respected and appreciated everywhere. Gandhi's nonviolence, truth, and moral laws are looked up to all over the world. Please do understand that we in India are morally well advanced. Down through the ages, our Bhagavad Gita's message has been to do one's duty and keep to the path of good action and truth, and let the results take care of themselves. This message has proved to be the best the world has received. Your own motto, "Do your best and leave the rest to God," is the correct interpretation of the Gita's philosophy. I think I had better not sermonize any more, and leave it to your own good sense to decide for yourself what is best for you. All I would say to you is that the opportunities which are coming your way —to gain knowledge and to improve your prospects, to make worthwhile contacts and to gain respect—should not be missed.
>
> As regards your marriage, you should not have any fixed ideas about it. You should be open hearted, and should look at it from all points of view. There will be plenty of time when you and I can discuss this subject.
>
> Please do not worry about me at all. As long as I know that my children are remaining true to their principles, I feel quite confident of their future. Their good reputation gives me great satisfaction.
>
> *With all good wishes and love,*
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> Daddy

Mrs. Hankins made a lot of noise refolding the letter, as if she were as much at a loss for words as I was. She handed it to me across the desk. "It's a very nice letter," she observed, with a touch of shyness. "Your dad is a fine gentleman."

I nodded, suddenly becoming aware of Mr. Lord, as I'll call our principal, who was new that year, shuffling papers—his desk was just behind Mrs. Hankins'—and of Mr. Woolly dialling a number on the telephone in his office, which was next door. They have certainly overheard some of the letter, if not all of it, I thought. There is no privacy in this damn place.

I hurried away with the letter in my hand, trembling like a kite in a gusty wind.

For the rest of the day, I thought of little but how to reply to Daddyji's letter. There was so much more about sex I wanted to know, but I was utterly overwhelmed by the subject and by the geographical distance that separated us. Besides, I felt small, inadequate, and base in comparison with the lofty sentiments of his letter. In the end, I simply wrote to him that his long letter had taught me much, and left it at that.



THERE were many changes at the school that year. Some of them, like the new aluminum awnings over the building's four doors, which provided welcome shelter from the rain if we were standing by the door and talking during recess, were for the better. Others, like a change in the character of our small class, were for the worse. Evelyn Worrell was becoming difficult, and a boy I'll call Wayne Tidman was spending more and more time away from school, preaching; indeed, he planned to quit school soon for the ministry. Then, too, our cozy class of four had been changed by the arrival of two new members—Joyce Boyle and Peggy Stevens, both of whom had just come to the school.

As tenth graders, we were required to take English literature, English grammar, world history, and algebra, and I had also signed up for beginners' French, biography writing, Dictaphone typing, Braille music, piano, accordion, and choir. I felt I should take French because I had fought for the introduction of a foreign-language course into the syllabus. I felt I should take biography writing because I couldn't wait to learn to write. I felt I should take typing because I considered it a necessity for journalism—something I was getting increasingly interested in. I felt I should take all the music courses I could because, among other things, I wanted to play accordion in the school band. (The band had an open slot for an accordion player.) Aside from being on the wrestling team, only membership in the band provided a chance for a student to travel; the band regularly performed in the local mental hospital and other state institutions. Not only that but every member received five dollars for an engagement.

The load of schoolwork proved crushing. I would often stay awake worrying that I was falling behind in my subjects, but I couldn't bring myself to drop any of them. Then I got involved in a time-consuming writing project that I supposed could make Daddyji and me rich. I read somewhere that the *Reader's Digest* paid a thousand dollars for an article, and I imagined that because of the Korean

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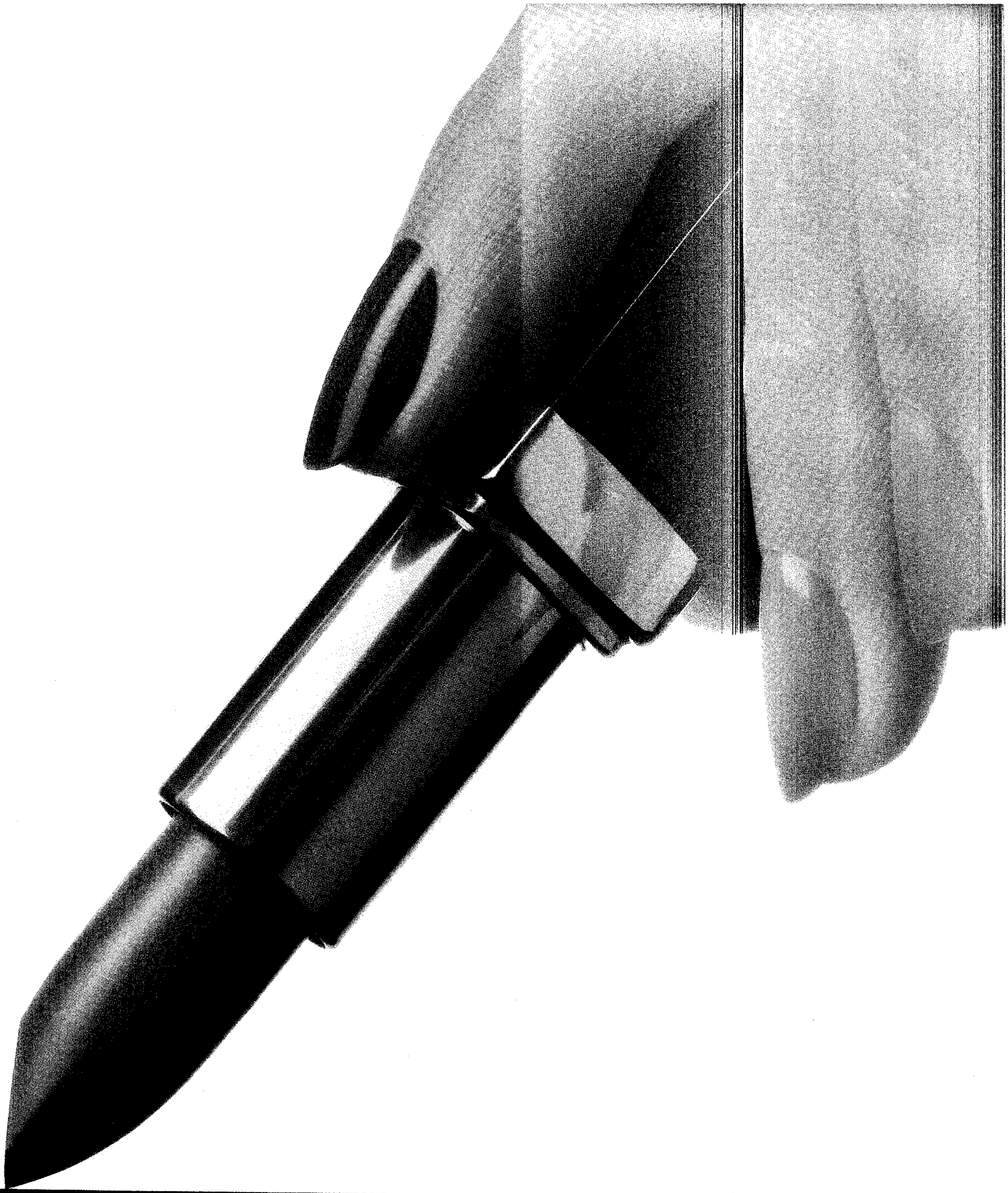

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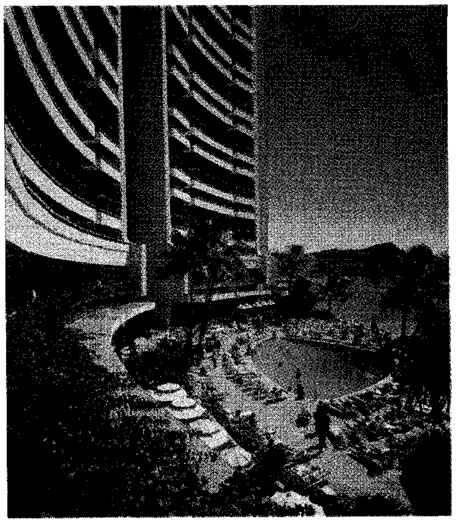

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War its editors would be eager to publish articles on Asian countries. I typed out some of my thoughts on India, copied out some passages about India from Braille books, and embellished these with gobbets of memorized information from letters of Daddyji's that had been written with the intention of helping me with my public speaking. I imagined that there was enough material for a series of articles on Indian philosophy, Indian religions, Indian customs, Indian monuments. I dispatched the material to Daddyji and asked him to work it up into half a dozen articles, thinking that if we sold all of them we would make our fortune. I didn't hear from him for a while, and I felt anxious, suddenly unsure whether we had even one publishable sentence. I got hold of old Braille issues of the *Reader's Digest*. The more I read them, the more preposterous the whole idea seemed. And then Daddyji wrote to say that we would have to wait to do the articles until we could meet and talk. In the meantime, I was getting further and further behind in my subjects.

SOMETIME during the first weeks of the new school year, Mr. R. Eugene Hartman, our physical-education teacher, came up to me while I was changing my clothes after his class and said, "I see that you've put on a little weight over the summer." Mr. Hartman had one good eye. "You look fit as a fiddle. What about trying out for the wrestling team again?"

I felt flattered, but I smiled noncommittally. Wrestling had great glamour at the school. I had gone out for it the year before but found it too strenuous. To go out for it again, I would have to give up the one free hour I had between eight-fifteen in the morning, when I went to my first class, and seven-thirty in the evening, when night study hall finished. Anyway, I hated Mr. Hartman's relentless way of drilling us in gym, which was a daily requirement for everyone.

"What about it?" Mr. Hartman pressed.

"I wish I could, but I just don't have the time," I said.

"Don't have the time, man—for wrestling!" He stamped away, his footsteps almost bristling with annoyance. He believed that what blind people needed in order to survive was, above all, physical prowess.

The next day, I wasn't feeling up to gym, and I skipped it. When I happened to run into Mr. Hartman that

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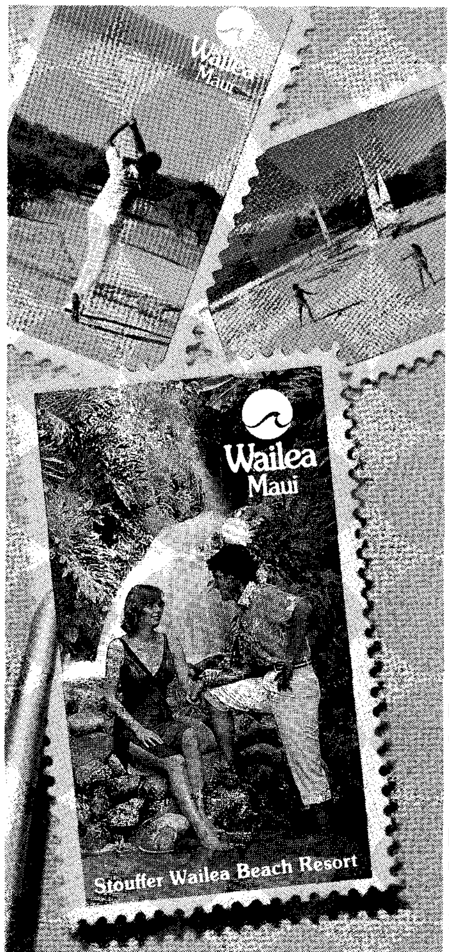

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evening, he didn't return my greeting. He was famous for holding grudges against boys who didn't take gym as seriously as he did.

I didn't like being in anyone's bad graces, especially his. (He had been my instructor in the school's mobility program, which taught us how to move around the city by ourselves, without assistance. I felt I owed my proficiency in mobility to him.) I found myself saying, "I think I would like to go out for wrestling after all, Mr. Hartman." I could have bitten off my tongue, but the words were out.

"Boy, I always thought you had it in you," Mr. Hartman said immediately. "Wrestling will toughen you up. Then you can do anything in the world out there." He continued, striking one of his favorite themes, "I've never heard of one of us blind folks *getting ahead because of books.* What we need is a strong physique and a bull head, which you can only get in gym or on the wrestling mat with me."

He has never sounded so friendly, I thought. His voice felt as warm to my ears as roasted chestnuts to the fingers on a cold day. I felt happy in spite of myself.

"But, boy, I want to tell you one thing," he went on, abruptly sounding stern. "I don't have any respect for people who quit. I took it mighty ill when you quit wrestling last year. Now that you're going out for it again, you got to stick it out, come hell or high water. You hear?" He had a high, nasal voice, as penetrating as a police siren, and my heart thumped irregularly—so hard that I felt it in the veins of my neck. I hadn't had palpitations like these in the year since I quit wrestling. "With a few weeks of good workouts, you should shape up as a vigorous hundred-and-ten-pounder," Mr. Hartman was saying. He turned away and went upstairs to his room, his footsteps echoing sternly.

"Y'ALL know that Ved has come out for wrestling as a hundred-and-ten-pounder, so we are going to be tough to beat in that class," Mr. Hartman said to the wrestlers as I lay on the mat, panting like a dog. I had already done an hour of calisthenics in regular gym, and I was so sore that I could barely move my head. I also felt weak with hunger. Our already meagre rations had recently been cut down, because of budgetary problems. Mr. Hartman had said, "The state is cutting back on all state institutions. The prisons, the mental institutions,

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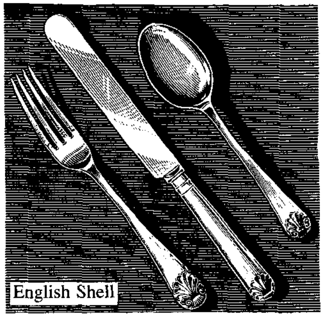

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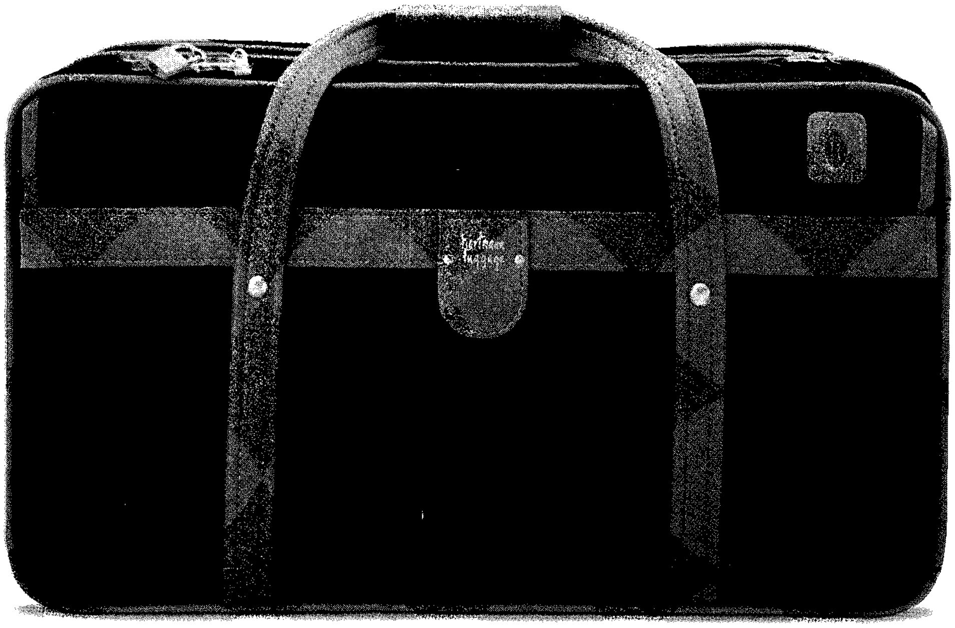

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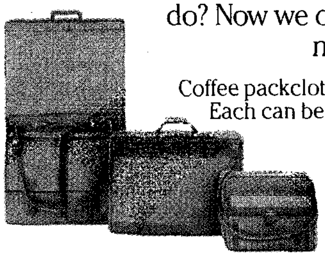

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the schools—we're all in the same dinghy with a hole in it."

Mr. Hartman now walked over to me and stood in a spot above my head and reeled off the conditioning exercises that we wrestlers would have to work up to. We would regularly have to run a mile and a half around the gymnasium floor and then do *x* number of pushups, *y* number of sit-ups, *z* number of chin-ups. The numbers Mr. Hartman was reciting seemed so high that I could scarcely take them in.

"Now, boys, let's start your conditioning with some breathing exercises," Mr. Hartman said. "Breathe in . . . breathe out. Breathe in . . ."

I inhaled and exhaled as if to a metronome. I mentally dozed off, and daydreamed that I was one of those wrestlers on the floor around me who had been doing conditioning exercises from the first grade on.

For the rest of the time, I did the conditioning exercises in a half-drugged state, not being sure at all, for instance, that my arms and legs were actually moving when Mr. Hartman was having us do pushups.

I came away from wrestling practice feeling dizzy, and with hardly enough energy to chew the food at the supper I'd been waiting for. After supper and night study hall, I dropped into bed.

FOLLOWING one particularly rigorous wrestling practice, I stayed after the bell and said to Mr. Hartman, my words tumbling out as though if I hesitated I would become tongue-tied, "I don't feel well. I may have to quit wrestling—I mean, stop coming for a while."

He growled as if he were about to attack, the rumble growing louder and fiercer. "If you're not man enough to stick by your decision to become a wrestler, I don't give a damn about you," he said. "If people get to know that you don't stick by your word, they won't give a damn about you, either. No one will respect you."

I hated the thought of losing Mr. Hartman's respect. "You're right, Mr. Hartman," I said. "It was just a silly idea."

I CONTINUED to go to wrestling practice, but sometimes my heart throbbed so wildly that I was afraid I was going to have a seizure.

One afternoon, I went to see Mr. Woolly and told him that I thought I was having some heart trouble.

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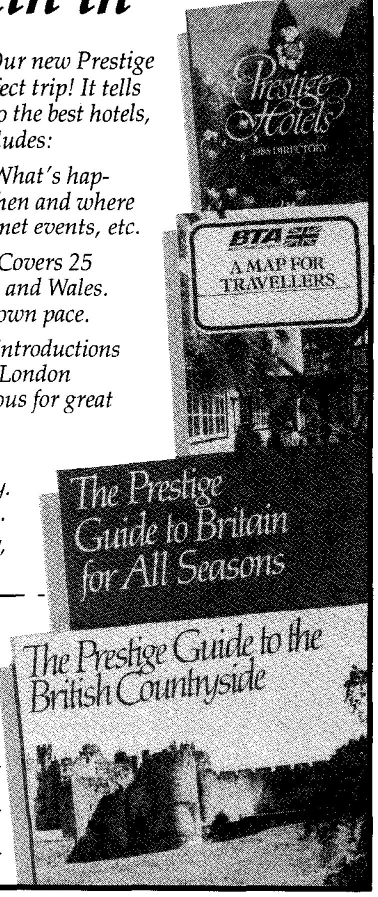
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pretty unusual," he said, but he immediately got a Dr. Fred William Harris on the telephone and arranged for me to go and see him.

"We usually see only old folks here," Dr. Harris said kindly as he guided me through an office full of modern machinery. "You're too young for heart trouble. Can you tell me what, exactly, is wrong?"

"I've got wrestling heart trouble," I said. "I get palpitations when I'm wrestling."

Dr. Harris wanted to know more. When I explained the situation, he said, "At your age, little palpitations from wrestling shouldn't matter. Are you afraid of your wrestling coach?"

"Fear is not in my vocabulary," I said, quoting Daddyji and feeling like a hypocrite.

Dr. Harris examined me with a stethoscope. He made me take off my clothes and stand in front of a machine. He made me lie down, and applied some ice-cold jelly to my legs and arms. He put some suction cups on the wet spots.

"There is nothing to worry about," he said as I got back into my clothes. "I think you can go on wrestling, and do whatever you want."

A month or so after my visit to Dr. Harris, Arlie Treadway and I were standing in the gym in a wrestling position, our heads bent forward and each of us with a hand pressed against the back of the other's neck, waiting for Mr. Hartman to give us the starting signal, "Go for it, boys." Instead, Mr. Hartman came over to me and said, "Ved, I'm taking you off the wrestling team as of this minute." I thought I had done something wrong and Mr. Hartman was punishing me, but he went on, "Boy, you can rejoin the team whenever you feel better. Another thing—if you're not feeling up to par, you can skip gym, too."

I couldn't believe what he was saying. I wondered if there had been a touch of sarcasm in Mr. Hartman's tone, but then decided not. I felt like jumping and clapping my hands, but in a non-physical way.

I expected Mr. Hartman to run me down as someone who didn't stick by his word, berate me for being a quitter, but he continued to treat me with the same respect as if I were still training for the wrestling team. At the time, I could think of no explanation. Recently, I came upon several letters bearing on my sudden release from wrestling which Daddyji had saved. One was from me—typed immediately after my visit to Dr. Harris—telling Daddyji that because of my own foolishness I had got caught in wrestling, and that I could see no way of quitting it and keeping Mr. Hartman's respect, since Dr. Harris had given me a clean bill of health. A slightly later one was a copy of a letter from Daddyji to Mr. Woolly, asking him to request Dr. Harris to send Daddyji the results of my medical examination. A third was a letter from Dr. Harris in response to Daddyji's request. This one read:

> DEAR DOCTOR MEHTA,
>
> On October 25, 1950, we asked that your son Ved be brought to our office for a complete cardiac work-up. In addition to our physical examination, we did an electrocardiogram and fluoroscoped his chest.
>
> Ved has a minor organic heart condition that we do not think is serious at this time. The outstanding finding on the electrocardiogram is low voltage of the q.r.s. couples of the limb leads with a slight deviation from normal in the T waves. All complexes in the precardial leads are within normal limits.
>
> I recommended to Ved and Mr. Woolly, Superintendent of the Blind School, that he be allowed to participate in the usual activities at school.
>
> Ved is a very fine young man and his scholarship and general good bearing have reflected credit to himself and his Country. Be assured of our interest in your son, and should anything unusual develop, I personally shall notify you.
>
> Most sincerely yours,
> Fred Wm. Harris, M.D.

Finally, there were copies of a couple of letters from Daddyji to Mr. Woolly appealing to him in the strongest terms to "debar" me from wrestling but without telling me why, because, he said, he didn't want me to become conscious of my health, and my heart.

When I discussed this correspondence with Mr. Woolly, he observed that although Dr. Harris's letter was equivocal he himself had told Mr. Hartman that the school ran some medical risks in keeping me wrestling. The use of the word "medical" had won the day.

THAT year, some new teachers had come to the school. They were so odd that we found it difficult to get along with them. There was, for instance, Mr. Lord. He had a funny quirk of speech. He sprinkled everything he said with "from it," "to it," "with it," "for it," "up it." His "it"s didn't mean anything. He just used them when he seemed to be thinking about what to say. "Now, you boys and girls . . . with it," he would say, "have to work hard . . .

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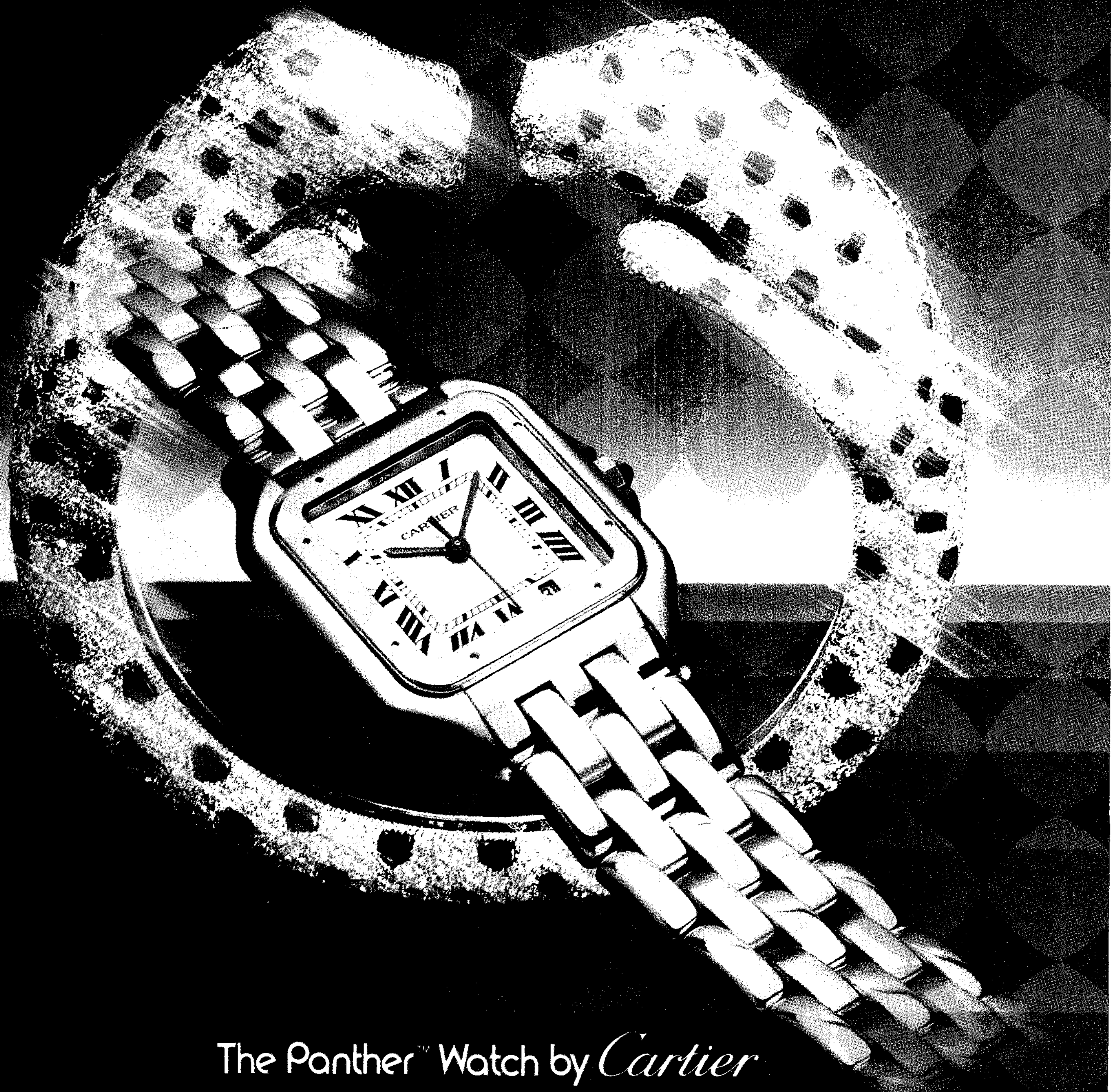

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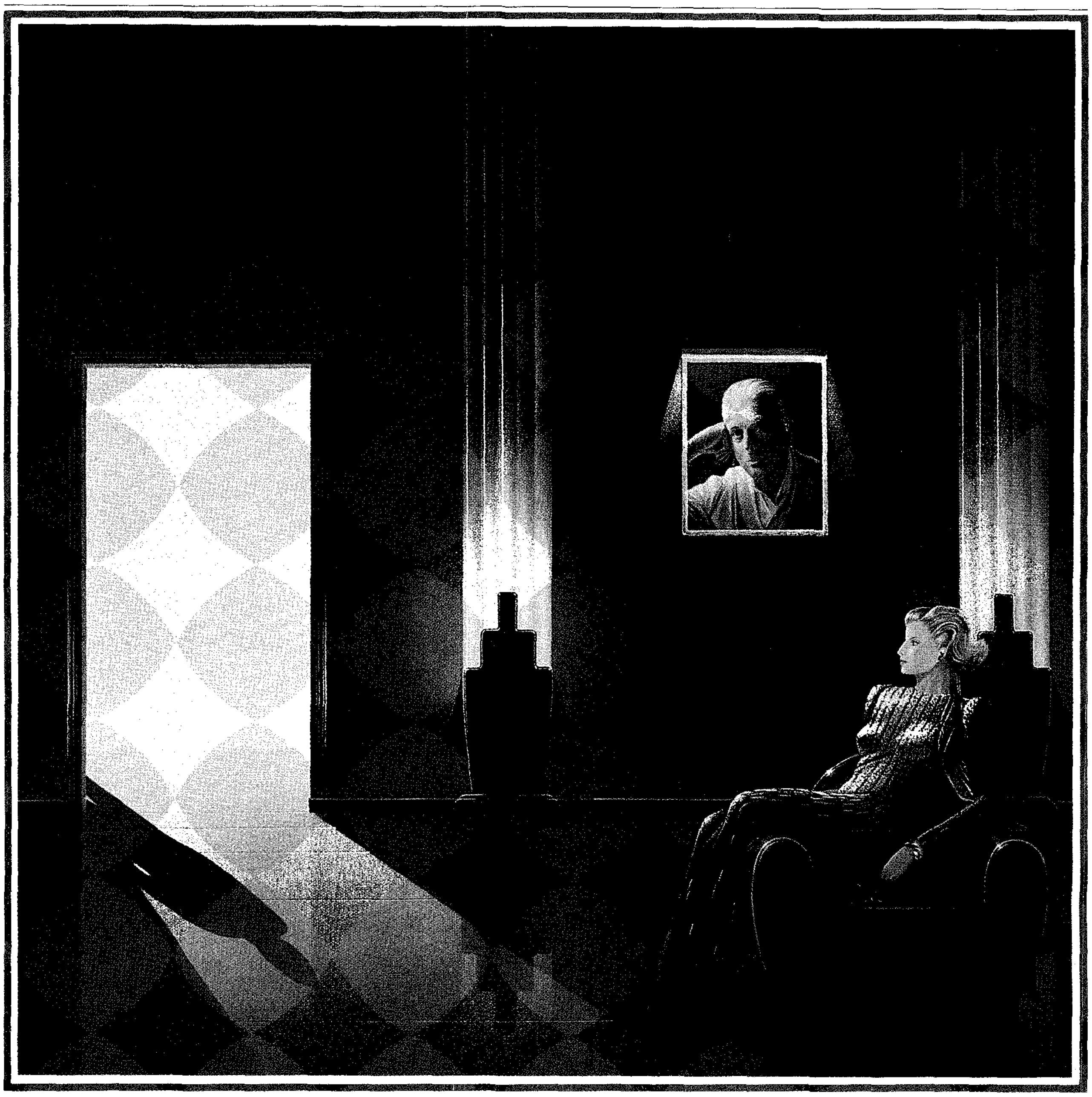

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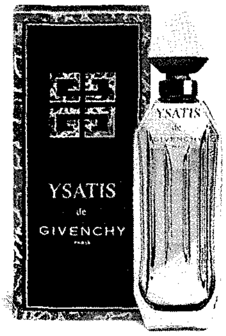
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from it. I don't want to catch any of you boys . . . up it, straying over to the girls' side . . . to it, for it." Sometimes the "it"s were preceded by pauses, and then we could easily identify them as mere verbal crutches. But often his meaning was lost in a verbal fog. I remember once Treadway told us that he had asked Mr. Woolly where he had found a "from-it principal," and Mr. Woolly had laughed and said, "Mr. Lord studied in Texas for a while. They talk peculiar over there."

Mr. Lord taught algebra to us tenth graders. The others in the class had a good background in mathematics. I didn't, and mathematics was one subject that seemed to require years of drilling and accumulated knowledge; in mathematics, I couldn't paper over the gaps in my education. Even when I thought I understood an equation, the understanding would vanish a few minutes later in a quicksand of confusion, and Mr. Lord's explanations, couched as they were in "it"s, only compounded that confusion. "Boys and girls," he would say, "numbers . . . to it, are symbols. Letters are symbols of symbols . . . from it. One is . . . to it, a known quantity, the other is an unknown quantity . . . for it. So it is that 2*a* is two times the value of *a* . . . for it, with it."

One day, I got a C-plus on an algebra test and went to see Mr. Lord in the office.

"I'm having trouble with algebra," I said.

"You're doing all right . . . for it. I haven't noticed anything . . . with it."

"But I got a C-plus on the test."

"That's a good grade for it . . . for it."

"But I've never got such a low mark—except, that is, in gym, or in Shop when we had to make brooms."

"That's right . . . to it."

"But I don't like it."

"You'll get used to it . . . for it, with it."

"But I want to improve, do better."

"Plenty of boys and girls get C's and D's on tests, and they're fine people . . . from it, and . . . to it, you're an Indian . . . with it, for it."

I realize as I write this that Mr. Lord sounds like a caricature, but at the time he was far from it. He and algebra haunted my waking hours with premonitions of failure.

ALSO new to our school that year was a teacher I'll call Miss Holt. She taught us singing and piano, and was as volatile and prima donna-ish as

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her predecessor had been calm and modest. Miss Holt sometimes practiced singing in the evening in an empty classroom downstairs, off the school's central corridor. When she did, some of us would stand outside and listen. She had an angelic voice, and it made our hearts quicken.

We once asked Mr. Chiles why she wasted her time teaching at our school when—so we imagined—she could have gone to New York or Boston and sung in an opera house.

"Maybe Miss Holt is more interested in her religion than in her singing," he said. She had just graduated from Ouachita College, in nearby Arkadelphia, and was known to be a devout Baptist and an avid Bible reader.

I remember that once she caught a couple of us listening to her outside the classroom she was singing in.

"How dare you listen to my warming-up exercises!" she cried. The strange thing was that practicing where she did was an open invitation to people to listen to her; her voice carried all along the halls.

WE took choir with Miss Holt. Although Mr. Woolly was very keen that we should have a good choir, which could perform in assembly when we had guest speakers and on special occasions like Christmas, everyone's schedule was so full that he made choir an optional activity. Then most students decided not to take it, because it meant giving up the free period between the end of academic classes, at three-thirty, and the beginning of gym, at four-fifteen. I urged boys to join the choir.

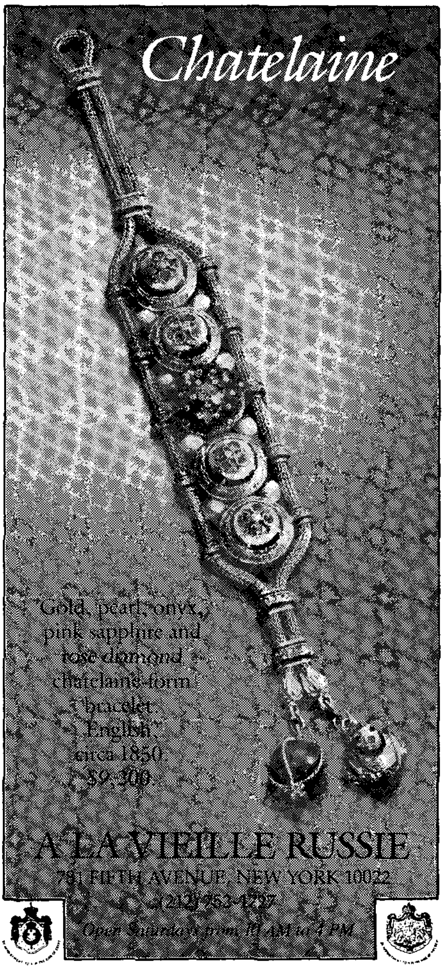
"To heck with choir," Oather Brown said. "I'd rather spend the time chewing tobacco." He was twenty and in the eleventh grade, and was probably the most popular boy in the boys' dormitory.

"But the choir is good for the school, and it's so nice to sing," I said.

"O.K., Whip, I'll give it a try," Oather said finally. (Whip was one of my nicknames.) He, too, liked to sing, and he had a good bass voice. "But I don't like the sound of Miss Holt. I bet she got on her high horse when she was little, and she's never got off it."

Eventually, most of the other students also joined the choir.

During one of the first choir-practice sessions, we were singing "America the Beautiful." Miss Holt was at the piano on the little stage, and we



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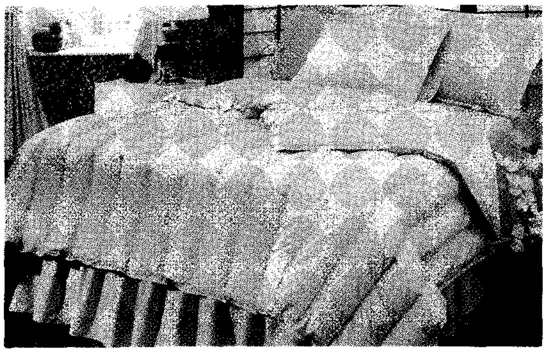

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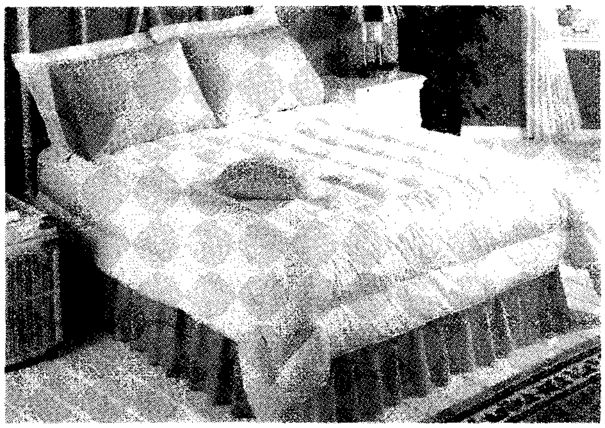

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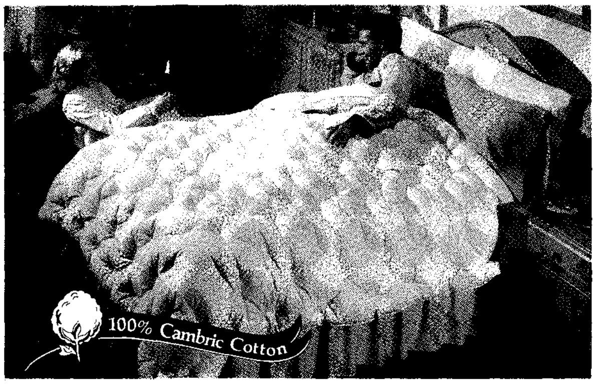

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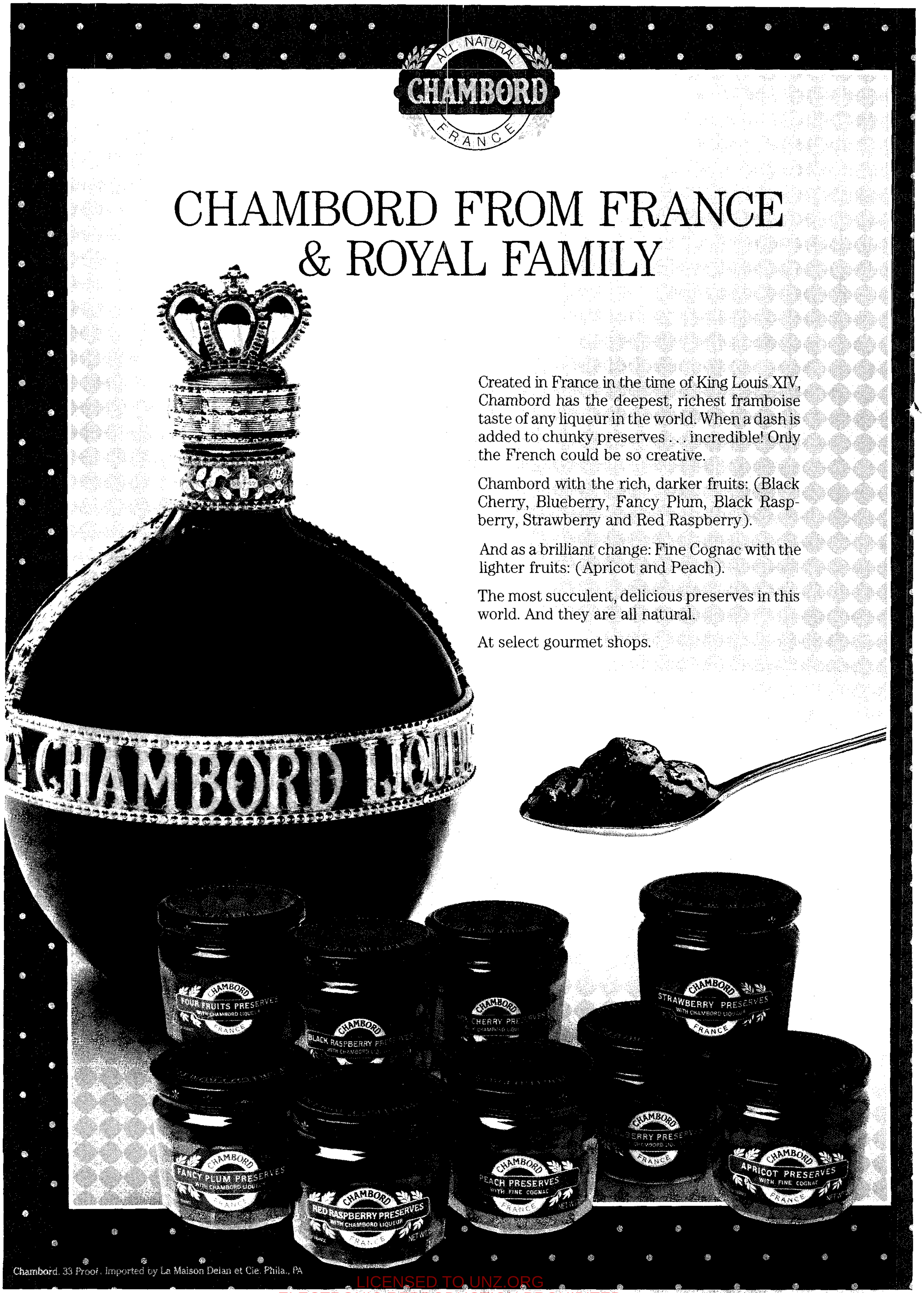
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For a few moments, Miss Holt didn't realize that hers was the only voice echoing in the auditorium. When she did, she banged the piano shut and cried, "What's the matter with y'all?"

"The pitch, Miss Holt—it's way too high," several of us said.

"Forget it—even the girls are having trouble," Charlie Wren said. He was seventeen and in the eighth grade.

"I didn't come to this blind school to have my teaching questioned!" Miss Holt fumed. "Who's the teacher here!"

Everyone gasped—her outburst was so unjustified.

Because of my efforts on behalf of the choir, the students had elected me its vice-president. I felt I should speak up, so I said, "Miss Holt, we can't help it. The pitch—"

"Ved, if you say another word I'll send you out!" she interrupted me.

People in the choir started grumbling.

"Choir is an optional activity," Kenneth Bruton said. He was eighteen and, like Oather, in the eleventh grade. Both of them were my very close friends.

"Anyone who talks back will get bad character marks on his report card!" Miss Holt cried from her piano bench.

"But no one is talking back, Miss Holt," I said.

"Ved, leave the auditorium this minute."

I had hoped that Miss Holt would calm down so I could plead our cause. But I realized now that she was very worked up. I felt I had no choice but to leave.

From the door, I heard the students singing "America the Beautiful" on her pitch, their voices cracking with the effort.

Later that day, many students were saying that they were going to wait until the end of the six-week period, when Miss Holt's character marks were in, and then drop choir. I tried halfheartedly to talk them out of it, because I knew how much Mr. Woolly wanted the school to have a good choir. I didn't get very far.

The next day, Miss Holt announced in choir, for no apparent reason, "I just want everyone to know that I

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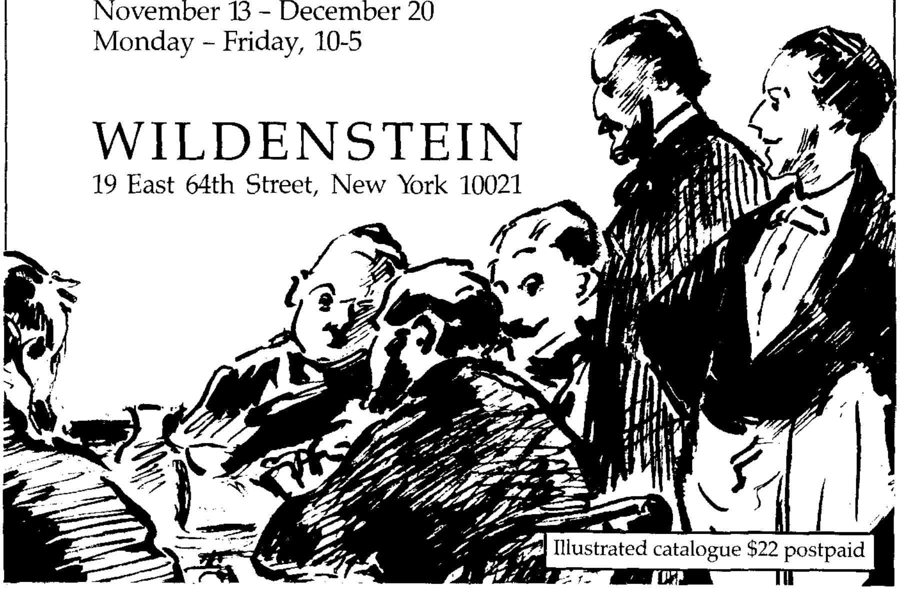

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have a policy of never giving an A-plus."

Everyone, including people who never got A's, wanted to know why not.

"I think only God is smart enough to get A-plus," Miss Holt said flatly.

We protested.

"I'd like to know which one of you thinks he's as smart as God," Miss Holt said challengingly.

"You can gripe all you want, but it won't do you any good, because Miss Holt is on the side of God," Wayne Tidman said. It was strange to hear him say that. Although he spent a lot of time preaching in his church, he still raked in A-pluses term after term.

"But God is not a student here!" some of us objected.

Miss Holt stuck to her guns. "I've talked to the faculty, and all A-pluses are going to be outlawed," she said. "That is what the good Lord wants, and that'll be the school policy."

Her announcement fell like a bombshell. Since most students had decided to drop choir, getting an A-plus in choir or not was a one-time matter. But not to get A-pluses in any classes at all meant that we couldn't set them off against our poor marks to improve our over-all average.

"I tell you," Oather said to me after the session, "this school is going down, down, down. In all the years I've been here, Whip, I haven't seen or heard anything like this. No, sirree. There's no school spirit left."

I imagined that my spirits were linked with the school spirit, and I felt depressed and demoralized. Still, as the end of the first six-week period approached I redoubled my efforts in all my subjects, in the hope of getting good marks. But when the report cards came out I was disappointed. I got a B in both algebra and choir, and only one A-plus, in French. (Despite Miss Holt's efforts and claims, A-pluses were not outlawed.) Also, under the report-card heading "School Life" I received "Poor" in coöperation, courtesy, and attitude—no doubt Miss Holt had helped to pull down my character marks. Meanwhile, there was so much talk of a wholesale exodus from the choir that Mr. Woolly ended up making attendance mandatory.

LIKE many students at the school, I looked to music for a possible livelihood, and was taking individual piano lessons from Miss Holt. She

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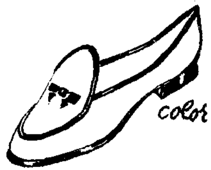

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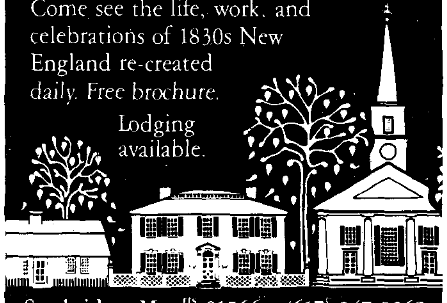

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taught in one of three practice rooms in the small conservatory, on the second floor. She was as gentle during individual lessons as she was strident in choir. In fact, she didn't let the "America the Beautiful" ruckus affect my piano lessons with her in any way. Even when she criticized me for shifting on the bench, for wiggling my feet, for neglecting to press the keys with my fingertips as she had told me to do, she never raised her voice.

One morning after I'd been going to her for a month or so, she stopped me in the middle of a scale I was playing and said softly, "You look unhappy. Are you often unhappy?"

"Well, occasionally," I said.

"Sometimes you really look gloomy." She scooted her chair closer to my bench.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to." I resumed playing the scale.

"Just a minute," she broke in, and she asked, "What is your religion?"

I was taken aback. We had never had a personal conversation before, and I wondered what she was driving at. "I suppose I am a Hindu," I said. "At least, I was born one."

"But what does being a Hindu mean?"

"It's hard to say. We didn't ever go to temples or have special prayers. Hinduism is just a way of life, I think." I groped for words, feeling that perhaps I was immature in religious matters.

"Are your parents religious?"

I was really stymied. Mamaji was religious, but Daddyji dismissed her religion as superstition. Daddyji talked sometimes as if he believed in God and at other times as if he didn't.

"Sort of," I now said.

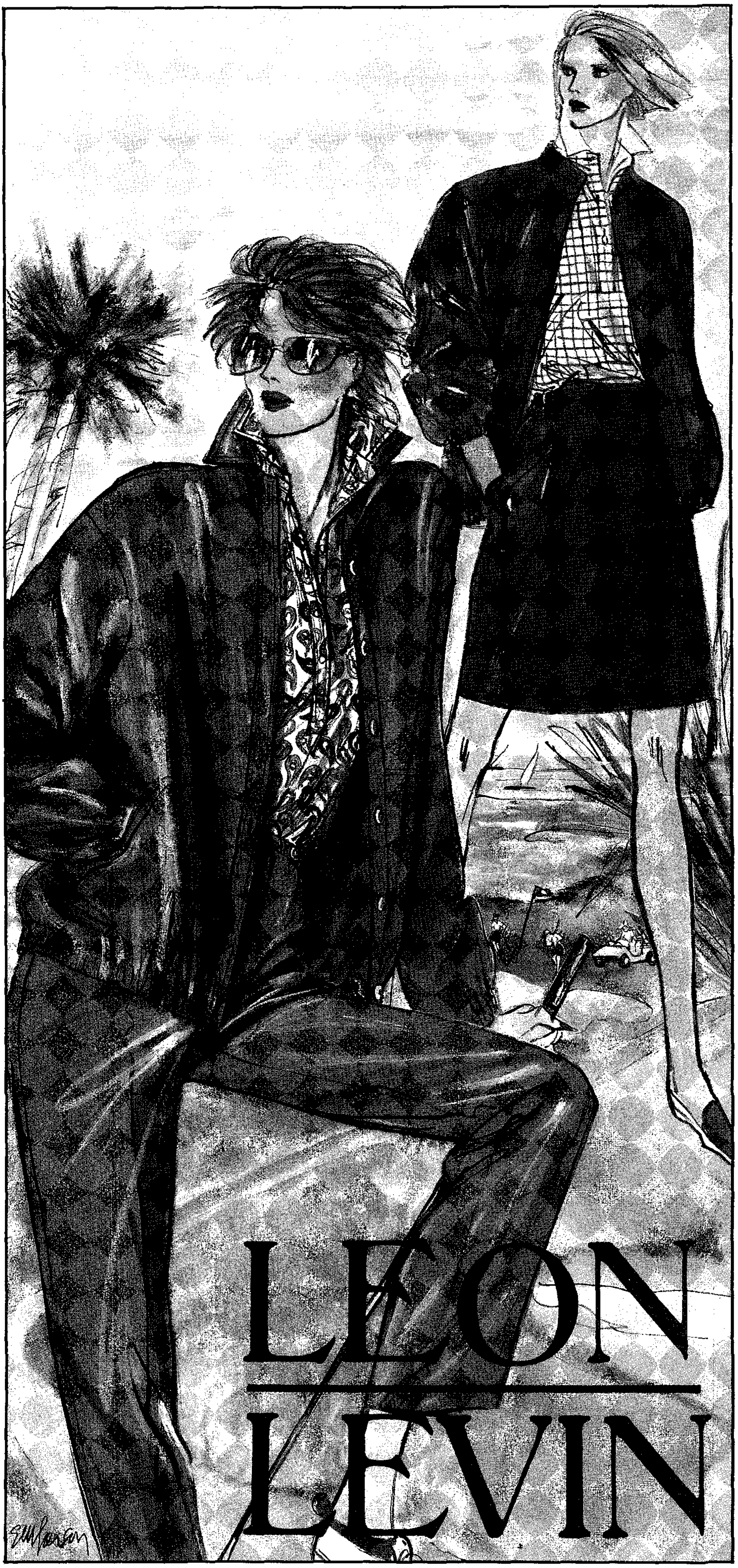
"Do you know anything about Christianity—about Jesus, our Saviour?"

"As a child, I attended Dadar School for the Blind, which was run by American missionaries, and everyone there used to tell me that I should live like Jesus. I actually became a Christian in my heart, so that I could be like my friend Deoji and the nurse who looked after me in the hospital. They were Indian Christians."

"But you were never baptized?"

"I don't know what that is. I just lived like a Christian, but I always remained a Hindu." I thought I sounded a little confused, and I stopped.

"Baptism is being saved—being shown the light of God, casting off all superstitions, fighting off the Dev-



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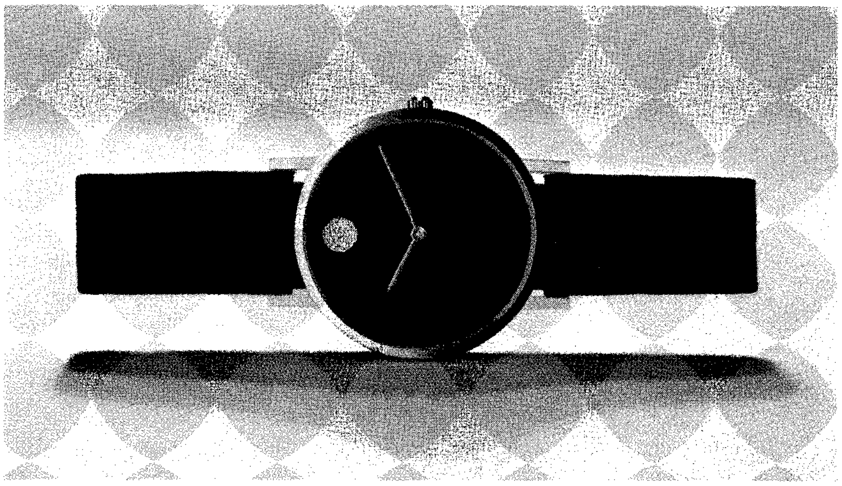

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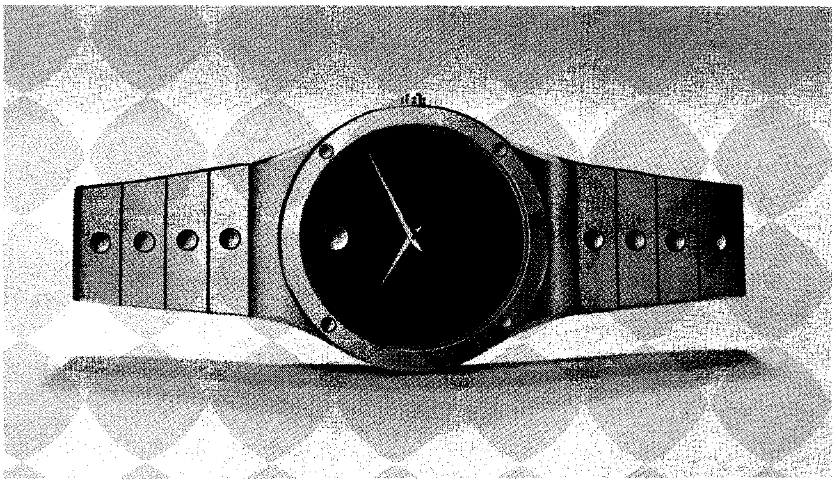

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il." She continued, in compassionate tones, "I'm sorry that you haven't seen the light yet. But because of your blindness—*your suffering*—*you're closer to* Jesus and more ready to be saved than many lost sheep."

I started idly drumming my fingers on the bench, thinking that there were so many terms in Miss Holt's speech that I didn't understand—"Saviour" and "lost sheep" as well as "baptism." It's just like baseball games on the radio, I thought—you have to be born here to understand such things.

"I must help you to be baptized," Miss Holt was saying. "I must save you from being damned forever to Hell and fire. It's not too late. You just have to say yes to Jesus. One simple word—'yes.' That's all He asks."

In the next practice room, Pat West was playing "Star Dust" on his trumpet. In the third practice room, Billy Tabor was working through the "Twelfth Street Rag" on his clarinet. Someone was practicing on the piano in the auditorium below, and a few disconnected piano notes drifted in. Ordinarily, I would scarcely have paid attention to such background noise—it was just part of being in the conservatory—but now I found it as disturbing as what Miss Holt was saying. I drummed my fingers harder on the bench.

"After you're saved, you can go home and bring the light to those heathen who would otherwise have no way to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," Miss Holt said.

I was afraid that by the mere act of asking a question I might seem to be giving in to Miss Holt. Still, I found myself asking, " 'Yes to Jesus'—what does that mean, exactly? What does it involve?"

" 'Yes to Jesus'?" she echoed rapturously. "That means you accept Jesus as your Saviour, your Lord."

"But Jesus was a man and he's dead."

"But He was the Son of God, who gave His life for us, for the human race. He took the sins of believers on Himself. It says in the Bible, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' "

"What about those who don't believe in Him?" I asked, trying to forestall her until the bell downstairs sounded the end of the period. I was afraid that giving in to her would somehow mean losing my religion and nationality. I wanted to rush out and get help from Pat West and Billy Tabor, without having the slightest idea of what kind of help I needed.

"Those who don't believe in Jesus? They're damned to burn in Hell forever," Miss Holt said, a little impatiently.

"All of them?"

"Yes, all of them."

Pat West was on the recapitulation section, and his trumpet was getting very loud. His high notes made the door and window in our practice room buzz and rattle. I wished the conservatory were soundproof, so I could think.

"How unfair of Jesus," I finally said. "How can He condemn a Hindu? How can He condemn someone who's never heard of Him?"

"But you're hearing about Him from me, now," she said emphatically, ignoring the larger issue, as if in raising it I were merely being obstreperous. "A person who hears and then turns away—he has no excuse. He's damned for sure. Don't you understand, Ved? Jesus is calling you through me to come to Him."

To the clashing runs of trumpet and clarinet was now added the thump-thump of Pat's foot on the floor, making our practice room shake.

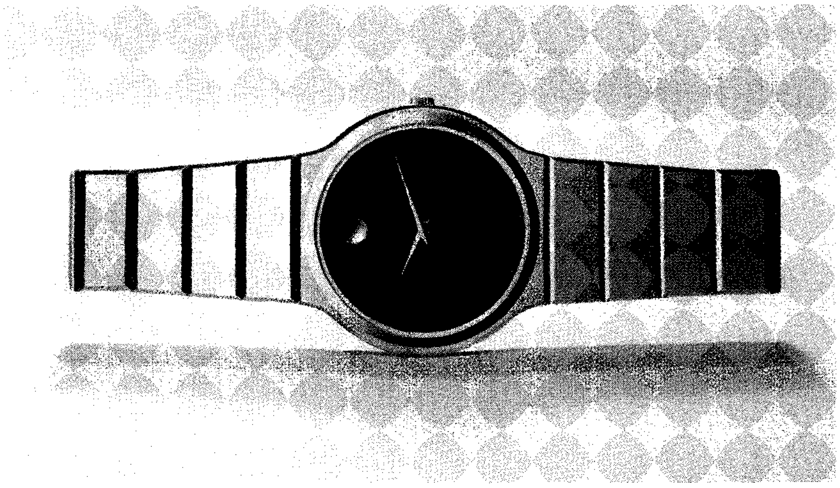
Miss Holt suddenly cried, "Stop it! That drumming—the Devil has entered your fingers!"

My hand stopped in midair. I had lost all awareness of drumming my fingers. Anyway, Pat's foot was making much more noise than I was. Miss Holt reached over and took my hand in both of hers. She pressed it fervently. "He's touching you with His light," she said eerily. I remember thinking that I didn't know what light was like—or, rather, that I had known it so long ago, when I could see, that knowledge of it was buried deep inside me. I certainly associated it with the heat of the sun or a lamp—with any kind of warmth. Miss Holt's hands felt warm, flushed, as if her fingers were glowing. Perhaps God *is* in them, I thought.

"Will you let me pray for you?" she asked. Her voice was so high and faraway that she could almost have been a medium at a séance. She moved her chair right up against the bench and said, almost in my ear, "Did you hear my question?"

I started. Why does she keep on asking me questions, I wondered. Why doesn't she leave me alone to sort it all out?

"Say something. Why don't you



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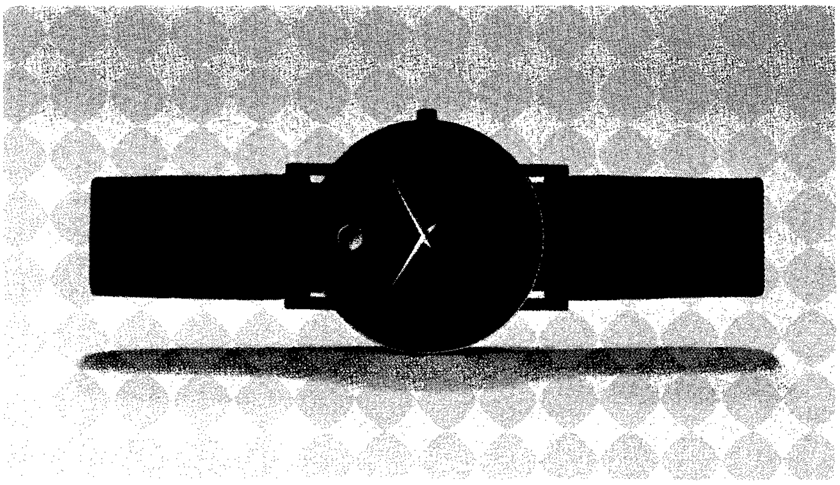

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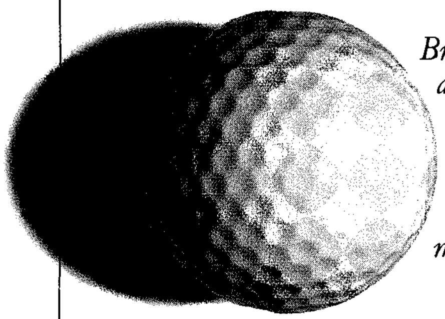

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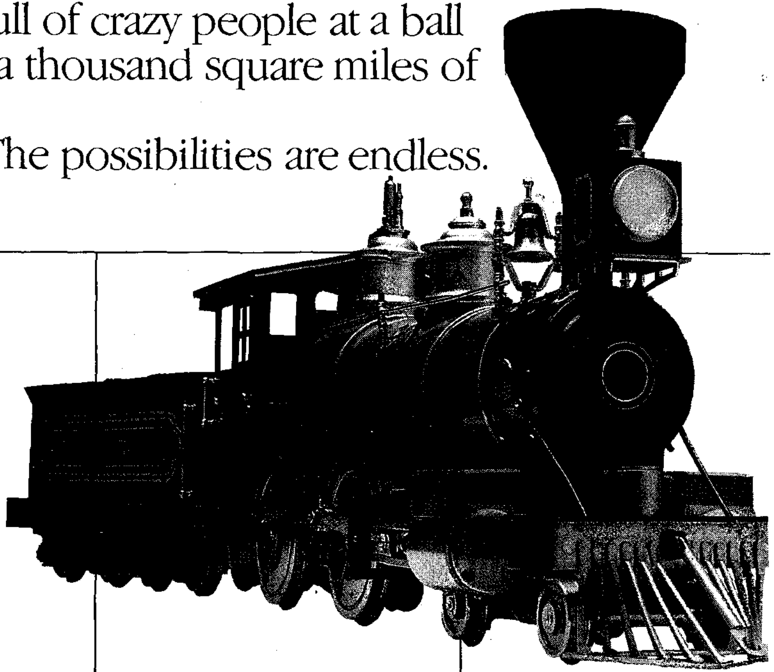

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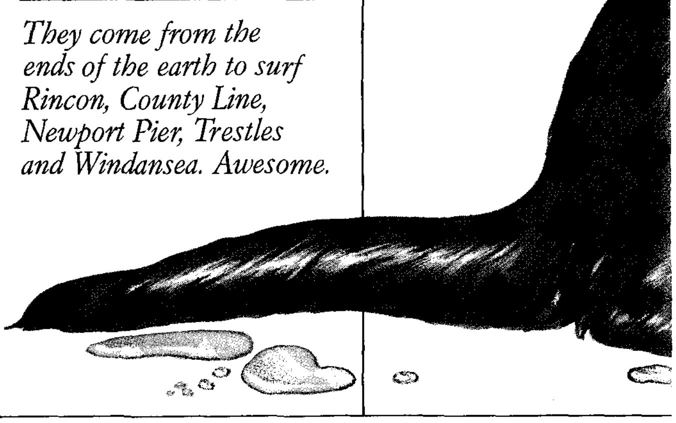

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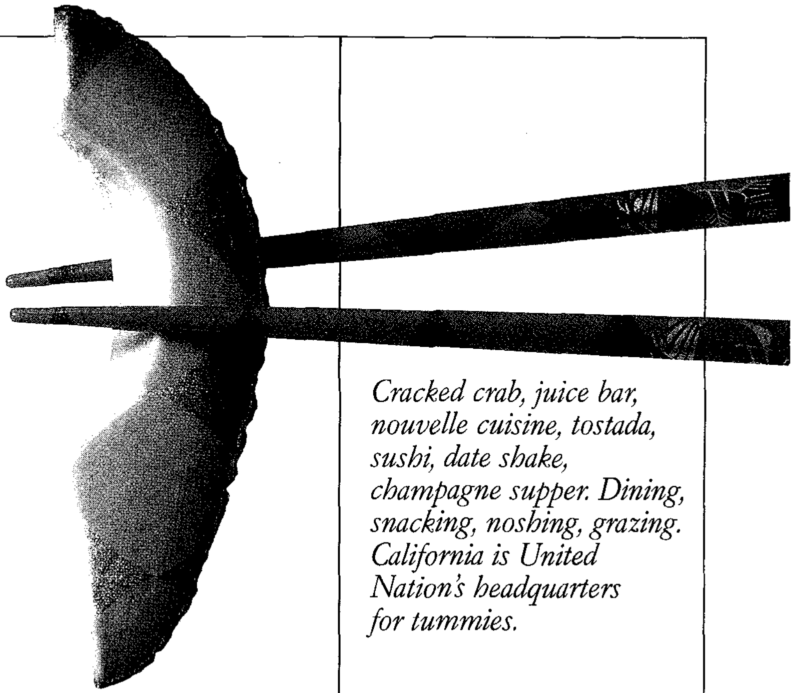

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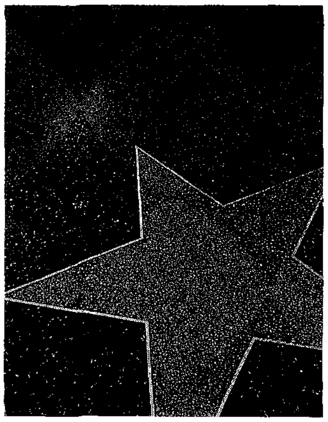

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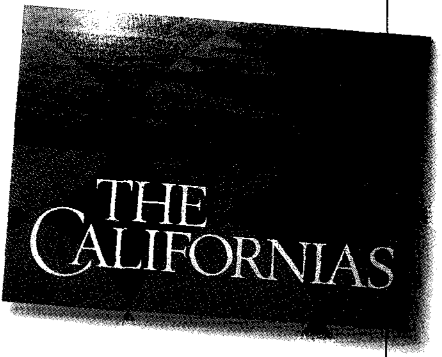

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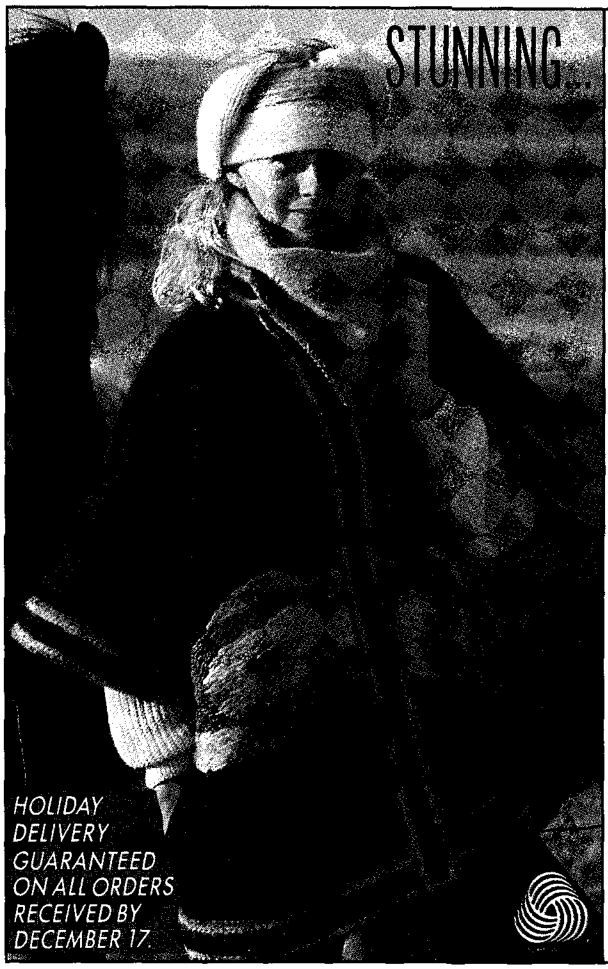

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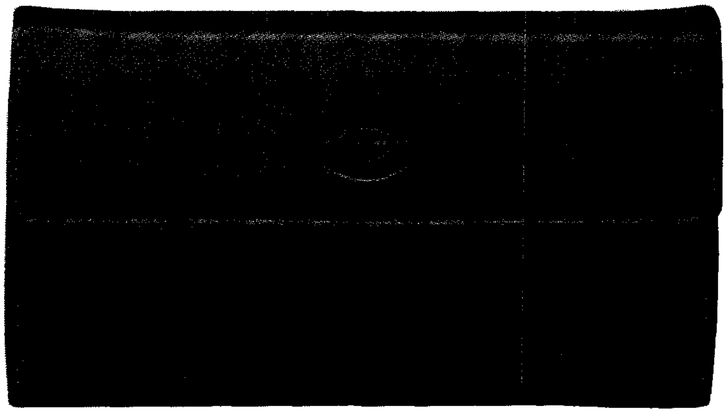

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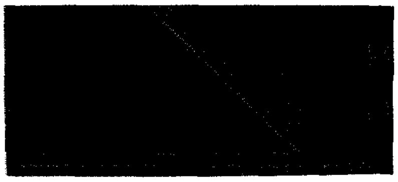

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say something?" She sounded angry.

The room was suffocatingly hot. My forehead was covered with sweat. A drop of sweat fell on my free hand. Though she still had my other hand in her warm grasp, a chill went through me.

"The period is going by," she said in a calm voice. She slid off her chair, knelt on the bare floor, and pulled at my hand. "Come kneel with me. Let's pray together."

I stayed put. "I can't, Miss Holt," I said. She let my hand fall. "It's too much for me. I have to think."

"Think!" she cried. "What is there to think about when He is calling you?"

The bell rang downstairs. The trumpet, the clarinet, the thumping, the piano in the auditorium stopped.

I stood up.

"I'll pray for you," Miss Holt said, getting up from the floor. "I know that God in His mercy will show you the light. But you must pray, too. It says in the Bible, 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' "

Just then, there was a rap at the door. Miss Holt answered it. It was Little Sue Harrison, a sixth grader, coming for her lesson.

I sidled out of the practice room and ran down the stairs three steps at a time, bumping into Billy Tabor and sending his clarinet case banging down the stairs.

EVERY time I went to Miss Holt for my lesson, she would ask me "Will you be saved for Jesus?" or "Are you ready?" or "Why don't you come to my church with me this Sunday and get baptized?" I could feel her steady, evangelical gaze upon me. Each time, I would put her off with some excuse, such as "I need time" or "I'm praying for guidance." The excuses were true, yet they made me feel guilty. I came to dread my lessons with her. I could scarcely play a simple scale without making mistakes. I would strike two keys simultaneously or miss a note. She would stop me and spend the rest of the lesson passionately talking about the boundless joys of salvation and the excruciating, unremitting pain of damnation.

I once guardedly broached the subject of Miss Holt and her religion with Oather. He didn't take piano—he was taking piano tuning, hoping to make it his career—so he knew Miss Holt only from choir. But I felt I could talk to him about her in confidence, and that was important to me, because I assumed that I was the only object of Miss Holt's compassion and that if word about her campaign to convert me got out I would be the laughingstock of the dormitory. "Miss Holt wants to save me," I said to Oather. "Are you saved?"

"Saved? Hell, no."

"But you're a Christian."

"Not Miss Holt's kind. I'm just an honest, God-fearing fellow who cusses and chews tobacco, dances and plays poker. In Miss Holt's book, I've already gone to the Devil."

"Is Treadway saved?"

"I don't think so. I doubt if most of the boys in the dormitory are saved."

"What will happen if I go to Miss Holt's church?"

"I think she's one of those Baptist Holy Rollers. She'll get you rolling on the floor and tell you to say anything you want—that you will speak with the tongues of angels." The idea that I might find myself saying anything that came into my head excited and terrified me at the same time. "Once you give in to Miss Holt about rolling around, she'll really have you."

I decided that I was no better or worse than other boys, and that I should try to resist Miss Holt's evangelical efforts.

ONE day in Mr. Chiles's world-history class, when we were discussing the principle of separation of church and state, I thought I saw a glimmer of what was wrong with Miss Holt and her Baptist Church.

"If I were running this country, I'd make the Baptist Church the national church," Wayne said.

"Wayne, do you know how many Protestant denominations there are in this country?" Mr. Chiles asked. "Do you know what would happen if you tried to set one above the others?"

"There's just one way to God, and my church knows it," Wayne said.

"Now, Wayne, everybody thinks that," Mr. Chiles said. "Evelyn probably thinks her church knows the way to God. Joyce probably thinks her church knows it. Each person thinks that his or her beliefs are right and everyone else's are wrong. But what is probably true is that all of us are standing in a circle trying to reach God at the center but taking our own particular path to Him."

"But all paths can't be right," Wayne said stubbornly. "Even a fool will grant that some must be dead wrong. If I believed in your circle

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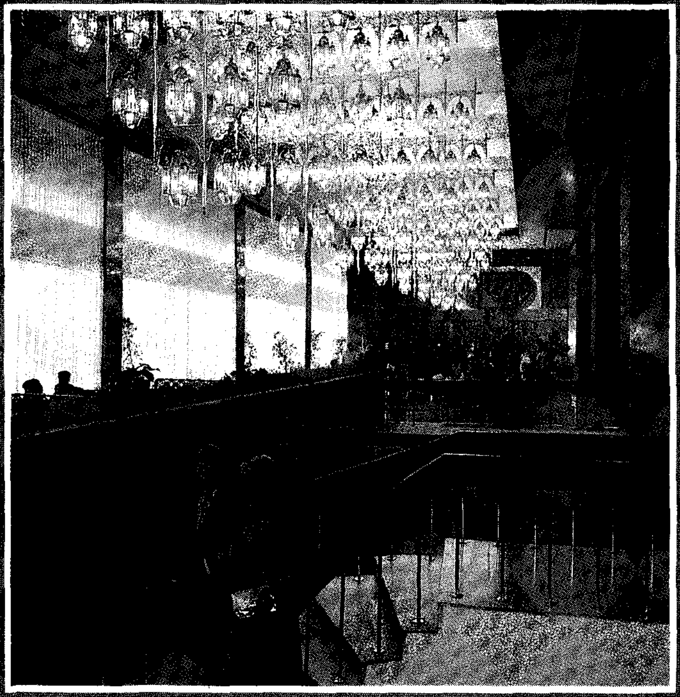

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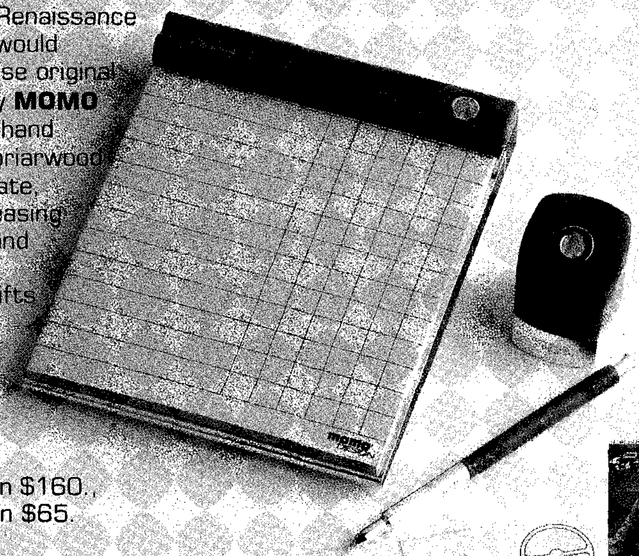

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theory, I'd quit preaching in my church."

I found the idea of the circle very satisfying, however, and asked Mr. Chiles how different religions fitted into his circle theory.

"In my opinion, they, too, are part of the circle, since they, too, are looking for a path to God," Mr. Chiles said. "I'm a sincere Christian and I believe the way is through Christ, but I also believe that you, Ved, as a Hindu, may find your way to God if you lead life on the up and up."

I felt inspired, and decided that Mr. Chiles was one of the smartest men I'd ever encountered. I knew I was young, but I considered myself a good judge of people.

EVERY Sunday morning, all of us were taken in the school bus and dropped off at the church of our choice in Little Rock. That was a school requirement. We had to sit through Sunday school and the church service. Then we were picked up and driven back to school in time for lunch.

After Mr. Chiles's discussion of the circle, I went to Mr. Woolly and asked to be excused from the requirement, on the ground that I was a Hindu.

"Boy, I don't like to treat you differently," Mr. Woolly said. "If I do, I'll be courting trouble from the faculty and students."

"It's against my religion," I said boldly. I didn't think it was, but I wanted to press the point because I liked to sleep late on Sundays and I had trouble staying awake during the service—I didn't understand the Bible lessons or the sermons.

"If I let you off the hook, I'm going to hear from Miss Holt and I'm going to hear from Wayne Tidman. There are people here who think that going to church is mighty important, you know."

Nevertheless, my argument that I was a Hindu carried the day.

The next time I went for my piano lesson, Miss Holt assailed me almost before I sat down and opened the piano. "I hear that you won't even be going to church anymore—that you're willfully divorcing yourself from Jesus."

I fended her off. "But I'm a Hindu." I had heard that Benjamin Franklin said that Jesus had never claimed to be the Son of God but was only a great man through whom God worked, and I now said, "I agree with Benjamin Franklin. Jesus is not the

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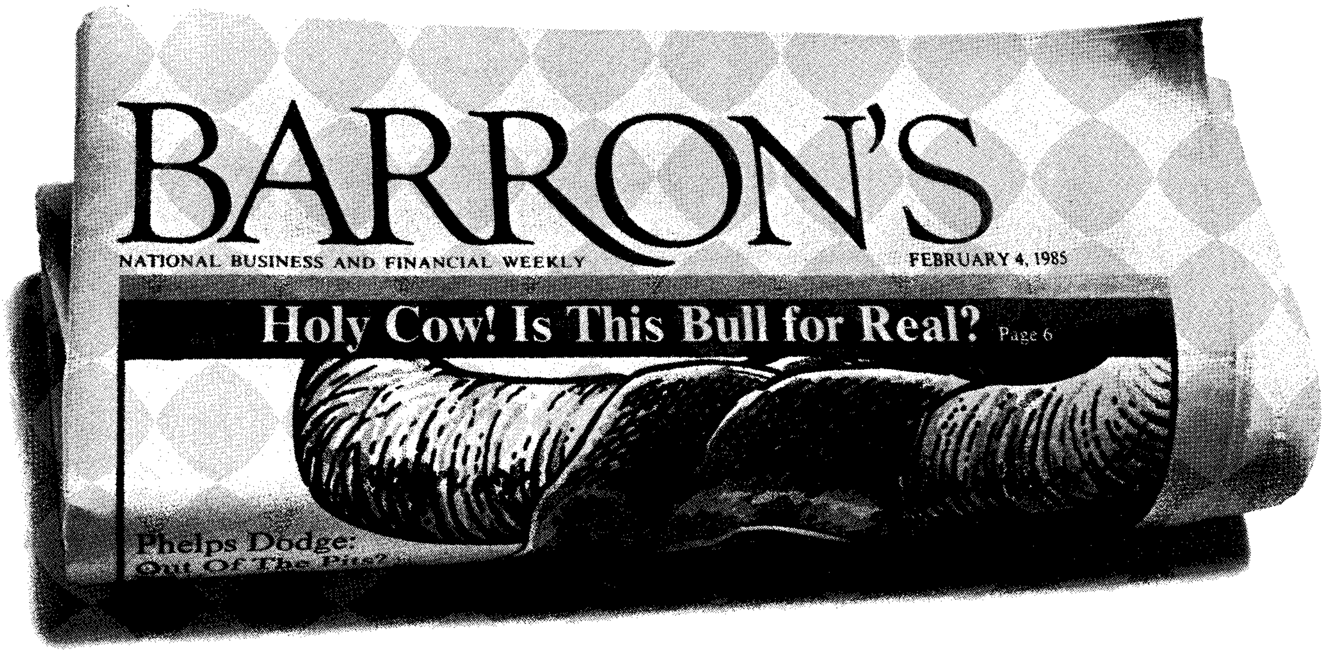
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Holy Cow! Is This Bull for Real? Page 6
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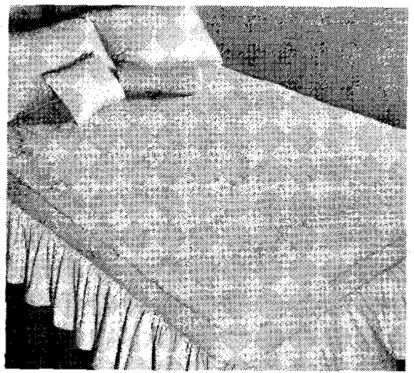

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Son of God at all. He was just a great man."

"Then *go* and burn in Hell!" she said passionately.

Miss Holt seemed to be laying a curse on me. Only the night before, she had appeared in my dreams as a mad dog. The dog had pinned me to the ground and started tearing at my throat. Now I decided that I had to fight her with all the forces at my command, and I said, "But there are hundreds of millions of Hindus who are not saved. Surely they can't all be damned."

"But they are."

"All my family, all my relatives?"

"They, too."

"So be it. Then *I* don't mind being damned."

I expected Miss Holt to lash out at me, but she said in the gentlest of tones, "Jesus, in His infinite mercy, brought you to Little Rock to show you the light. He will save you yet."

ONE Saturday afternoon, a number of us were lounging around the vending stand, in the solarium, and Oather was working behind it. Charlie Wren asked him for a Coke, and Oather flipped open the cooler.

"Darn it, Bull, we're clean out of Coke," Oather said to him. "Could you bring me a case from outside? They're stacked just next to the door, I do believe."

Charlie went out, and returned with a case. "God damn it!" he exclaimed. "I caught my pants on the case, and now I've got a big snag."

"Go wash your cotton-picking mouth," Oather said, taking the case from Charlie. "You're among the fair sex."

"God damn your case!" Charlie said defiantly, and he cursed some more under his breath.

"Charles!" It was Miss Holt. In the confusion, none of us had heard her distinctive, clicking step in the hall. "Charles, you promised, and just a day ago, too." She continued, "What am I going to do with this school?" She turned and went back down the hall, her heels clicking furiously.

"That lady is going to go and have a good cry," Oather said, stacking the bottles in the cooler.

"What did you promise her?" people around the vending stand asked. "What did you say, Bull?"

Charlie ran out of the solarium, the automatic door closing behind him.

"I wonder what got the little witch riled up," Fat Earnie said. Earnest

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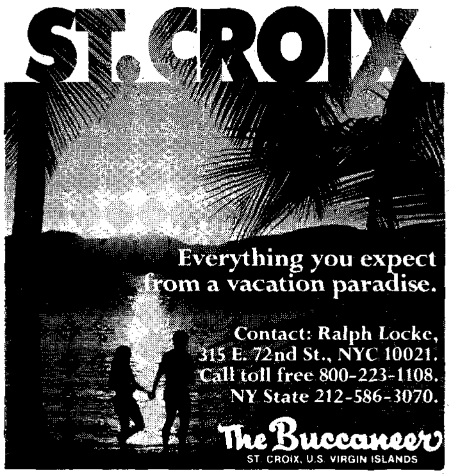

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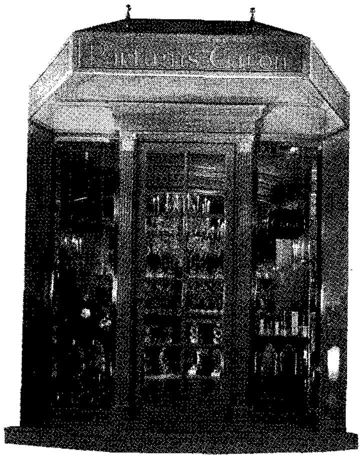
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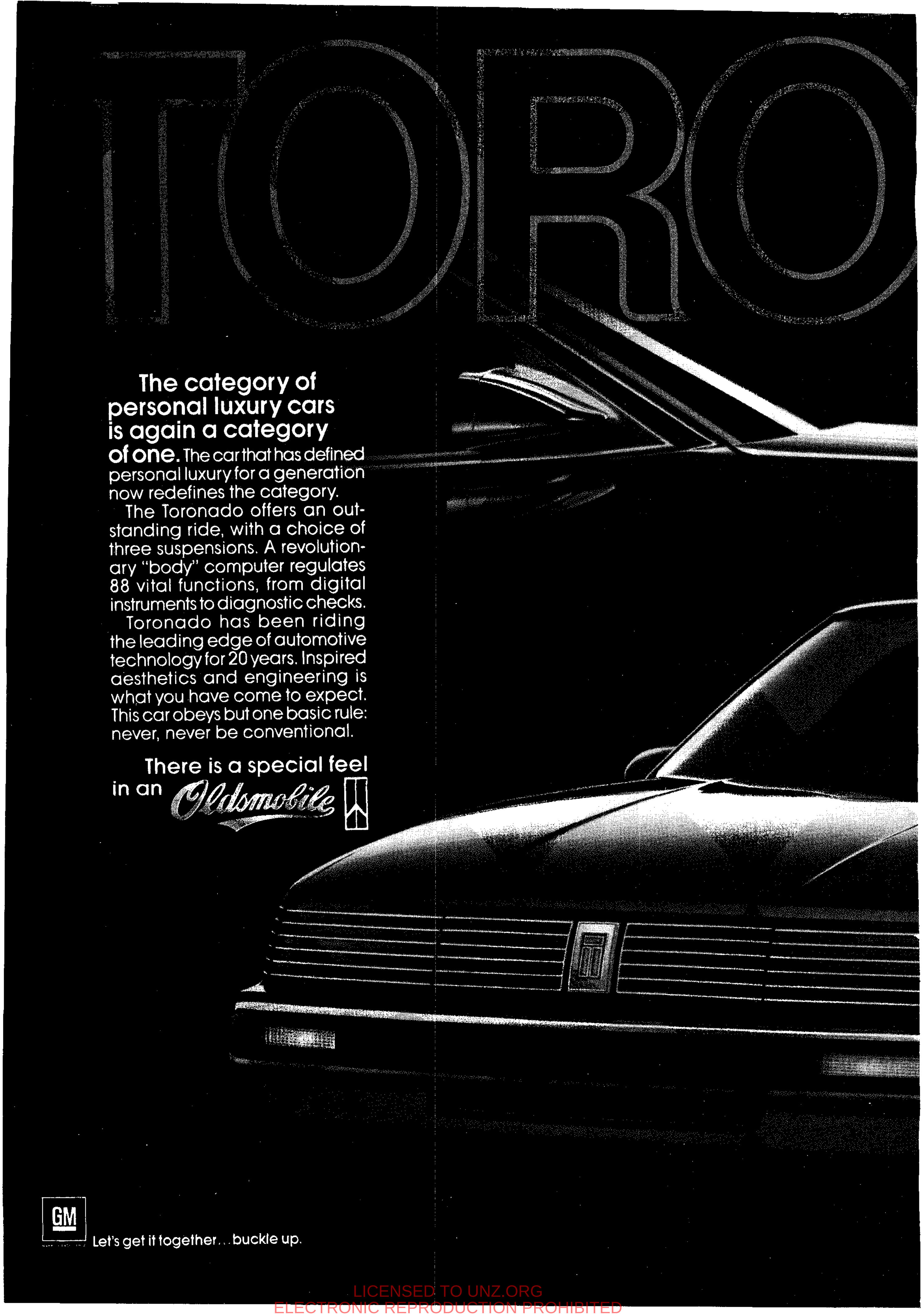

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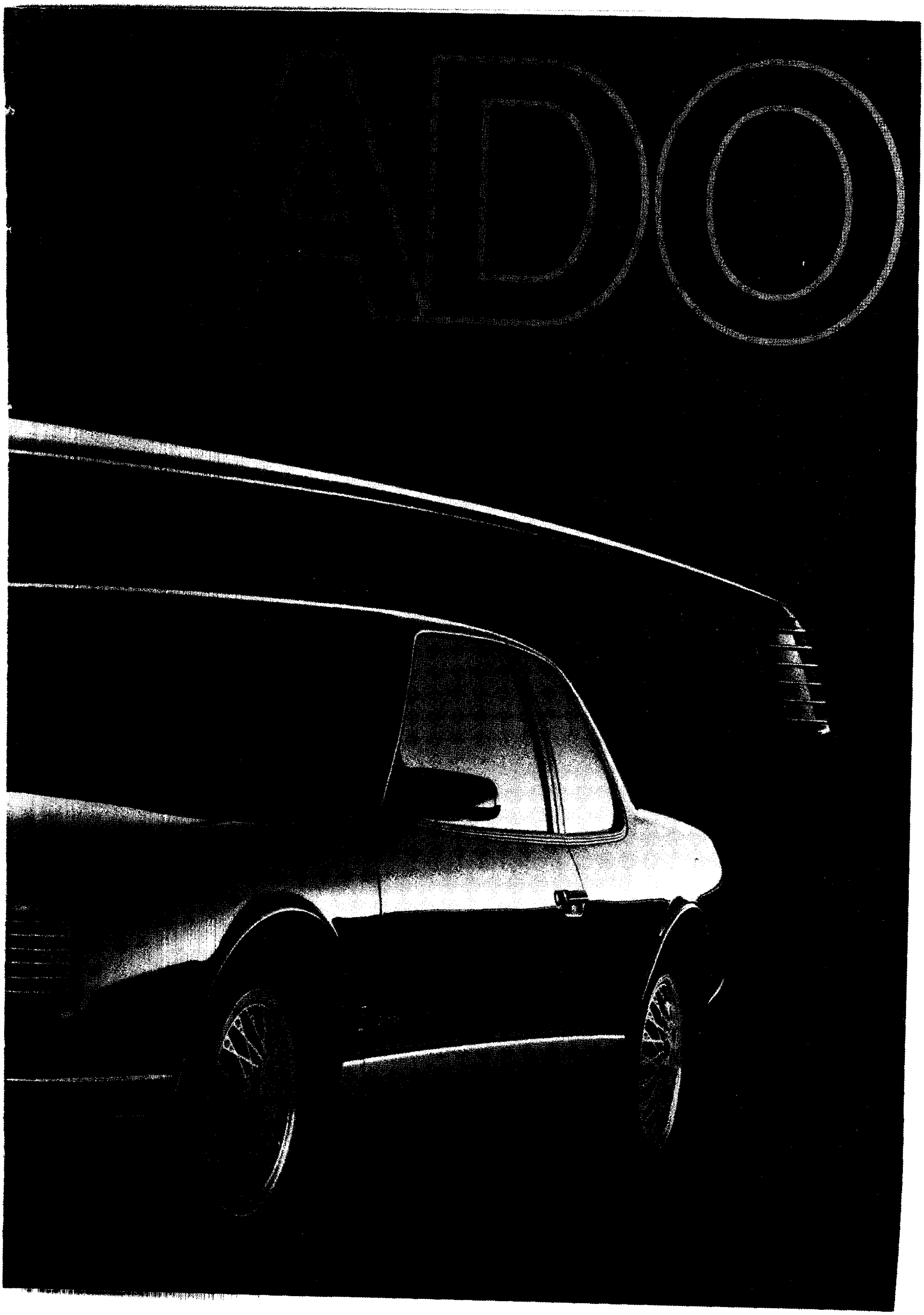
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Barnett, who was a year younger than I was and in the eighth grade, was always saying rude things in an affectionate way.

"God knows," James Spakes said. He was in the ninth grade, and was nicknamed Lazybones. "She's always riled up."

"The lady is new at the school, and maybe blind people are too much for her," Oather said, opening a Coke for Anna Belle Morris.

That night in the sleeping hall, the boys wouldn't leave Charlie alone.

"Bull, why are you so quiet?" James Spakes asked.

"Leave me be," Charlie said, from his bed, and then he blurted out, "She got me thinking in a religious way."

There was a general buzz. Charlie was known at the school for outdoing practically everyone in cursing.

"You see, yesterday she called me into an empty classroom," Charlie continued. "She asked me about my beliefs—asked me if I led a good, clean, Christian life."

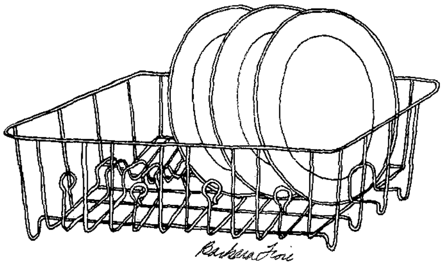
Oather rocked with laughter. "You rascal, you! You're about the worst Christian in Arkansas." He tried to stifle his laugh in his pillow.

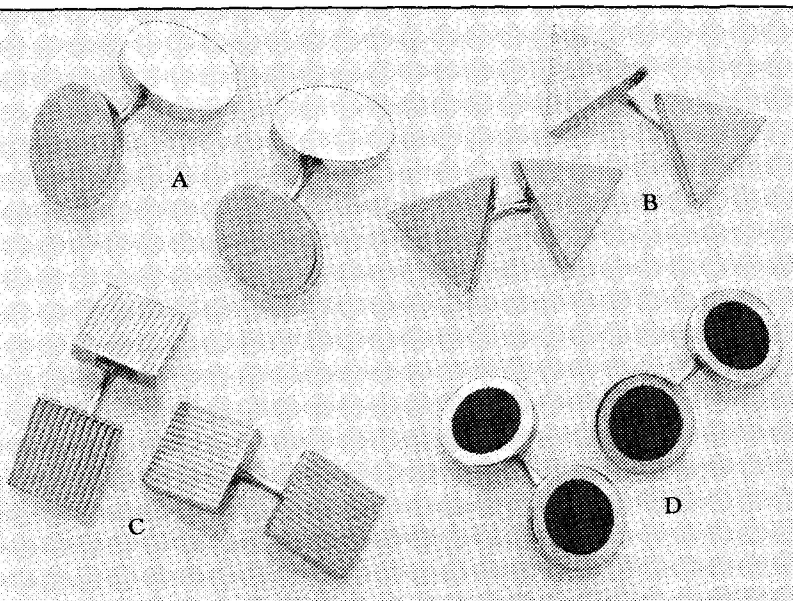
"At first, I said no," Charlie continued. "But then she lectured me about all those hot coals and such in Hell. Then somehow she got me down on my knees. She kneeled beside me and prayed for my soul."

A few boys guffawed. Most, however, remained quiet. Perhaps they were touched by Charlie's story—by the picture of huge Charlie and little Miss Holt kneeling on the floor of a classroom.

"What could I do?" Charlie was saying. "I wish you boys could have seen her there, her so young and beautiful." (Charlie could see fairly well out of one eye.) He went on, "She was praying, praying over miserable me. I promised to quit cursing, quit taking God's name in vain. I never meant to curse at the vending stand—the words just came out."

Oather laughed, and set off many of the other boys. But I began wondering how many of them had had an experi-





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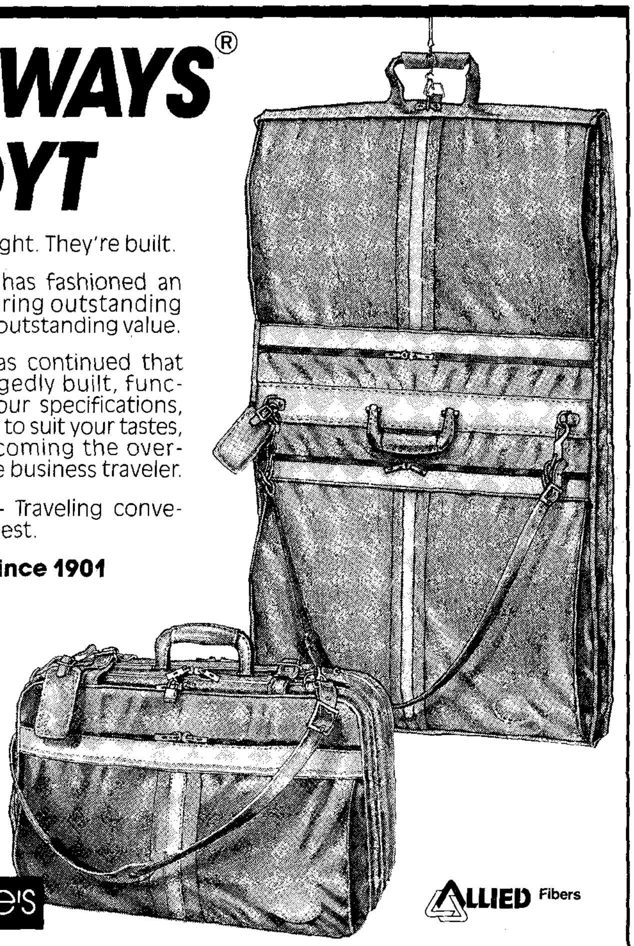

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ence similar to Charlie's, and whether they were laughing now as a subterfuge. Although I hadn't got on my knees, I couldn't laugh.

"I tell you, gentlemen, that Little Miss Dove's religious work in our school will come to an end when word about her activities gets to Mr. Woolly," Bruton said.

"But even Mr. Woolly can't stop secret prayer meetings behind closed doors," Oather said.

" 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance!' " someone shouted from under the covers. The voice was purposely disguised, so I couldn't tell who it was. All the boys fell silent, as if they thought that the voice was right in terming us *sinners*—or feared that the outburst would bring the house supervisor, a man I'll call Mr. Warren Clay, to chastise us for talking after lights-out.

IN subsequent months, Miss Holt didn't make any headway in converting me. Unfortunately, I didn't make any headway in piano, either. Years later, I asked Mr. Woolly about Mr. Lord and Miss Holt and the other new teachers who came to the school that autumn, and he said, "In those days, we were desperate for teachers. Between a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars a month was all we could pay, and the teacher had to live in a small room, often with no separate bathroom, and be on duty twenty-four hours a day. Duty could be teaching or supervising or chaperoning, but it was duty all the same, around the clock, seven days a week. We were lucky with some teachers, unlucky with others."

SOME entries from the journal that I kept at the time:

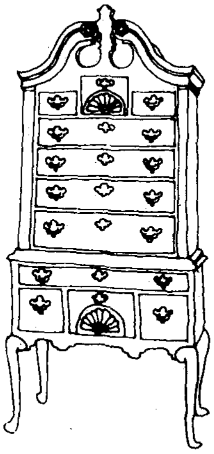
September 21

Mr. Woolly again wrote to the Immigration authorities in New Orleans that my temporary-stay visa had expired August 15th, and that he had had no word from the Service about their either extending it or converting it to a student visa. I am without any status at all.

October 31

Today was Halloween, a strictly American holiday, when ghosts and goblins come to the earth and everybody dresses in weird, fancy costumes. Each class had its own booth in a different classroom, and we took turns

GETAWAY TO YESTERDAY



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manning the booth of our particular grade and visiting the booths of other grades. The sixth graders were selling airplane rides—we sat in chairs and listened to their imitations of airplane noises. The seventh graders were operating a horror house under their desks. For the price of a ticket we could crawl around and feel slimy and disgusting things. The twelfth graders had a faculty graveyard. There were tombstones with funny sayings on them in Braille. Our booth, I think, was the most disgusting of the lot. It was called "Wound the Coon." Wayne Tidman, whose idea it was, had brought a stuffed-cloth Negro, and everybody could buy a chance to throw darts at it.

November 18

We had an outing at the airport in the pelting rain. It was on the invitation of Mrs. Emma Dell Mitchell, who had taught at our school and was now employed at the Braniff ticket office. She showed us through a Braniff DC-6. Except for me, no one had been on a plane, and all the students were thrilled just to walk up and down the aisle and touch the seats.

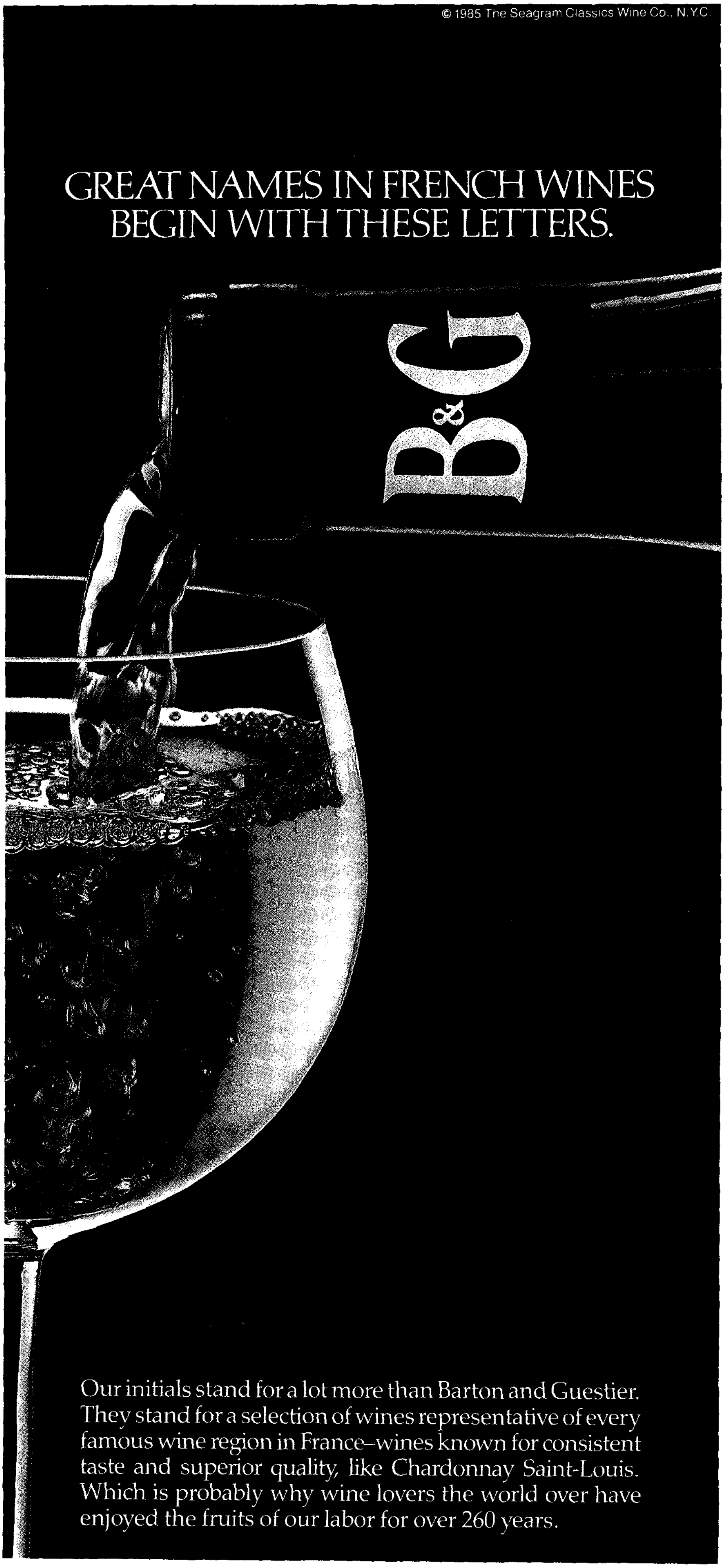
Mrs. Mitchell said that painted on the outside of the plane were "S.M.U. Mustangs" and "Hogtie the Hogs." How strange to think that Southern Methodist University horses are supposed to tie up pigs, and, anyway, why should the University of Arkansas have named its team the Razorbacks, after a special kind of bad pig? At home, "Swine!" is just about the worst insult you can throw at a person.

November 23

Mrs. Wilkes [our science teacher] opened the annual Thanksgiving program of music and reading with a passage from the Scriptures: "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." After the program, the boys ran up and down the corridor gobbling like turkeys.

November 24

I finally received a letter today from the Immigration Service. For some reason, it came from Miami. It said that my status had been changed from a temporary visitor to an immigrant student as of October 31st, and that my student visa was good until October 31, 1951, when I had to apply for another year's extension. I couldn't believe my ears when Mrs. Hankins read to me Form I-124, setting out the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conditions and privileges of my new status. More than a year of correspondence has paid off.

December 21

I have just come back from a beautiful Christmas program in the auditorium. Vernelle [a totally blind senior girl] sang "The Holy City." Her sombre voice echoed over our heads. Wayne read the Christmas Story to the sound of horns playing "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear." Treadway, Oather, and Bruton sang "We Three Kings of Orient Are" as they walked slowly across the little stage. Little Sue Harrison and Raymond Rodgers came in talking to the Holy Baby.

Mr. Woolly told us to remember in our prayers the Van White Pontiac Company, the Forrest City District of the Arkansas Federated Women's Clubs, the Altrusa Club, and the Capital View Methodist Church. They had given to the school a bushel of nice pecans, a cover for the wrestling mat, wrestling helmets, kickballs, and punching bags, as Christmas presents.

The program finished with Mr. Woolly going down the aisle handing out presents. Everyone, including the teachers, had drawn the name of someone and got him or her a Christmas present. Anna Belle Morris was delighted with the ivory brooch from home with little elephants on it that I decided to give her. I absolutely love the record of Strauss waltzes that Lois Woodward gave me.

I wish I had gone to this school from the time I was six, like so many of the beautiful performers; then I would have grown up acting and singing, too. As it was, I had to sit in the audience without any part in the program. I wish I were a Christian, too. All we Hindus ever do on our festivals is light some candles and mud lamps, eat sweetmeats, and exchange clay gods and goddesses.

MAX CARY, who was considered the most fascinating boy in the school, because he was always tantalizing us with stories of his adventures with girls, had dropped out for the year to do some mysterious business in Louisiana—no one knew what. One day while he was visiting the school, he invited me to spend the first few days of Christmas vacation at his home, in Springhill, Louisiana, saying that he would be leaving from Little Rock and I could go with him. (Springhill was near the Arkansas border, and so he was allowed to go to our school.) When I asked Mr. Woolly for his permission, he said, as if he were thinking aloud, "Now that you've had mobility training, I guess you can manage to get back by yourself—I know there's at least one change of buses. It might be good for you to learn how one of the other boys lives. And Max Cary may be about the only boy here who can afford to invite you home. I don't know much about his folks, but he certainly dresses as if he'd got a little money to spend."

The bus trip to Springhill was very tiring; we had to leave at five o'clock in the morning and then change buses, with a three-and-a-half-hour wait. Then it turned out that Max lived with his mother, four sisters, and two brothers in a four-room house, and he hadn't told them that he was bringing me home. His mother seemed truly put out.

I took from my suitcase a little present I'd brought along for Mrs. Cary, and gave it to her. "It's the three 'no-evil' monkeys," I said. "It's made of ivory from India." Mrs. Cary didn't seem to know what ivory was, and I told her about elephants' tusks. She

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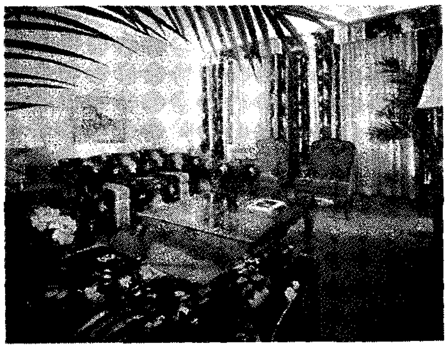

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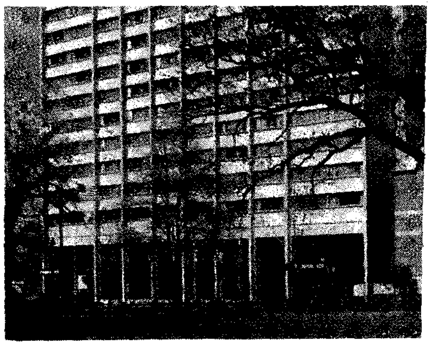

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seemed impressed, but still a little cold.

Max launched into a big fat tale about how I was a rich, high-caste Hindu prince and we were going to go into business together.

"Max, you cut out your tomfoolery," Mrs. Cary said, and she added, "You knowed we were short on beds."

"I'll sleep on the floor," I said hesitantly. I was afraid that I might be lowering myself in her eyes, since people probably didn't sleep on the floor in America, but I felt I had no choice.

"Mama, we can move my bed into the boys' room, and I can sleep with Baby," Pat said. She was Max's seventeen-year-old sister, and Baby was their infant sister.

Mrs. Cary reluctantly agreed to the plan, and Pat's bed was moved into the little room where Max and his brothers slept.

I got practically no sleep that night. Pat's bed smelled tantalizingly of face powder and a floral shampoo.

There was little to do in Springhill but kill time. I remember that Max and I spent the whole first day sitting around the house or standing on the street corner in front of it—the house was on a main street. The following morning, Max got himself a job as the projectionist at a local movie house for the day. I kept him company, and we spent eight hours cooped up in the little booth loading fifteen-minute reels on two machines, quickly switching to the second machine when the reel on the first machine ran out.

The only memorable part of the time I spent with Max was my meeting with the town's mayor, whom everybody called Uncle George.

"I know your face right well," Uncle George said to Max. "You're one of the Browns—Jim Brown, right?"

"You know me, Uncle George. I'm Max, Max Cary."

"Well, glad to see you, Max."

"I brought down an Indian friend from school to meet you. His name is Ved Mehta."

"Well, glad to meet you, Ved."

"You know India is a big place, Uncle George," Max said.

"Sure do."

"You want to ask my friend any questions about India, Uncle George?"

"Can do. How are you folks all getting on over there? Fine?"

"Uncle George, they got a caste problem over there—it's really bad, just like our Negro problem," Max answered for me, out of the blue.

"You could knock me down with a feather—I didn't know you got the Negro problem over there, Dave," Uncle George said. "You say they ain't behaving themselves over there? They sure ain't doing it here."

I tried to explain to him what the caste system was and how it was different from the American Negro problem.

"Uncle George, I'm going to take Ved to the senior high school tomorrow, so that he can explain the caste-system problem to them," Max said.

"They still in school?" Uncle George asked.

"Tomorrow's their last day," Max said.

"I guess you two aren't in school," Uncle George said. We said we weren't, and left.

There were a lot of questions about the caste system the next day, following my high-school speech. Then the students presented me with a hundred sticks of chewing gum. Since I didn't chew gum, I later gave them to Max.

I HAD been invited by Mr. M. N. Chatterjee, an old friend of Daddyji's from his student days in London,

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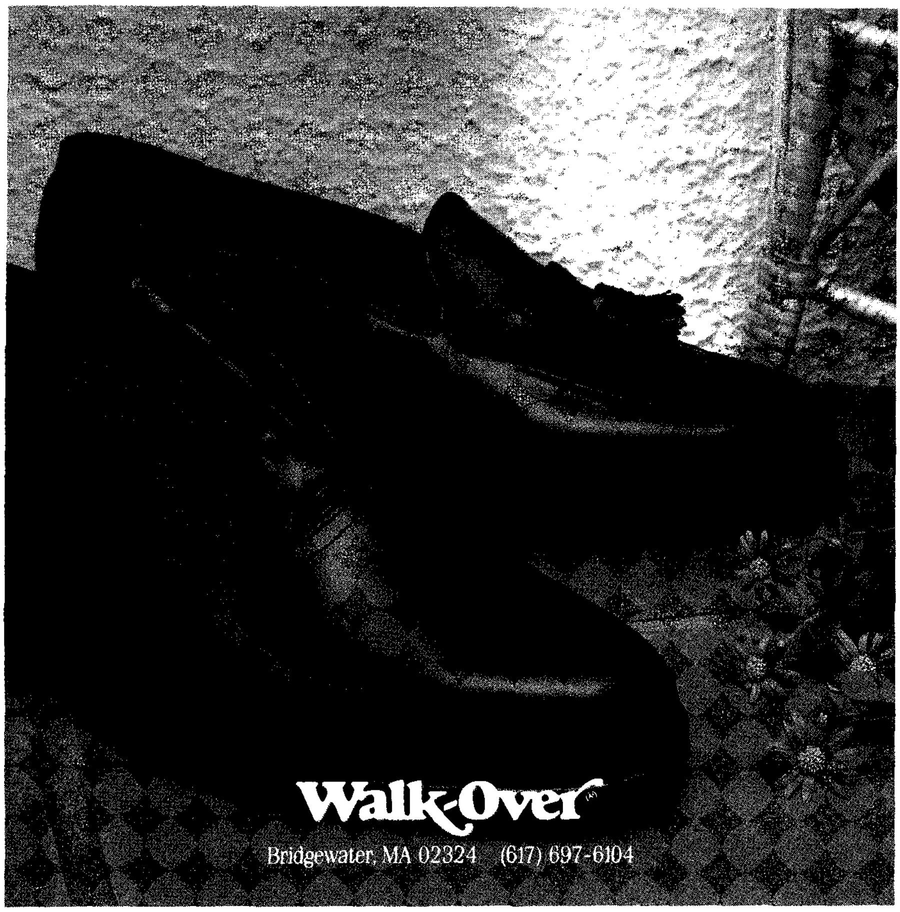

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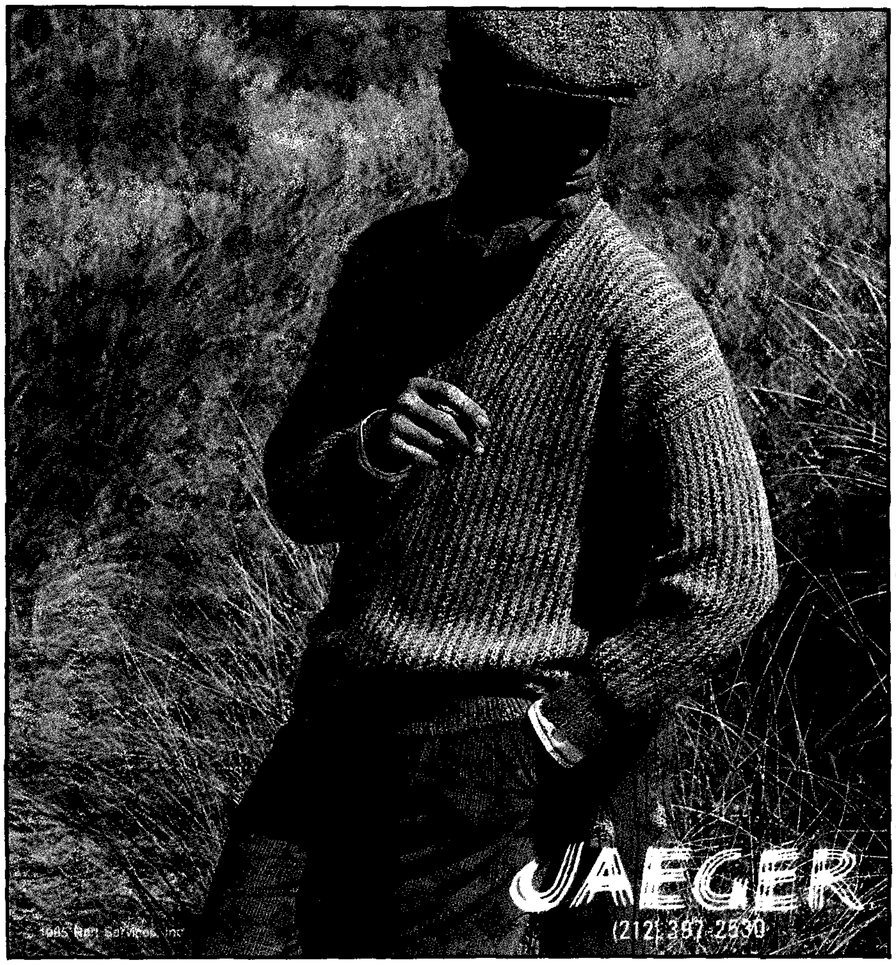

to spend a few days of the Christmas vacation in Yellow Springs, Ohio, and I had decided to go there after I got back from my visit to Max's family. (I had stayed with Mr. Chatterjee's niece in New York when I first arrived in the country.) A sighted friend, Jimmy, whom I'd met at Little Rock High School when I made a speech there, was going to Chicago for a little sightseeing. Since it was on the way to Yellow Springs, I had arranged to go with him and see Chicago, too. I didn't know what we would do in Chicago, exactly. I just wanted to go there, because I'd heard that Chicago was the second-biggest city in the country and was on a lake that was almost a small ocean in itself. I had heard that it was very cold there, and I had bought my first overcoat—an event that added to my excitement.

WE were in Chicago. It was Christmas Day. I woke up and looked at my Braille watch. It showed twelve o'clock.

"Jimmy, it's noon!" I called across to his bed. "Get up!"

He turned over. "It can't be," he mumbled through his sleep. "It's really dark."

"It has to be," I said. "My watch says twelve, and we went to bed after midnight."

I got up and opened the window, and was practically thrown back by a rush of snow.

We had arrived in Chicago by bus the night before and checked into the Y.M.C.A. (Remembering that Daddyji had stayed at a Y.M.C.A. when he was a student in London, I had arranged for us to stay at one in Chicago.) I had never dreamed that the finest hotel—let alone a hostel for men—could be a little city in itself. There was a men's-clothing shop, a dry cleaner, a laundry, a baggage room, a barbershop, and a battery of machines that dispensed candy and cold drinks, stamps and fresh fruit. The hostel had a huge lounge, with a piano, a radio, and a phonograph; an auditorium, with a big television set and a movie projector; a typing room; and no fewer than two thousand rooms for travellers. For a moment, I had the illusion that the hostel *was* Chicago. Our room was on the fifteenth floor. It was carpeted and soundproof and had its own bathroom and its own huge closet. It had a writing table, a dresser, and two nice beds. I had never stayed in a hotel room before, and I basked in the room's comforts.

"Hey!" Jimmy now cried, and I quickly shut the window.

"My Lord!" Jimmy said, sitting up in bed. "It's snowing like crazy. I've never heard of snow like this in Arkansas. This is really big time. God, I'm hungry!"

The Y.M.C.A. had its own cafeteria, but the food there was too expensive for us. We set out for the nearest cheap restaurant, which the receptionist had told us was two blocks away.

The rush of the wind and the thick silence of the snow were disorienting. Indeed, the snow underfoot was so deep that I had no idea whether we were walking on the sidewalk or in the street. I had the strange sensation that I was floundering in a sea of cotton.

"Hey, let's have a snowball fight," Jimmy said. He was a couple of years older than I was, but he acted, I thought, much younger.

I resisted the temptation. "It's a temporary pleasure."

"What the hell is that?"

I was walking alongside him, touching his arm. Suddenly, he raced ahead and threw a snowball at my chest.

All at once, I was on the ground picking up snow, patting it into a snowball with my gloved hands, and aiming it at Jimmy. I had never had a snowball fight before and didn't know what the rules of the game were, but I took care to aim below his face. How my sisters and my little brother, Ashok, would enjoy playing in the snow, I thought. I was spellbound by the delicate *plok* of the snowballs off our clothes and the almost noiseless way in which they fell back into the snow. But my facial vision—an ability many of us blind people have to sense objects, by means of echoes, as what I think of as sound-shadows—was nearly deadened by the snow all around me, and for the first time I thought I knew what it was like to play blindman's buff.

I remember that we spent one whole day in Chicago visiting my first-ever planetarium, my first-ever aquarium, and my first-ever museum. I hadn't even known that such things existed. In the planetarium, I was so dazzled by the description of the heavens, accompanied by ghostly music, that I thought, If I could see, I would become an astronomer.

"What kind of fish are behind this glass?" I remember asking Jimmy when we were going through the aquarium. "I wish I could touch them."

"They're fish. You know what fish are, don't you?"

"I know, but what kind?"

"The most beautiful kind—much better than what you see in Arkansas."

Jimmy thought everything was the most beautiful or the best. But how, and in what way—and where and why—he couldn't explain. I felt depressed, and wished that Daddyji were there to explain everything to me.

Our last evening in Chicago, I typed a letter to Daddyji on a rented typewriter in the typing room, saying, in part:

> A big city has a lot of its own charm. It has huge industries and subways and numerous movie cinemas and night clubs. This place is known to have the most gambling houses and criminals. In a city like this there is crime going on every minute—so says the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In a small town you get to know a lot of people and you live in a homey atmosphere. In a big city people mind their own business and are so abrupt. They have very little time to worry about others.
>
> Here is a bit of unpleasantness which happened to me yesterday. I had ten dollars stolen from my pocket. I felt pretty sorry about it, but I did not let it spoil the pleasure of the trip.
>
> We have to leave Chicago—it is pretty expensive. But then, we have seen everything.

I remember little about the trip to Yellow Springs. I recall that Jimmy showed me to the train and left to take a bus back to Little Rock. I recall that in Yellow Springs there was, if possible, more snow than there had been in Chicago, that Mr. and Mrs. Chatterjee and I sat around in uncomfortable chairs trying to think of something to say, and that what little talk there was while I was with them was about Marxism—Mr. Chatterjee turned out to be a Marxist. I recall that I couldn't get over the fact of the Chatterjees' mixed marriage: Mr. Chatterjee was Indian and Mrs. Chatterjee American, yet they seemed to be as happy as any traditional middle-aged Indian couple. I recall, too, that on my way back from Yellow Springs I visited yet another place. I stopped over in Louisville, Kentucky, and met with Mr. F. E. Davis, the superintendent of the American Printing House for the Blind, to see if I could get a job working at the press for the summer. His answer was no.

In retrospect, what I think was most important about all the travelling I did that Christmas, in Arkansas and Louisiana, in Illinois and Ohio, was that I was often forced to travel alone, in the cheapest possible way, in a combina-

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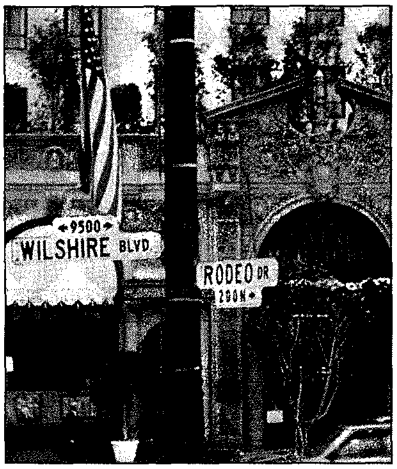

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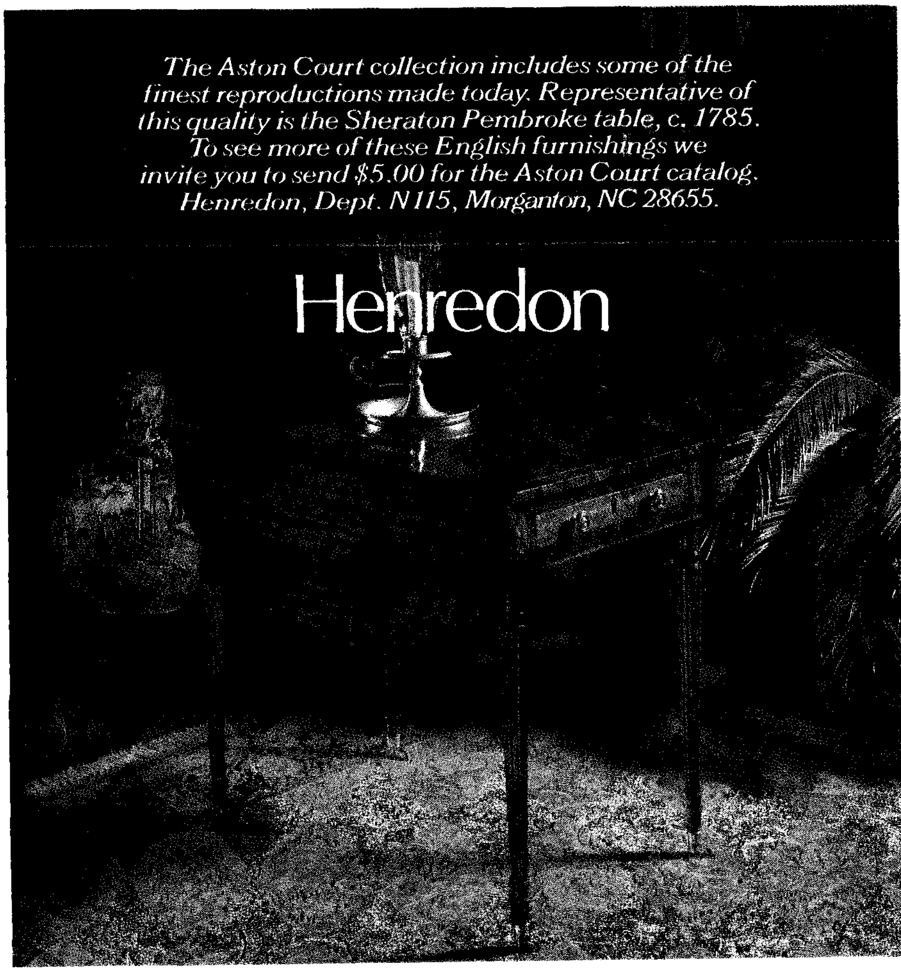

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tion of buses and trains, with several changes and layovers. At each place, I had to manage mostly on my own, or try to get help from bystanders and porters, taxi-drivers and bus drivers, even as I had to steel myself against panic if the help wasn't immediately forthcoming. I had to develop the knack of unobtrusively getting them to guide me to the proper train or bus, the rest room or the soda fountain, and of conveying to them at the same time my essentially self-reliant, independent nature, so that they wouldn't fear for me at every step. The boon of my Christmas, then, was neither the hostel's luxuries nor the snow fights, neither the treasures laid up in museums nor the experience of a mixed marriage flowering in the Midwest, but that knack—the dream of dreams, the prayer of prayers, the gift of gifts for a blind man.

Broom Closet

This . . . is the news.—*Edward R. Murrow, evening news broadcast.*

ONE day, Mr. Woolly called me to his office and said, "So you've been writing letters of complaint to your dad about our dormitory life here."

My forehead twitched guiltily. For some time, I had been writing to Daddyji saying that I needed a little room of my own, that my hints to Mr. Woolly were getting me nowhere, and that I wanted him to write to Mr. Woolly on my behalf.

"I can't live in the dormitory any longer," I said. "Living in Mr. Chiles's room over the summer spoiled me. I got used to my privacy." After the summer, I had had to go back to the dormitory—to my small, numbered locker in the locker room, my bed in a row of beds in the sleeping hall, and to the half-exposed, wretched stalls in the common bathroom. It had been hard to readjust even to the baseball and basketball broadcasts on the radio in the lounge, which seemed to go on all day long, with their roaring crowds and their non-stop patter.

Mr. Woolly was reading from a letter Daddyji had written to him: "As you have found out, Ved is a very hardworking and studious boy. If I may, I suggest that Ved be allotted a single room to himself, where he could quietly work in his own way." Mr. Woolly put down the letter and waited for me to say something.

I sat across the desk from him fearing that my letter home had upset him by going behind his back, and wondering what I could say to mollify him.

"As you know, son, the school was not constructed with any private rooms for students," Mr. Woolly finally said. "We don't have enough single rooms here to house the members of the staff. Even someone as important as Mr. Chiles doesn't have his own private bathroom. I've been after the legislature for some money to build a cottage for the older boys on the model of the one we have for the older girls, but nothing is likely to happen in your time."

In the adjoining room, Mrs. Hankins was opening and shutting filing-cabinet drawers and Mr. Lord was noisily moving some files around. In the corridor, people were walking by. Not even Mr. Woolly has any privacy, I thought.

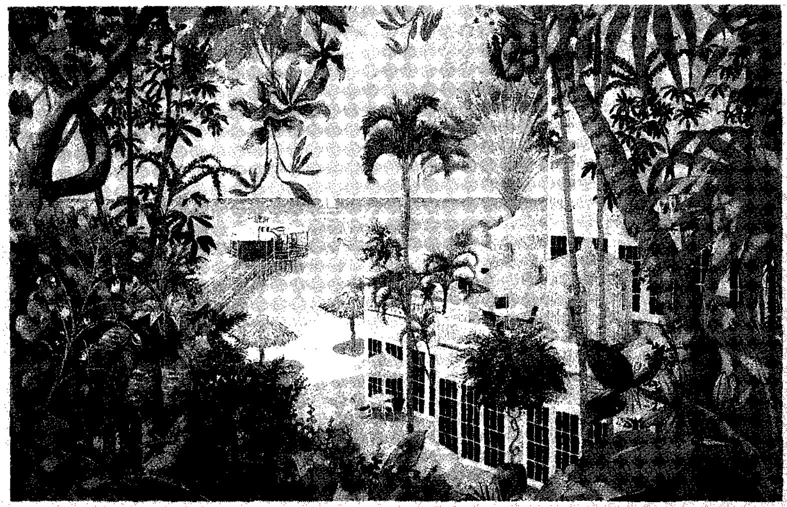
"You see, probably not one of the students who come here has ever lived in a room by himself," Mr. Woolly continued, lowering his voice. "I see from your dad's letter that you are different—that you are used to a corner of your own. You want a place where you can shut the door and be by yourself, keep on with your typing and reading, listen to Indian music and think of home. Am I right?"

I nodded. He's able to read my mind, I thought. He's so sympathetic. He's not upset with me after all.

"At Perkins, they would surely have put you in a private room right away, but we are a little old state school in Arkansas." Perkins Institution was about the best school for the blind in the country. Mr. Woolly shifted in his chair, and I took it as a signal that our talk was over—that I should go back to the infernal boys' dormitory. But he went on, "I've gone through the whole building, room by room, closet by closet, in my mind, and I can't come up with a single thing for you—or, maybe, with just one thing."

I sat in my chair as still as a mountain lake. I felt that I was in the middle of a very important dream and if I so much as moved my foot the dream would slip away.

"It's that broom closet just outside your sleeping hall. I believe it's about the size of the telephone booth you boys use at Stifft's Station and doesn't have so much as a darn window, but it has a door that you can shut. Since you live and sleep in the dormitory, it just might do, just might give you that little bit of privacy. I can't promise it to you right now, because there is the



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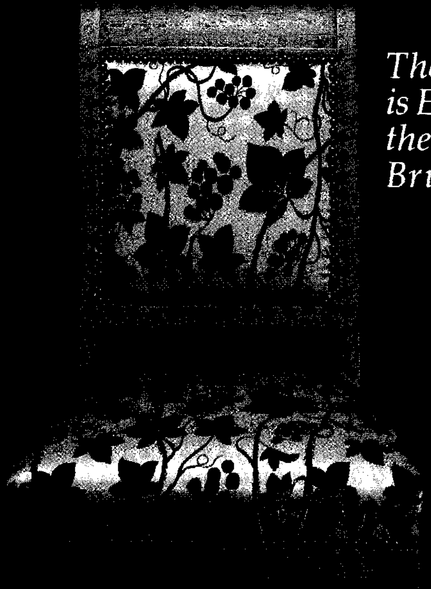

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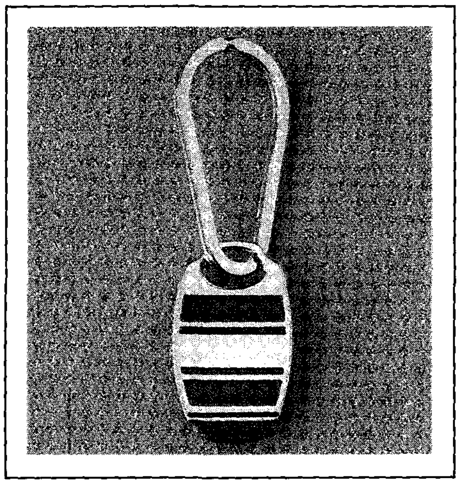

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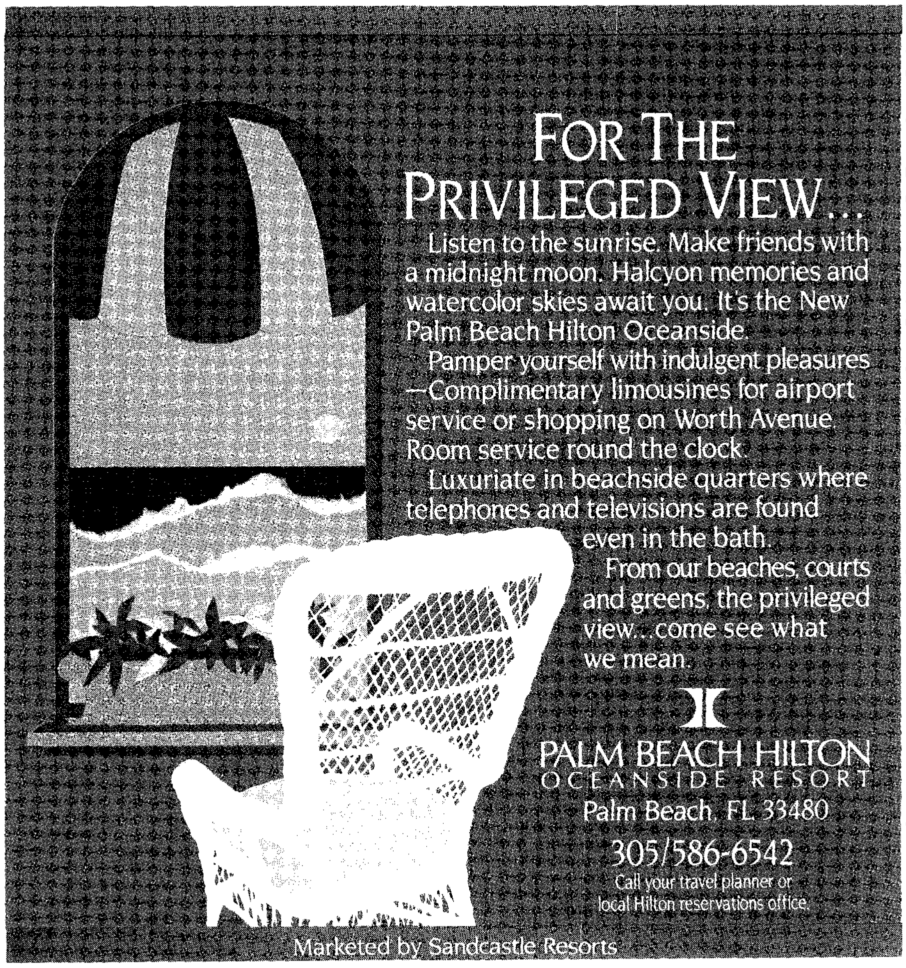

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problem of what to do with the brooms and mops and buckets that are in there, but maybe I can persuade Mr. Clay to keep them in his rooms. He's an easygoing bachelor and might not mind having some cleaning stuff in one corner."

I had never been inside any closet in the school. From Mr. Woolly's description, the broom closet was a far cry from Mr. Chiles's room. Still, it's something, I thought.

"Mr. Woolly, is there room for my radio-phonograph in there?" I asked hopefully.

"Well, I've never actually been inside it, but I'm sure there's room for a record-player and your typewriter."

IN the evening, Mr. Clay stopped me as I was going into the sleeping hall, and opened the door of the broom closet. "Here, tiger, get a whiff of this," he said, and added, "Yea, Lord, there ain't no justice."

I stuck my head in. The broom closet was as close as a coffin and smelled of mildew and Ajax. Cobwebs brushed my face. I could hardly take a step inside for all the cleaning paraphernalia on the floor.

"You ain't got room to turn around in there," Mr. Clay was saying. "Lordy only knows what you got in your mind. Boy, I'm asking you—you really want this thing?"

I couldn't imagine lasting very long in the broom closet, even with the door open, but I said yes.

"Then I'll haul this cleaning stuff to my room tomorrow and you can have it."

The broom closet was emptied out, but the smell and the cobwebs seemed to cling to it, as if they were part of the four imprisoning walls. I at once wanted to set up my radio-phonograph, but there was no electrical outlet. The only electrical connection was a bulbless light socket dangling from the ceiling, and it didn't immediately occur to me that I could use the socket as an outlet. Moreover, I found that I couldn't set up my typewriter, because there was no spare table to be had in the whole school. I concentrated on getting a chair.

Every boy had a rush-bottomed straight-backed chair by his bed, which was used to hold his clothes at night and his Talking Book player. (The Library of Congress arranges for a player for every blind person in the country who asks for one.) I got permission from Mr. Clay to put my Talking Book player on the floor and

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keep my clothes at the foot of my bed, and to move my chair into the broom closet. After that, I would slip into the closet, close the door, sit in my chair, and read a Braille book or just think.

Mr. Woolly had told me not to trumpet the fact of the broom closet, in case it stirred up jealousy among the boys. But I discovered that the boys, far from being jealous, made fun of it.

"Old Whip is burying himself alive—burying himself upright, like Miss Holt's little piano," George McNabb once said to the locker room, in my hearing. He was in the eleventh grade and had a grim voice. "I hope he's said his prayers, so he'll be saved."

Everyone laughed.

Partially sighted boys would start when they saw me coming out of the pitch-dark broom closet, and then cry, "It's Mr. Woolly's bat coming out of his black hole!"

Although I didn't need a light, I bought a bulb and put it in the light socket.

ONE evening, I wasn't feeling well and I went straight upstairs from supper without going to the night session of study hall, which lasted from a quarter to seven to seven-thirty, Monday through Thursday. Someone had forgotten to switch off the radio in the lounge, and a man was speaking on it. His voice was so hypnotic that it drew me the way the magnet I used to play with as a child drew steel pellets. The man was giving a few items of the news of the day. He went on to comment on one of them in sensible but foreboding tones. At first, his voice reminded me of the rising of the east wind in the Himalayas during my early-childhood walks, then of the grave, regal voice of the BBC newsreader speaking about the worsening war as if he were the King himself, broadcasting from under the weight of his crown. Perhaps it is really Daddyji's voice speaking to me through the vastness of oceans and deserts that now separate us, I thought dreamily.

There was a commercial for Campbell's soup, and the man signed off with a quotation for the day from Mark Twain and a sort of benediction: "Good night and good luck." The announcer came on and invited the audience to "listen to Murrow tomorrow."

Since the broadcasts of Edward R. Murrow clashed with the night session of study hall, I could hear them only on Fridays. Still, I came to think of those Friday broadcasts as my pri-

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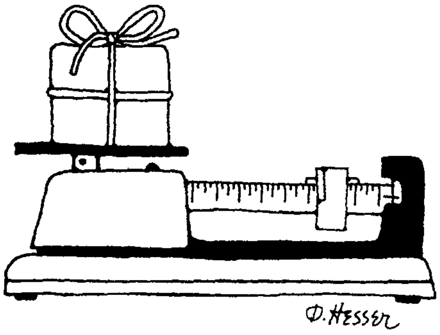
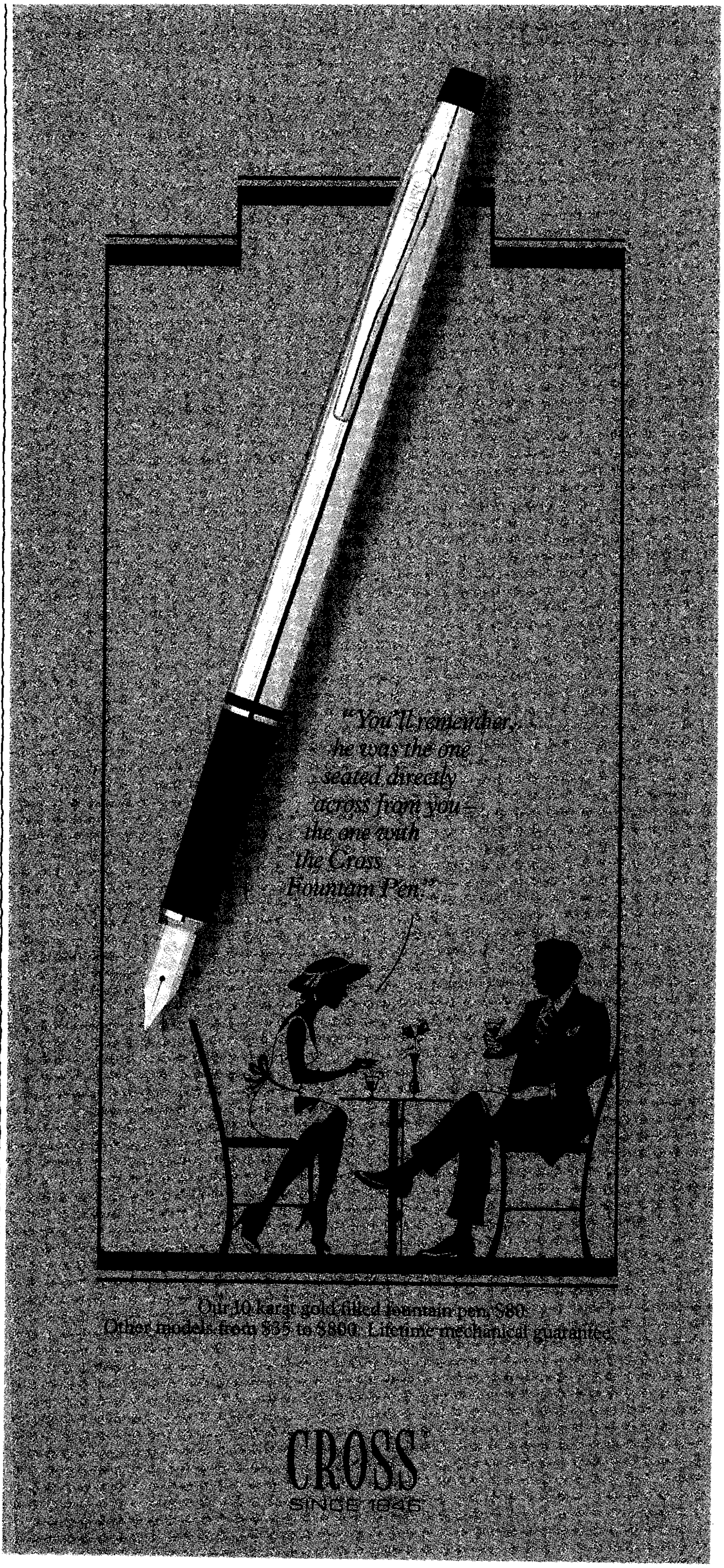
vate weekly newspaper and would feel sad if I missed a word between the opening "This . . . is the news" and the closing "Good night and good luck." Murrow came to fill a vacuum in my life in Arkansas which I hadn't realized existed until I started listening to him. I came to hear in his broadcasts echoes of servants and neighbors, family and friends of my childhood discussing the crash and bang of the world war, the rumble and tumble of the British Empire, the rise and fall of Hitler, Hirohito, Churchill, Gandhi, Jinnah. In Arkansas, I realized, until I began listening to Murrow I had been—except for Mr. Chiles's world-history class—cut off from world events, almost like a boy on the moon. Now, thanks to Murrow, instead of thinking about my own problems and my own failures I came to think about world problems and world failures. I came to believe that Murrow's sombre comments and light grace notes were a perfect way to describe the world. I came to honor and venerate him, idealize and identify with him to the point where I wouldn't know what to think of a flash bulletin on the radio, for instance, until I had heard him discuss it. After listening to him, I would sit in my broom closet feeling the burden of the world on my shoulders and thinking solemn thoughts and wondering how I could become another Murrow.

TAPE recorders had recently come on the market, and the school had somehow acquired a professional model—a Magnecorder single-track machine that took a five- or seven-inch spool and ran at the speed of seven and a half inches per second. It was used for recording band practice. I couldn't get over the idea of a tape recorder—the possibility of recording and erasing and rerecording. Then I read in the catalogue of the American Foundation for the Blind, in New York, about a special clock that the blind could set to turn tape recorders and radios on and off so as to record

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music and commentary off the air. (I had never heard of timers.) Although I had no money to buy even a tape, I began dreaming of buying a portable version of the school's tape recorder and my own special clock; of building shelves and putting in electrical outlets for the equipment in my broom closet; of recording, with the aid of the clock, Murrow's broadcasts off my radio-phonograph while I was in study hall and listening to him in my own time. I thought that if I could somehow fit my typewriter, too, into the broom closet, I might be able to use my as yet nonexistent tape recorder as a Dictaphone and type Murrow's taped comments directly into my journal, along with my glosses. Then I would have my own newspaper files, as it were, of world events, which I might use in later years when I became a journalist. This dream, in part as real as the tools in the shop and my bent for simple carpentry and electronics, in part as fanciful as a trip home on a magic carpet, bewitched me. It held out the promise of transfiguring the broom closet and my whole experience at the school—a change as revolutionary in its way as the one that Miss Holt said baptism brought about in one's soul. On Saturdays, I would haunt electronics stores, retail and wholesale, asking about tape recorders and their accessories, and learning about their models and makes, their operations and applications, their performance and prices. But when I got back to school I would always come up against the same question: Where could I get the money for all the things I wanted?

MOST of the money that Daddyji was able to send me from India was used to pay for my tuition, room, and board. What little was left over was kept for me in the school office for incidental expenses. If I wanted a dollar for a pair of woollen socks, I had to apply to Mrs. Hankins. She recorded the sum and the explanation in an account book she kept for me, and gave me the money. The difference between what Mrs. Hankins could give me and what I now needed for a transfiguration of the broom closet was the difference between a pair of socks and a year's worth of education.

Then, one day, after I'd missed hearing Murrow for several weeks, because we were having Friday-night dances, a bank draft for a thousand dollars arrived from Daddyji. It was accompanied by a note saying that he'd been able to convert some rupees into

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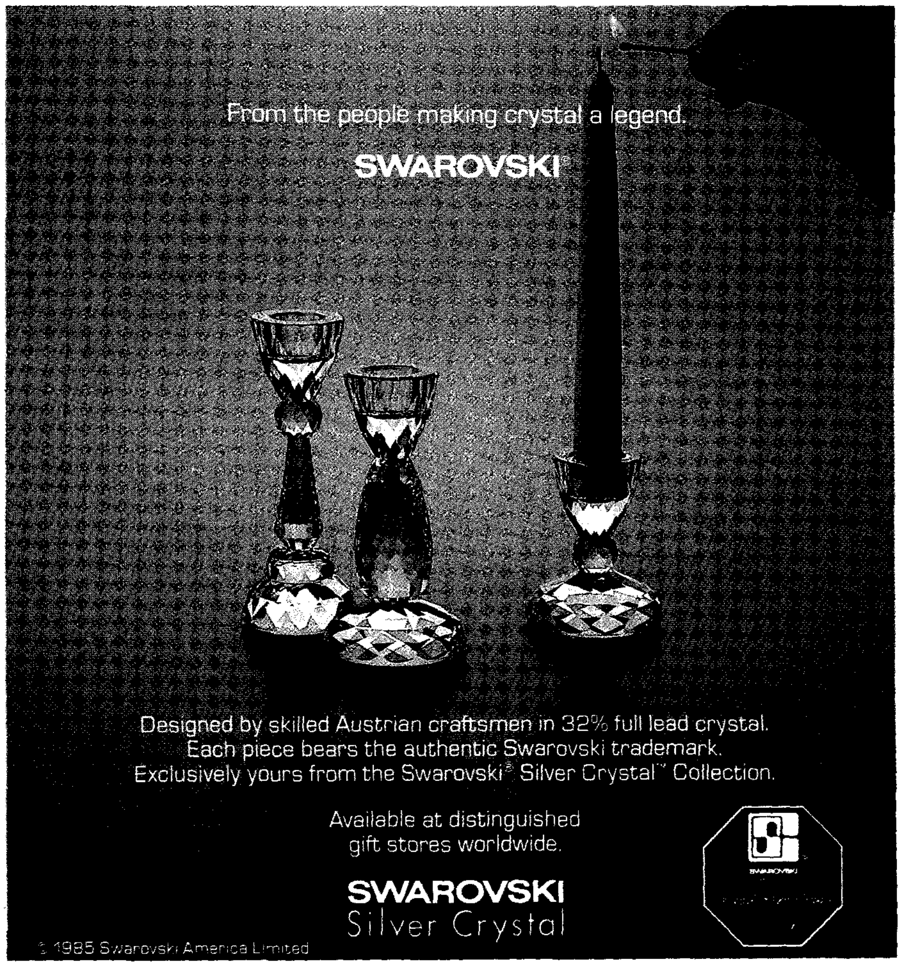
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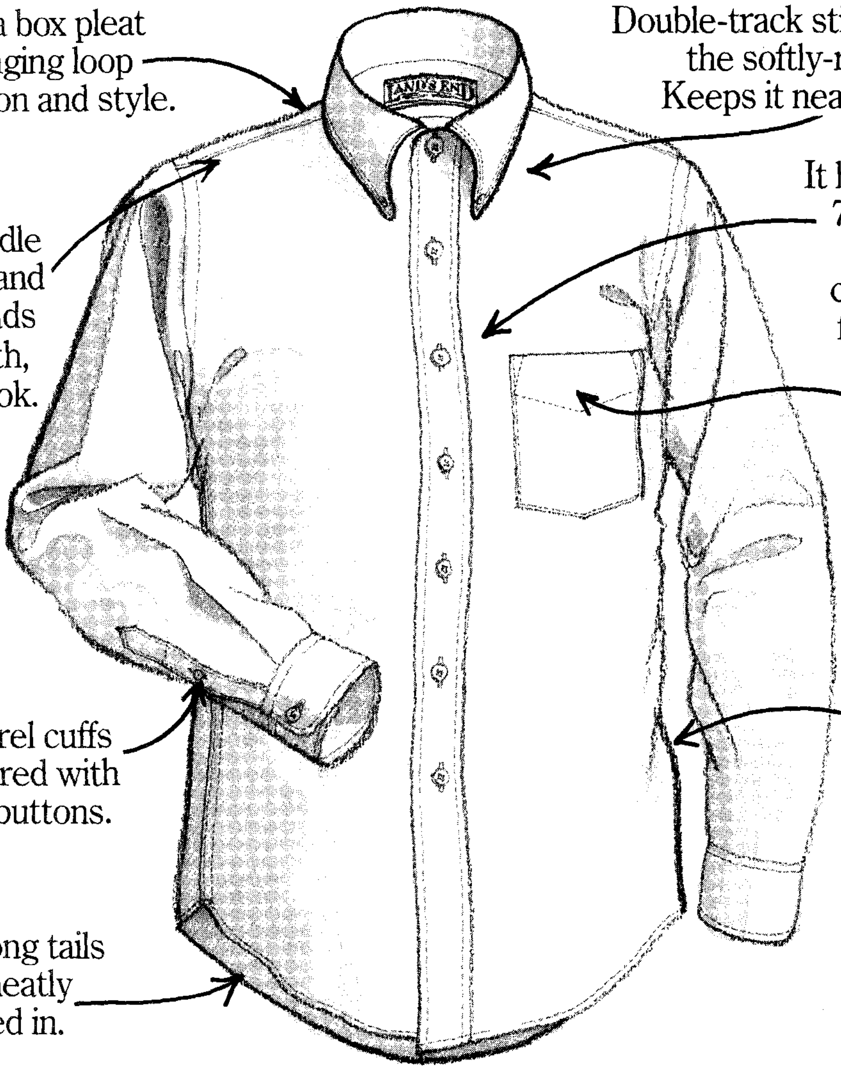
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dollars through unofficial channels, and that he wanted me to open a bank account and draw out money as I needed to, remembering that there were always rainy days and that he would need money for his visit to America the following year, after he retired. "I would like you to learn to manage money," he wrote. "You're certainly old enough." He's trusting me with his savings, I thought, just as his father trusted him when he was only twelve to supervise the construction of a house in a distant village. But he has forgotten that I can't sign my name, or he wouldn't have sent me the draft and asked me to open a bank account. (I had obtained documents like my passport by using my thumb impression, as if I were an illiterate.)

Daddyji's wishes were so clear that Mrs. Hankins, who had read the letter to me, handed over the draft without a word. I walked back to the boys' dormitory trembling, the draft in one hot hand, without knowing exactly why I was so wrought up. I put the draft in my locker under some shirts and did nothing about it for many days. I would, however, walk over to my locker again and again, at odd times of the day, and touch the draft, to make sure that it was really there—that it was not a part of my Murrow-broom closet dream.

IT happened that about this time the school acquired a new, magical slate for the blind which made letters written on it with a steel pen rise up so that one could touch and examine them. I got McNabb to write out my name on it. I can scarcely put into words the experience of touching for the first time the letters that formed my name—letters that sighted people saw almost from birth. The circles and loops, the ovals and lines, the hills and slopes, the tops and tails under my fingers reminded me of the labyrinth in an amusement park in Rawalpindi in which I used to run around to test my facial vision. Learning to distinguish the letters was rather like learning to match the stuffed birds in birds-and-animals class in my Bombay school with the doves and nightingales that I heard cooing and singing in the trees. Touching the shape of my name made me a small boy all over again. Even the "V," whose shape I was familiar with from making the V sign during the war, felt, under my fingertips, wholly new—two vibrant, twittering lines flying up and out into infinity.

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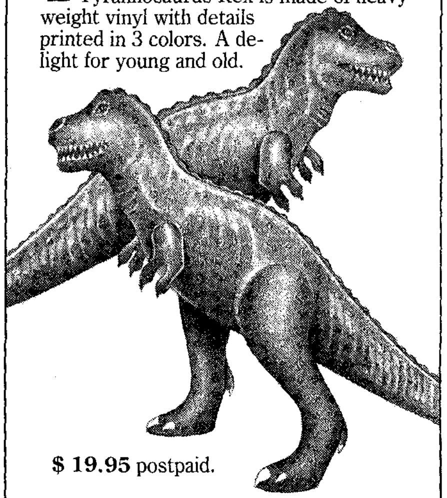

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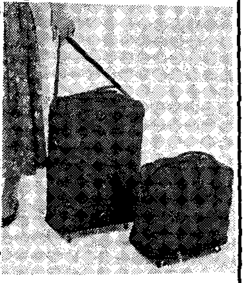

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It took me some time to learn to sign my name. That involved practicing on the slate and eventually writing my name on an ordinary piece of paper, using the edge of an index card to keep me writing in a straight line.

It was then that I finally removed the draft from my locker and, playing hooky, took a trolley to the Commercial National Bank downtown. There I sought out the manager, a relaxed, good-natured man who inspired instinctive trust, and got him to open a checking account for me.

"Sir, I'd like to withdraw half of the money immediately," I said, almost unable to find my voice.

"Fine," he said. "Do you want me to write out the check?"

I said I did, and after he wrote the check I signed it—my first check ever—using an index card and a bank pen.

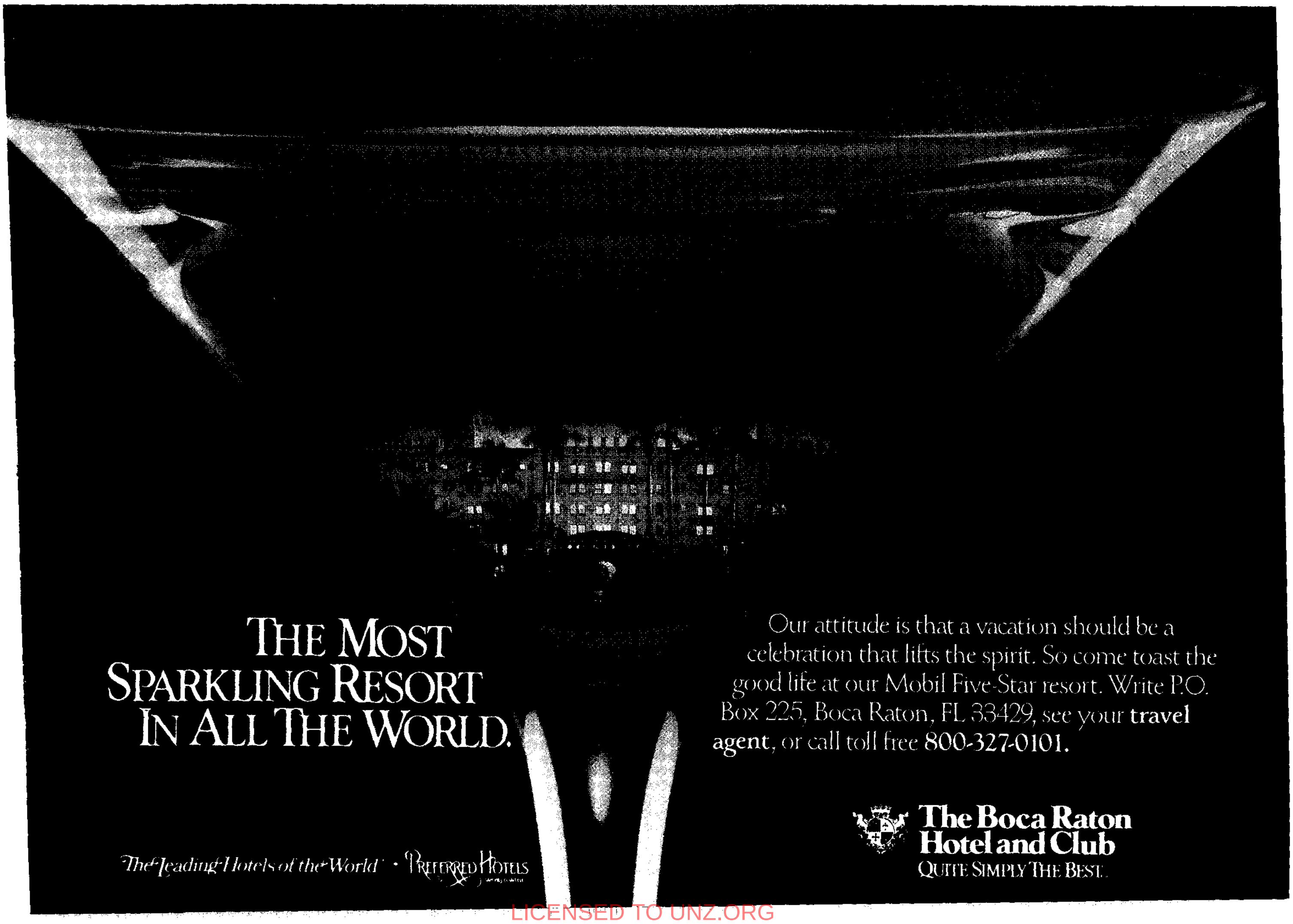
"How would you like the money?" he asked.

I realized in a rush that for the first time I would be handling money alone, without Mr. Woolly or Mrs. Hankins looking over my shoulder and telling me which bill was which—which was a one and which was a five. I wished that different denominations were different sizes, as they were at home, because, short of asking for the five hundred dollars in dollar bills, there was no way I could be certain of what I was getting. But then I told myself that blind people could not get along in life without trust—trusting bank managers to fill in the correct amount on checks, trusting salespeople to tell the right price on price tags, trusting drivers to stop at stop signs and traffic lights. But then I remembered, with a pang, that Daddyji had trusted me with the draft. Was I doing the right thing in taking out the money? Would he approve of my plans to use the money for the purchase of a tape recorder and a timer and some lumber and wire? What would he say if he knew? I could have written him and told him that I felt I needed these things to become a journalist someday, and he would probably have given his permission. Yet lately I'd been noticing that it was difficult for me to write home about certain things, some of them as simple as the thrill of playing with the school's tape recorder, others as confused as my on-again, off-again attitude toward girls and dating. Certainly what Murrow meant to me, what he was worth, was hard to put into words. In my withdrawn state, I felt that I couldn't possibly justify to Daddyji spending five hundred dollars on a voice and a broom closet. And then there was another problem in conveying my feelings. I felt for a tape recorder what Max Cary, for instance, felt for a car: a passionate, all-consuming longing. In novels, characters had such emotions about people, but I had them about a machine—a machine I could control, a machine I could get to record and repeat anything I liked ad infinitum, whenever I chose, in the total privacy of my broom closet. How could I explain this embarrassing interest to Daddyji—especially over the distance of thousands of miles?

I now gulped and quickly told the manager that I would take the money in twenties, tens, and fives. When it came, I got him to tell me which batch was which, and arranged the bills by denomination in my three trouser pockets. I thanked the manager and started out of the bank.

"Hope you're going straight back to the blind school," the manager called after me. "That's a lot of money you got there. Just don't do anything with it that I wouldn't do."

Once I was out on the street, my trouser pockets bulging with Daddyji's



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money, my cheeks burned with shame and my heart beat like a drum signalling impending disaster on a radio program. But the wish to have, in Murrow, a daily newspaper of my own, beautifully written and beautifully read aloud, propelled me on, toward what I believed was an illicit goal.

I THREW myself furiously into transforming the broom closet into an electronic listening post cum dictation-and-typing room. I bought some planks from a lumberyard and lugged them to the school's shop, where I sawed them into shelf lengths and cleats; I then installed the shelves in the broom closet in tiers—one broad shelf at table height for equipment, a narrower shelf above it for tape-recorder accessories, and a third, still narrower, above that for typing paper and other stationery. I bought from Woolworth's some electric wire, some male and female plugs, and some switches and switch boxes; brought an electric line down from the light socket in the broom closet; and built myself a veritable panel of half a dozen outlets and switches. I bought the latest-model Revere portable tape recorder, which had two tracks, took a five-inch spool, and ran at a speed of three and three-quarters inches a second, and along with it I bought a foot control, earphones, a tape splicer, and tapes. I ordered and received the special clock from New York. After what seemed like an interminable time—I could do my shopping and carpentry work only on weekends—I was able to hook up all my equipment through the clock and arrange my typewriter on the tablelike shelf beside the tape recorder so that I could operate both of them at once.

At all hours of the day and night, I would slip into the transformed broom closet, sit among a network of dangling wires and cables, listen to tape-recorded Murrow, and, with the aid of the foot control and the earphones, type his interesting comments into my journal. The journal grew rapidly, not only with Murrow but with quotations from other radio programs, with my own comments, and with passages from Talking Books; I had moved my Talking Book player into the broom closet, too, because when I was listening to books in bed I frequently dropped off to sleep, but when I sat up in my chair I was able to keep myself awake, no matter how sleepy I was. I could, in addition, tape Western clas-

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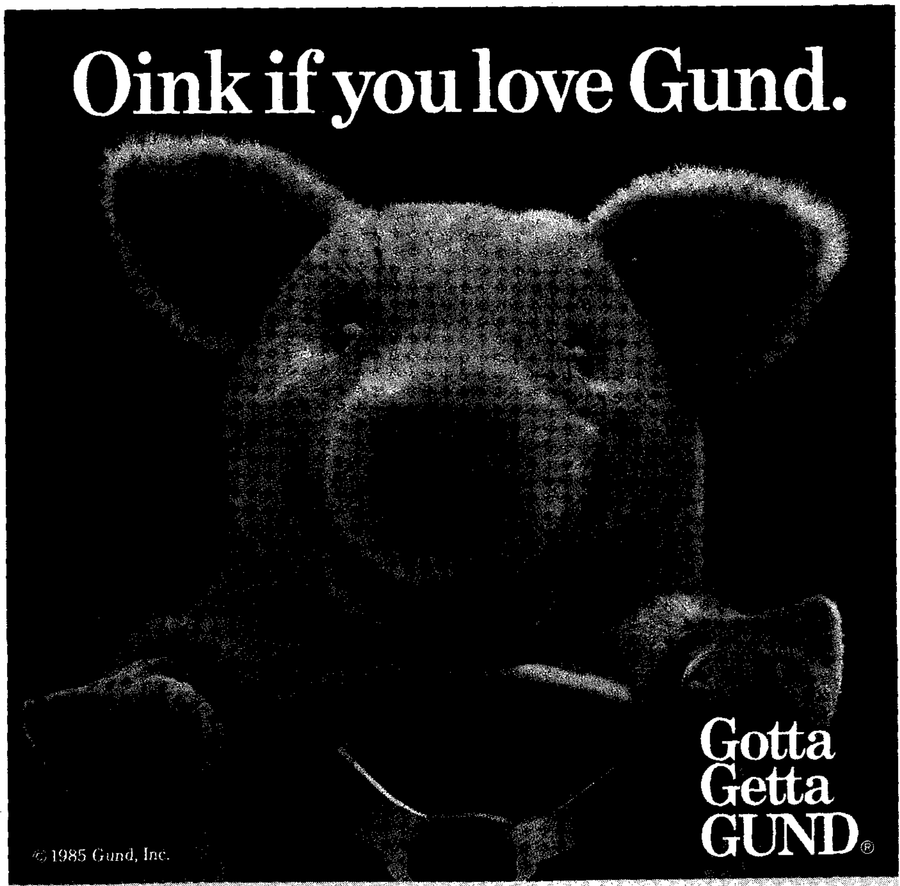

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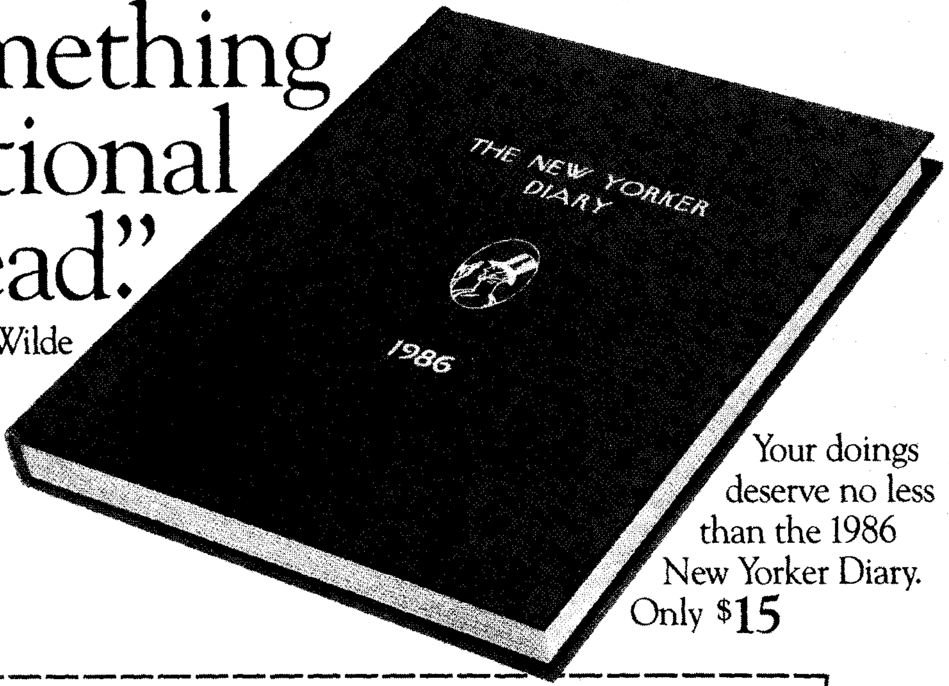

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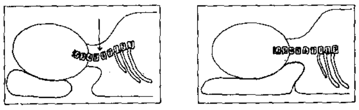

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sical music (something never heard in the lounge) off the air and listen to it and to my Indian records over the earphones—and nobody would know what I was doing. (I had hardly ever played my Indian records when my radio-phonograph was in the lounge, because the other boys laughed at the "caterwauling.") I felt that my broom closet was now a little spaceship, like the ones on the "Dimension X" radio program, and that I, its captain and sole passenger, was surveying events in the present world and back in history and, as it were, logging them for unknown generations. I felt that only one thing was missing to complete my happiness: some miraculous way of making Daddyji's money whole.

FROM the day I withdrew the money from the bank, I had trouble sleeping. In the past, I had been able to sleep through an earthquake; now Joe's snore, the softest in the dormitory, or a boy's turning in his sleep many beds away would wake me up. Night after night, I lay under the terrible curse "Sleep no more."

I had taken out from the school library a correspondence-course textbook that prepared amateur radio operators for the licensing examination. I had the fantasy that one day a radio transmitter and receiver would arrive at the doorstep of my broom closet and I would be able to talk to my people at home at will. As I was reading along in the textbook late into the night, the idea for making Daddyji's money whole hit me. There must be correspondence courses for high-school subjects, I thought. If I took a few of them during the coming summer, I might be able to compress the high-school education of four years into three, so saving Daddyji my school expenses for a whole year. That would take care of the problem of what to do with the summer, and after it I would skip the eleventh grade and enter the twelfth. All my best friends—Oather, Bruton, McNabb, and Treadway—would then be in the twelfth grade. I would go to classes with them and graduate with them. I wouldn't have to stay around after they left, and, as for my broom-closet equipment, I could use it for my correspondence-course work and in that way justify the expense. The correspondence-course idea had everything to recommend it.

I went to Mr. Woolly and asked him about correspondence courses for high-school students.

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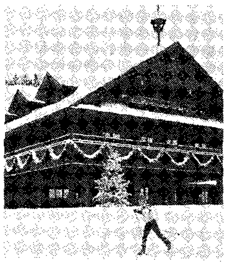

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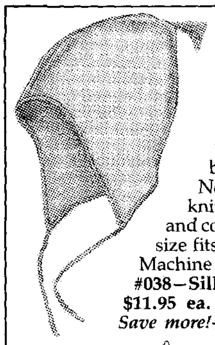

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Correspondence School for the Blind, in Winnetka, Illinois. But why do you want to know?"

"I want to do correspondence courses and skip a year and save Daddy some money," I said. "Would you have any objection to my writing to the Hadley School and doing some correspondence courses over the summer?"

Mr. Woolly didn't say anything for a few moments. He seemed to be turning the idea over in his mind. I had been so caught up in my plans that I hadn't stopped to think how they would strike Mr. Woolly. Now that the words were out, I realized that I shouldn't have broken the idea to him so abruptly—that I should have prepared the ground first. What if he takes my wish to leave the school personally, I thought. A simple no from him now will put an end to all my hopes. I had already invested so much emotion in the plan that I felt on the verge of desperation.

"I've been hearing that you've been spending a pretty penny fixing up that broom closet," Mr. Woolly finally said. "I suppose that first your dad encouraged you to spend his money and now he's putting the screws on you to graduate early and save him money—is that what you're telling me?"

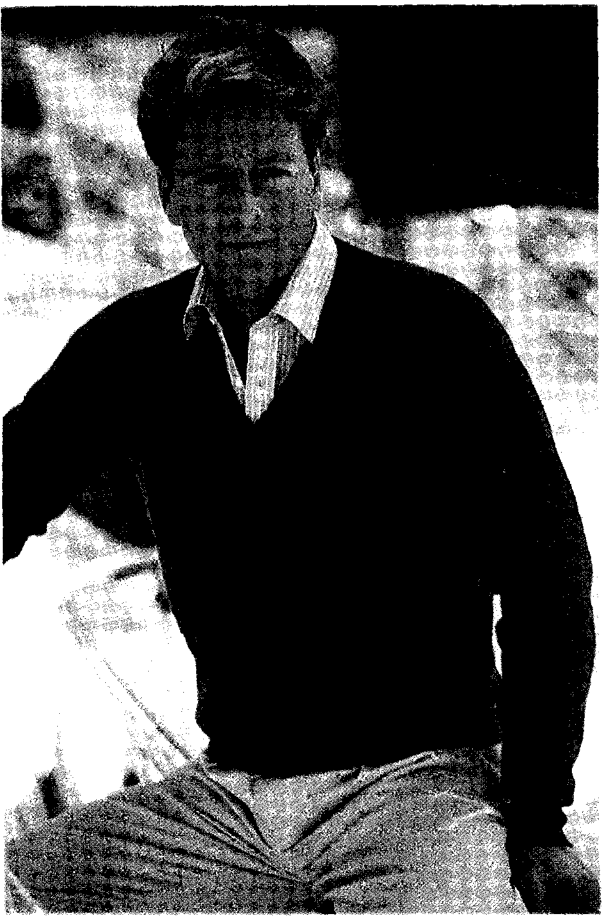
"Not exactly," I said, trying to fudge the issue. I was afraid that he would ask me more questions about the money.

"The idea of doing correspondence courses has never come up at the school before," he continued thoughtfully. "But then we've never had anyone from India before, either. I think that all we care about is that you successfully complete our requirements for graduation. You already have some extra courses, and you can take some more next year. Maybe a couple of good, solid correspondence courses would do the job. I think I can get the faculty to go along with that. By the way, how old are you now?"

"Almost seventeen."

"If you skip a year, you'll be eighteen when you graduate—just the right age for college."

THAT summer, I moved into Mr. Chiles's room with all my equipment and enrolled, for a nominal fee, in two correspondence courses offered by the Hadley School. One was in American history and was taught by Mr. B. W. Shearer; the other was in industrial geography and was taught



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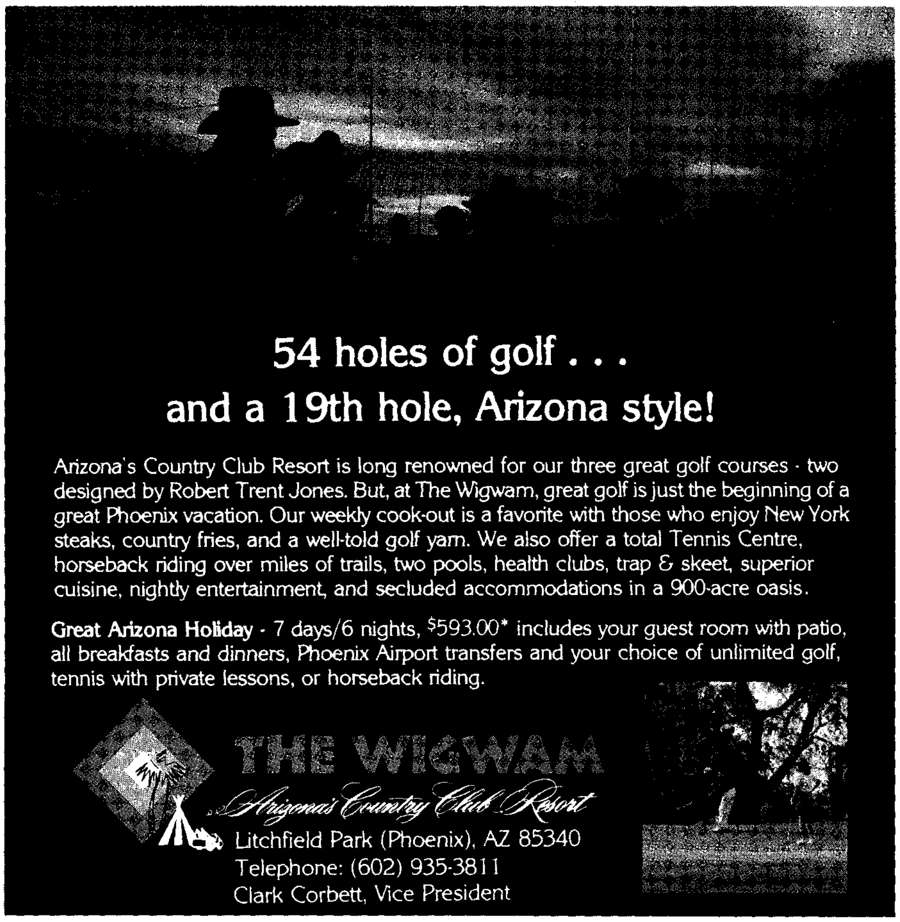
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by Mr. Donald W. Hathaway. The teachers wrote to say that I was to read "A History of Our Country," by Muzzey, and "Industrial Geography," by Whitbeck—the standard high-school textbooks in those subjects, which were available in any Braille library—and was to type out or tape-record my answers to the test questions at the end of each chapter and post the answers to them, chapter by chapter. They would grade the tests and send me their comments in Braille. (Like many of our school's sighted teachers, both Mr. Shearer and Mr. Hathaway could apparently read Braille.)

I got the textbooks out of the school library and looked through them. Although each course would have taken a year of regular classes, I decided that if I could keep up the pace of a test a day I might be able to complete the courses by summer's end. So every day that summer, weekdays and weekends, I was at my textbooks, typewriter, and tape recorder from eight in the morning until five or six in the evening; after that, in order to keep myself fit and to have some diversion, I would go to North Little Rock by trolley and bus for a little swimming and chess at the Boys' Club. Every morning, I attacked the work afresh, finding an almost mystical pleasure in the discipline of solitary labor. Sometimes I read the book with one hand and typed with the other, and at other times I read with both hands until my fingers were numb; sometimes I fidgeted with but did not strike the keys of the typewriter as I ordered my thoughts, and at other times I typed so fast that I would be typing on the roller before I woke up to the fact that I had come to the end of the page. (Although on occasion I recorded my answers on tape, somehow I was never able to talk my thoughts out under the pressure of the reels turning, and was constantly stopping the tape, backtracking, and rerecording.) Reading through all those tests now, after so many years, has shown me what the academic part of my education was really like, stripped down to the bare bones, without the give-and-take of the classroom, the idiosyncrasies of teachers, and other human touches of school in session. The tests, which are a sort of mishmash of parroting the textbooks and voicing my own thoughts, are a record of the process of my Americanization—in a sense, all my schooling in Arkansas was directed to that end—and it is apparent that I accepted unquestioningly the position of the American-history textbook: that America was the greatest country on earth, with the most energetic, adventurous people and the best form of government. Similarly, I accepted the position of the industrial-geography textbook: that America was the richest, most bountiful, and most efficient country, with the greatest natural resources, the most varied climate, and the most advanced scientific methods. Indeed, the tests often read as if I looked upon the textbooks as scripture and the questions as part of a catechism. That is no surprise to me, because I remember how the courses spoke to my deepest feelings about America, how they helped to crystallize my views of the land, its people, its history. I remember that, gradually, I came to identify with the country—so much so that I came to feel that the themes of American history and my personal history were intertwined, as if I were a latter-day Columbus exploring the New World. Below are sample test questions and my responses, plucked almost at random from hundreds of pages of that youthful record:

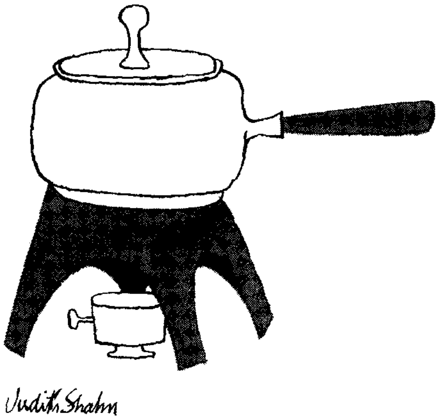
American History:

What influence did the invention of printing have upon the discovery of America?

The mass production of books on geography and books on other literature educated the people of Europe. More people were exposed to views of the adventurous and educated people. This encouraged longer voyages. When those adventurers got back, their adventures were more widely related. All these factors, in my opinion, helped the discovery of God's own country, America. I would imagine the printing of more maps would also have a great deal to do with it.

Show on the map the voyages of Columbus, Vespucci, and Magellan.

This statement or question has to be left blank because of the obvious rea-



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sons. I would appreciate hearing from you, Professor, if you have any directions on how to deal with such statements or questions.

What is believed to be the origin of the American Indians?

They came from Northeastern Asia over a solid land bridge which connected Siberia and Alaska. The bridge is now the Aleutian Islands.

Give some examples of the arts practiced by more advanced Indians.

These Indians lived in big apartment houses and wove beautiful rugs and made wonderful pottery, glassware, and silverware.

Distinguish between the present meaning of the terms "Florida" and "Virginia" and their meaning as used in this chapter.

Ponce de León went looking for some youth when he discovered a beautiful place on Easter morning. He named this place Florida, or "flower land." The first American settlement was Jamestown, in Virginia, which was named after the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth I. Nowadays Florida and Virginia are just small parts of the United States. But as it is mentioned in this chapter, they covered much larger territory in the seventeenth century.

Why was the gold and silver brought from the mines of the New World harmful to Spain?

It started enriching the country through investment in industry and so made the haughty Spaniards despise work as beneath the honor of a gentleman. It led Spanish explorers in the New World to search with redoubled hope for imaginary kingdoms of gold instead of founding settlements. The Spanish noblemen spent fortunes and many people lost their lives. Finally, the gold and silver was squandered by the Emperor, Charles V, on his European wars. All these factors combined were harmful to Spain, as can be readily seen.

What were some of the evils of the Spanish government in the New World?

Only a few of the nobles possessed the wealth and authority, so the wealth was not well-stimulated and distributed. When the wealth is not in circulation the system of capitalism is very unbalanced, which is bad. To climax all this, the native Indians and the Negroes were frightfully treated under the lash of the slave drivers.

Why did the people in England leave their home to come to America?

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and the country gentlemen could not quite afford to live as they wanted to. Many of them became poor. Englishmen were too dignified to beg like the blind. They would rather be adventurous and look for something new. When adventurous people are not satisfied with the present status, they always look for something new, may it cost their home or even their lives. Then, too, James I was persecuting the Puritans. These people wanted to escape from the pigheaded monarch who was so despotic, and a foreigner from Scotland, at that. They would not be conformed.

How did the education of girls in colonial days differ from that of girls today?

Colonial girls learned only how to cook, sew, and keep house from their mothers and older sisters. There were a very few wealthy girls who learned something about painting and music. Today's girls are equal to men in a lot of ways. They go and attend school with them and have massive general knowledge. When they are married they can have better understanding of the husband's problems because of their education. They can even live independently, if they choose.

Compare a colonial newspaper with a modern one.

In colonial days the newspapers were dull, and more like a school paper today. They were only published once a week and carried things like a letter written by a traveller abroad and some stale news. They also had very crummy advertisements compared with papers of today. We have papers published every day, and a lot of people depend on them for important news. This kind of uncensored news is only possible in a democracy. Democracy is a marvellous thing. I cannot imagine what our modern democracy would be like without our newspapers.

Why was the Stamp Act more irritating to the Americans than the Trade Acts?

Because the Stamp Act affected the life of every individual, even those who lived in the remotest part of the country. If an individual wanted to sell a newspaper or horse, or to make a will, he was forced to buy a stamp. Every time you picked up a newspaper you saw that stamp and it just burned you up. And the Stamp Act was put into effect without the consent of the colonists.

Do you think that the men of Boston were justified in destroying the tea?

No.

Why did Washington call the new American republic an "experiment"?

It was the first of its kind of government, in which people were to choose the officials who would govern them. Would people be patient? Could the law be a cure for people's difficulties? Would people resort to revolution again? Would people elect intelligent public servants and peacefully oppose them at the ballot box when necessary? The answers to all these questions would determine the fate of that experiment.

Would you have been a Federalist or a Republican in 1793? Give your reasons.

I would have been a Federalist. My reasons for this decision are enormous. Republicans believed in following the Constitution to the letter. Well, I don't believe that can be done. At best, we can follow the spirit of our Constitution. Also, the Republicans' claim that the Federalists were trying to establish a tyranny of the federal government was ridiculous. The Federalists just wanted to encourage capitalism—and after all, we do need

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some capital for investment in big industries. I am also a great admirer of the Federalist Hamilton. I think the world of him. Without him we might have had mobocracy in America. He helped to win the confidence of his countrymen in their government and the confidence of other countries in America. However, I would not let my admiration for people affect my judgment.

What was the origin of "The Star-Spangled Banner"?

The British were holding Francis Scott Key in a fortress outside Baltimore. After watching the night's fight he saw the signs of dawn and saw that the American flag was still flying. That was when he wrote the national anthem of the United States, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

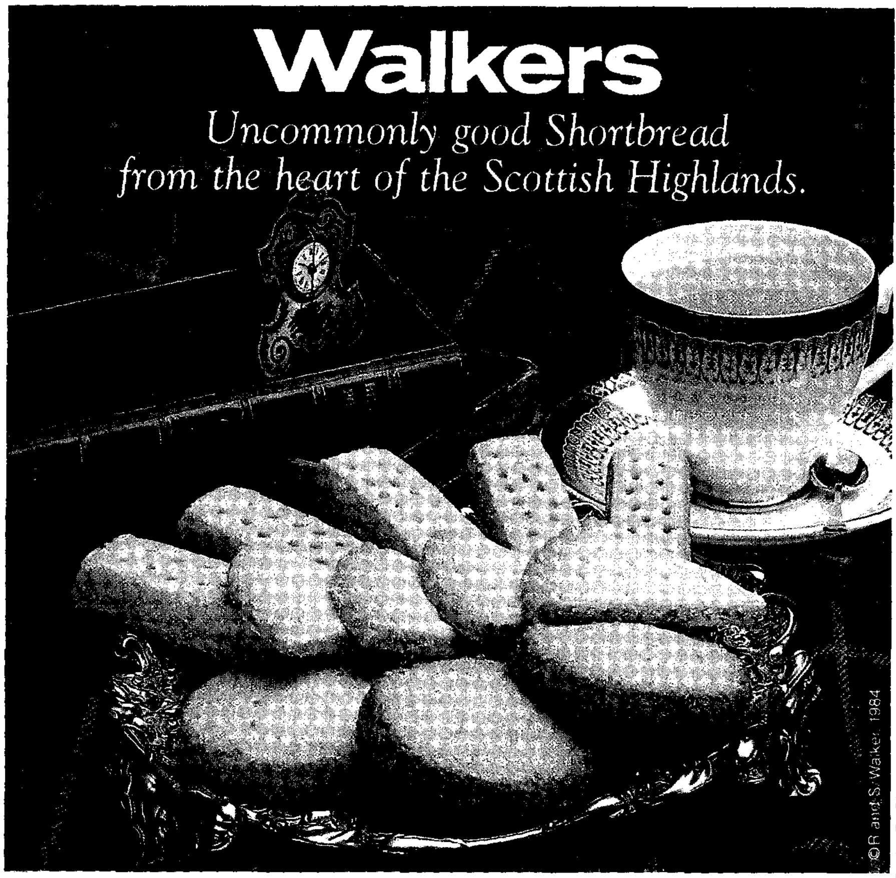
Industrial Geography:

Give examples of countries whose commerce is aided by good government and of other countries whose commerce is retarded by bad government.

The commerce is aided by the better governments of the following countries: America, England, France, Australia, Japan, and so on. These countries have had steady, stable governments, which has led to prosperity. They have done it by being democratic and promoting open economic activity and capital investments. These countries have had more time to educate their citizens, and as a result, have more industrious and better citizens. Russia, Hungary, and China have had bad, despotically centralized, unstable governments which have retarded their economic growth. Their despotically centralized systems have discouraged investment and industry. It is true that Britain has recently adopted a socialist form of government, but it is not communistic and it has not discouraged investment.

Point out specific ways in which commerce and industry are aided by education and science.

Science puts at our command accuracy, standardization, speed, and new methods. We therefore can produce more necessities and luxuries. It provides us with medicine and so helps us to stay fit and well and working. Education provides us with better citizens with more thinking power, a more stable way of life. Educated people maintain good government, which in turn encourages more investment in industry and commerce. Educated people aspire to more things. Education helps us to produce better and better homes.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Why has the United States been able to make very rapid progress?

It covers three-fourths of the area of the twenty-seven European countries combined. It possesses a great quantity of agricultural land and so has huge food-producing power. Its mineral wealth, its forest wealth, its invigorating climate are unprecedented. Its people have descended from the most energetic European stock. All these factors have made America prosperous and a model for other countries.

Why is the United States regarded as, in a peculiar sense, "a land of opportunity"?

Because of the generous terms under which the United States Government sold the public lands to the settlers, because of the freedom of its people, because of all kinds of opportunities that attracted immigrants from different parts of Europe and allowed them to make their fortunes here.

We may assume that the average wheat crop in the United States is 800,000,000 bushels, and that about one-eighth of this is consumed within two hundred miles of where it grows; the remaining 700,000,000 bushels travel considerable distances to markets. Assuming a carload to be 700 bushels, how many carloads of wheat must be moved considerable distances annually? Suppose these cars were made up into trains of fifty cars each, and that the trains passed a given point at the rate of one every ten minutes, how long (in hours and days) would it take the entire 700,000,000 bushels to pass this point?

One million cars. It would be 3,333 hours—139 days.

The two books together had dozens of tests, with twenty or more questions in each test. When regular school started, I still had half of the industrial-geography course left to finish, but Mr. Woolly and the faculty, after reading the reports of my correspondence teachers, placed me in the senior class and told me that I could graduate in 1952, provided that by the end of Christmas vacation I had finished the correspondence courses, receiving a grade of A in both. This I was able to do.

—VED MEHTA

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

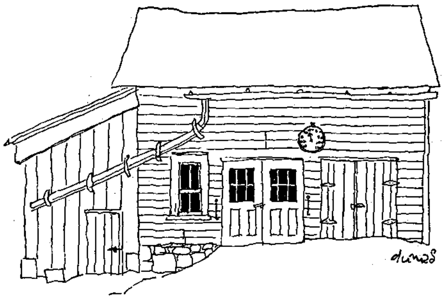
"SURE this robe of mine does change my disposition," says Perdita, in Act IV of "The Winter's Tale." As once again we prepare to walk the tightrope stretched over Christmas, held at one end by taste and at the other by reason, the plaintive cry of the clown ("If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons") jingles, like a happy cash register, underneath the beguiling melody of the peddler's song. Here, then, is our sixty-first report on Christmas gifts for women.

•

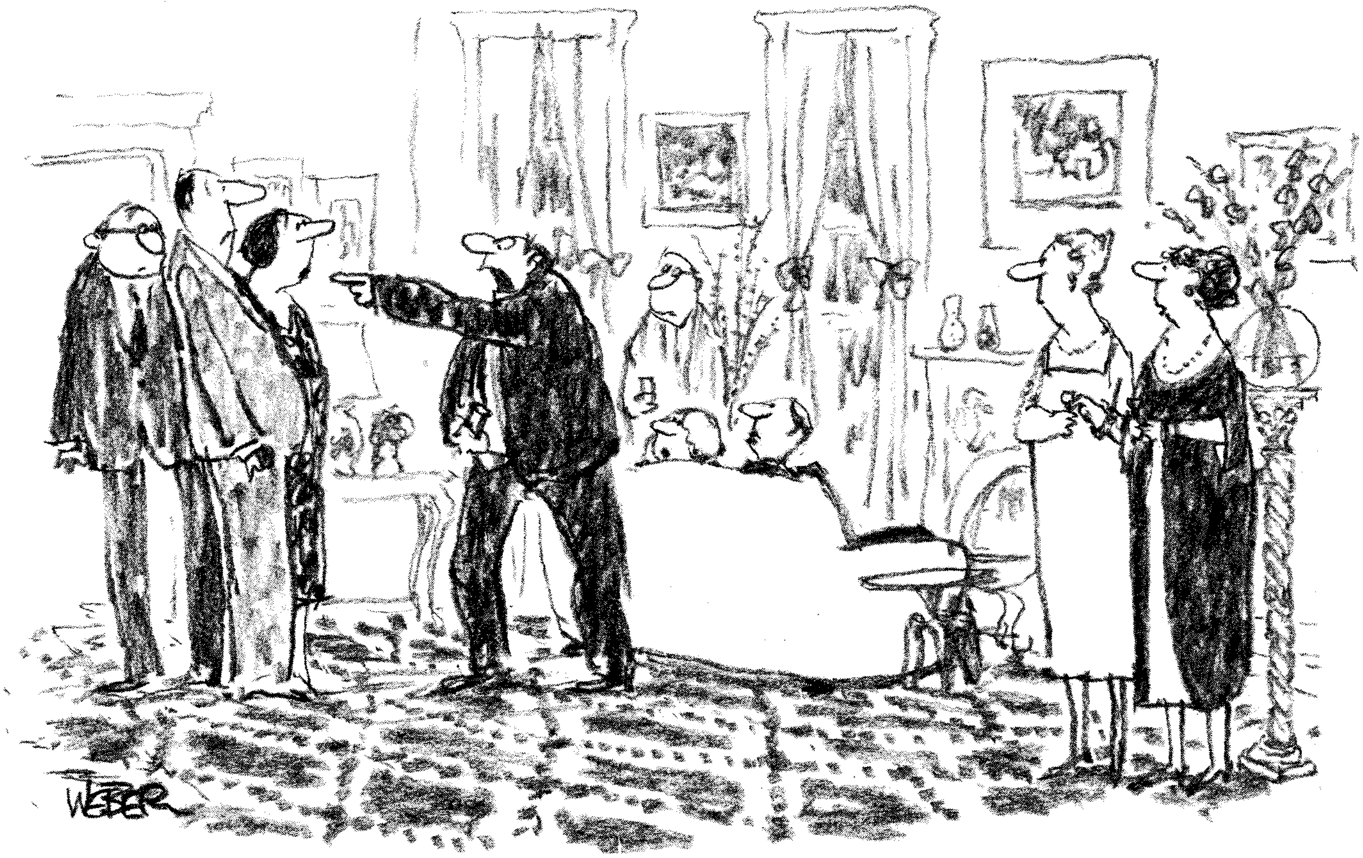
> Lawn as white as driven snow,
> Cypress black as e'er was crow . . .
> —*"The Winter's Tale," Act IV, Scene 3.*

THE luminous palette of the English designer Jean Muir shines unabated in its mirrored lozenge of a shop in the recesses of Henri Bendel's second floor. A framed poster of a sleekly coiffed Miss Muir, an incandescent lily falling gracefully from her languid right palm, hangs on the one unmirrored wall. The date on the poster is the far-distant year 1980. On 57th Street, where the storefronts change as quickly as the landscape glimpsed from a window of a Bullet Train, it is restful to know that the clothes of Jean Muir have been residing at Bendel's for almost twenty years. This is particularly reassuring to the sartorially conscious young, whose taste and sense of beauty and suitability in dress may have—with luck—been formed, against enormous odds, in the mid-sixties and early seventies, and who would like to think that there are a few points of reference from that time which they can still follow. The day we visited the Muir boutique, we watched three women of three notably different physical types—one plump, one tall and angular, the third a sprite—hold the same slim, long-sleeved dress, still on its hanger, in front of their bodies and look in the mirror. The dress, of magenta wool matte jersey, had a round neck, subtle shoulder padding, and a swan's curve of buttons gliding from the left shoulder to a dropped waist, where the skirt broke exuberantly into pleats. With perfectly finished seams and interfacing, the garment was a miracle of dressmaking, and it seemed clear that all three women were convinced without even trying it on that they would look better in that dress than they had ever looked in a dress in their lives. The price was $990. Also in that same magenta is a knee-length cardigan in baby-soft cashmere, with a single file of silver-dollar-size transparent magenta buttons and Judith Jamison batwing sleeves; $995. Stepping out of Miss Muir's enclave, we allowed ourselves one look into the second-floor showroom that supplies Bendel's selections for razzmatazz evenings. Here we saw a violet silk blouse covered, as if by stardust, with paillettes and then embroidered on the bodice and sleeves with a design reminiscent of Joan Miró, which is worked in unshy, colored bugle beads. The blouse is made in India, and various motifs are available, for prices ranging from $975 to $1,200.

The third and fourth floors of Bendel's have now been connected by an enclosed curving stairway of blond wood, and Miss Geraldine Stutz's managerial concept that the space should serve as a backdrop or prop for the clothes has been realized. A vibrant angora pullover, which would not look lost in Vita Sackville-West's garden at Sissinghurst, has horizontal plantings of roses. The sweater, with its sky-blue background, was designed by Patricia Roberts and hand-knit in England; the price is $820. Tartans, always popular for boys' woollen bathrobes and for mufflers, have resurfaced this year from the loch of the old-fashioned. Perhaps because of associations having to do with roasting chestnuts after one's bath, or being put to bed with a cold and fed milk toast—events that occur, alas, more often in fiction than in the lives of people, even children, that we know—tomato-soup-red plaid imparts an intimate friendliness to the normally utilitarian storm coat. On the fourth floor, such a coat, made in Switzerland, has two capacious interior pockets as well as exterior ones, horn buttons, and sleeves that can be turned back to reveal a lining of smoking-jacket brocade in the coat's color scheme of red, blue, and yellow; $340. Downstairs on three is an admirable gold satin trenchcoat that incorporates all the detail one has come to expect from the entrepreneurial Mr. Ralph Lauren. The fabric's twenty-four-karat shine transforms the coat from a historical exercise into an event; it cries out to be worn—on a clear night—to something really American, like a prizefight. The price is $1,458; the coat is not water-repellent. In the corner of rakish sobriety that houses Rei Kawakubo's terse designs for Comme des Garçons is an airy bolero blouse of white Swiss eyelet; it is also on hand in black or navy, and the price is $217.



Paisley patterns, which last somersaulted by in the nineteen-sixties on the heels of Indian mysticism, have now, thanks to British-television send-ups of Anglo-Indian colonialism, been newly deposited on these shores. The Scarf Shop, on the ground floor, has laid in a supply; depending on size, they can be employed as babushkas, shawls, or coverlets. Studious, jewel-like replicas of nineteenth-century paisley lap robes, executed in wool, cashmere, and silk, command outlays of anything from $240 to $1,400. A wool-and-silk challis shawl by Jean Patou combines an inner tartan square with a paisley border; the colors are pumpkin and chocolate, with slate accents, and the price is $135 for a fifty-four-inch square. Some fifty-six-inch squares cut from Italian silks cost $125 apiece, and the price of thirty-six-inch squares ranges from $36 to $140, depending on the type of silk. Modest brushed-cotton squares, very soft to the touch, are twenty-six inches across, and come in black checks on red, green, or pale yellow; $32. Luxuries for the bath and the boudoir abound in Bendel's panelled, carpeted, and mirrored Victorian grotto, the Gilded Cage, on the ground



"It isn't often that George comes out of his shell."

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floor. The classic Bendel's soap box holds four floating bath soaps, three guest soaps, and four hand soaps. The scents include jasmine, rose geranium, and sandalwood, and the colors are beige, pale rose, olive, pale blue, taupe, and old brick; $48. Bath beads come in a round, flat tin with a drawing on the label of a sturgeon, leaping upstream. The beads are gray and black, look just like caviar, and are to be sprinkled, six or seven at a time, into a running bath; $16 for several hundred of them. English Victorian hobnailed crystal bottles for the dressing table, some with atomizers, have sterling tops and cost from $400 to $600; and graceful silver-backed hand mirrors cost from $500 to $600. Nestled by the door that opens to the honk and exhaust of 57th Street, but seeming to be a world away, is the Sentiments Shop, which purveys Agraria potpourri in attractive pouches of polished Rose Cummins chintz. On one pouch, a red-breasted robin perches on a green bough against an azure sky dusted with gray asteroids, and the bag closes with a pull of a pale-blue satin ribbon. The potpourri is made from a supposedly secret formula containing twenty-five plants and flowers, one of which is unmistakably orange; the pouch holds a pound, and the price is $45. Agraria sachets are $11 and $16, and include lemon, in a green-awning-striped bag, and Russian leather, in a bag of leopard print. For those whose love of scent does not stop at their bureau drawers or their persons, the shop can oblige with sweet-smelling candles. A set of four votive-style candles, in red clay pots, is packaged in a miniature fruit crate. The scent is garigue (a moss-and-lavender blend); $28.

OUT the door and into the fray. Two blocks away, carriage horses, snorting in the cold air, stamp the ground across the street from the Plaza. A ride through the park is $17, but we stride firmly east, to 49 East 57th Street. This year, Maud Frizon has branched out from comely shoes to comely hats. The elegant assortment of the latter includes sulky black velvet pillboxes topped with dyed-suède crowns. The colors include violet and green, and there is also a black fur-felt cloche with a sheltering black net veil. All these hats are $80. As ever, Miss Frizon's shoes are extremely appealing. On a black velvet evening pump, a pink rosebud sprouts from an embrace of grass-green leaves. The vamp has a Tinkerbell-size Peter Pan collar of black velvet, and the shoes, which are low-heeled, cost $250. For those who fondly remember dancing-school Mary Janes, here is a pale-yellow satin grown-up version with black velvet at heel and toe. A big, flat yellow bow adorns the strap; $215. A silver-bodied turquoise-blue butterfly nibbling on the back of a black satin shoe has a second set of black satin wings below; $245. In general, the shoes range in price from $200 to $520, and there is a selection, at slightly more ingénue prices, for children.

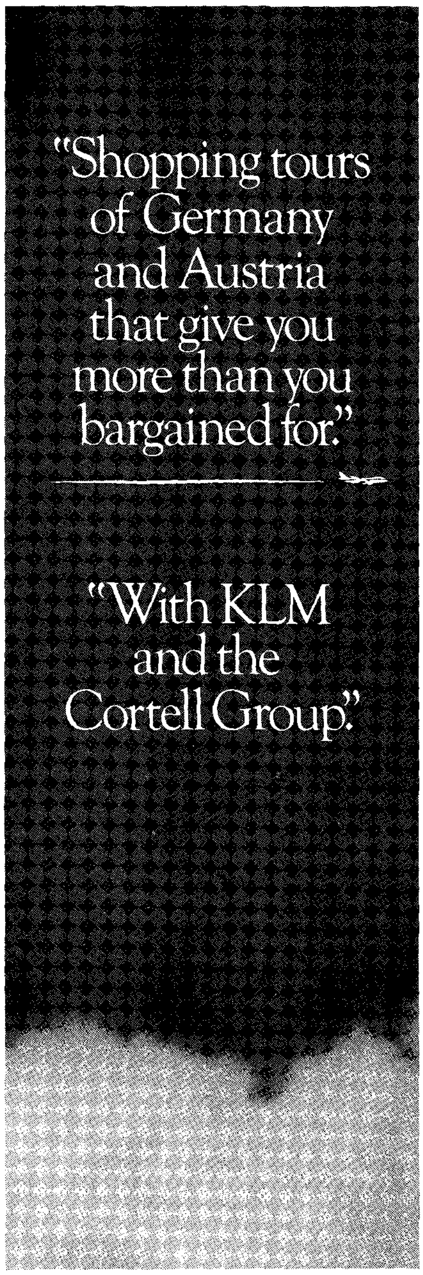
A stroll away, at Linda Dresner, a new showcase of a shop at 484 Park Avenue (59th), the clothes hang, as spare as paper dolls, in recessed open white closets. Here one finds, with the help of a black-clad and unusually animated and genial staff, the sumptuous architectonics of the Paris-based Tunisian Azzedine Alaïa, which square the shoulders and hug the rump. A straight short skirt is $300 in black wool gabardine and $190 in wool knit, and woollen bodysuits, in black, chocolate, or cream, have modified leg-of-mutton sleeves and cinch ribbing at the waist, and cost $240. Derek May's clothes have the whispery, free-form look of dark gossamer wings transformed into garments. A two-toned tunic—gray on the left and black on the right—with moth sleeves is $450. A second tunic, in black or malachite, has a cowl that can be pulled over the head, turning the tunic into a djellabah; $450. Under Linda Dresner's own label are lush four-ply-cashmere ribbed-knit sweater sets that have either turtleneck or mock-turtleneck or cardigan tops and come in nine colors, including winter white. The sweater sets are from $480 to $600; the skirts are $480. For $1,280, one can make off with a handsome single-breasted toffee-colored leather coat, which has a Watteau-pleated back and is cut to the Jovian proportions of a fireman's mackintosh. Surrealistic lapel pins consist of old silver-plate forks spiking unusual non-food items—tiny silver-plated shoes, and airplanes, for instance; they are $155. Pins made from spoons are empty, but have a chunk bitten out of them.

Around the block, at 635 Madison Avenue (59th), the leather-goods firm of Bottega Veneta provides sublimely well for the two types of women who carry handbags. The first type—the woman who manages to make her daily rounds unaccompanied by murder mysteries, running shoes, oranges, a diary with a padlock, and, in the afternoon, a child's lunchbox—would find her house keys and charge cards nicely accommodated by a ruby-red lizard-and-suède woven clutch, which converts to a shoulder bag by means of a built-in ruby-red strap. The bag measures seven inches at its widest point, is six inches high, is lined with red suède, and carries the dollar-a-day price tag of $365; a slightly larger version is $550. For those women whose ordinary daytime activities necessitate a weekend bag, there's a carryall of pressed leather with leather handles, which measures a mammoth twenty-six by eighteen inches. The colors available are chocolate brown, black, burgundy, and green, and the price is $475. Downstairs, in the acoustic hush formed by shelves fitted out with a gleaming corps of attaché cases, is a classic steamer trunk, covered with parchment-colored goatskin. The trunk, which seems bathed in light from another time—perhaps the sun striking the pier at Le Havre in 1928—is trimmed with calf, and opens to reveal two compartments in the lid, a wooden hanger arrangement in the well, and plenty of leather restraining straps. The price is $1,600. For adventures of a more slapdash kind, $25 will buy a tote bag in tan canvas edged with either burgundy or red leather. Bottega Veneta, which usually keeps its initials out of sight, has embossed its name on the trim.

•

Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses . . .

ADDITIONAL choices in handbags announce themselves, *ad alta voce*, on the ground floor of Saks. A tidy black velvet minaudière, which can be either clasped in the hand or swung from a twisted black silk cord, carries the discreet price tag of $28. The flap is embellished by a whimsical clover of square-cut rhinestones. A quilted scallop-shell bag of metallic-gold satin, with a contoured bottom, so that opera glasses can hunker down securely instead of poking the shell out of shape, is $110. The most outlandish bag of the season has emerged from the workroom of the always imaginative, always *luxe* Judith Leiber. Last year, it was bejewelled-cat bags (they were advertised sidling up to a glass bowl filled with milk), and this year a contemplative palm-size gold Buddha, decked out in pavé rhinestones and an amethyst necklace, may be slung from a lavalliere chain. The attitude of the salespeople toward this item is a kind of Zen bemusement: they are content to have it around but seem incredulous in the face of a sale; $1,300. For duty during the daylight hours, Carlos Falchi has produced a shoulder bag in lapis-lazuli buffalo hide. The flap is embossed to resemble snake, and the result, dyed goldenrod, dusty peach, and violet, is pure Giverny, punctuated by two Carlos Falchi logos: one his initials, and the other a lily pad of blue enlivened by a bas-relief of frolicking sea monsters. The bag measures eight by fourteen inches, and the price is $350. The name Carlos Falchi appears inside a pair of smart leather gloves printed with purple-and-green paisley on a Christmassy-red background; $125. Taxi-cab-yellow four-button gloves, with pinked cuffs, cost $85; they are designed by Andrea Pfister. Hat-scarf-and-glove sets of lamb's wool in a spectrum of colors that



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would look fine set off by bright-red cheeks may be purchased separately: berets are $16, scarves are $19, and gloves are $15 or $16, depending on their length. For hair after the beret has been tossed off and the skating rink abandoned to its twilight gloom, the well-stocked accessories counter can provide a mock-tortoiseshell back comb with an aigrette of swaying peacock feathers. A teardrop medal embroidered with black bugle beads holds the feathers in place, and the whole is tickled by a lily-of-the-valley spray of fake pearls in front; $30. For Mansfield Park evenings, wide bows, in either tartan taffeta or dotted velveteen, are $12. Many of the women we know who are young enough to be complemented by hair ribbons have very short hair, often in unusual colors; nevertheless, the bows could serve prettily to keep someone's bonny brown, or even Titian, hair from falling into the soup.

Up on the fourth floor, in the lingerie department, a quilted simar-style jacket in fuchsia polyester-blend trimmed with purple can be tossed over a pair of purple watered-silk-look pajamas. The ensemble, which has psychedelic antecedents, is by Fernando Sanchez, and the price is $230. For women of a different type—those who have been muttering a desire to sleep in something that is not a T-shirt—Eileen West has designed a respectable collection called Queen Anne's Lace. All the styles are homey and admirable—particularly a sleeveless cotton shift with a pretty bleached-out pattern of scattered violets. The gown has the additional advantage of falling only to mid-calf; many women of this subgroup resist nightgowns because they get all tangled up. The price is $79.

Bypassing the designer seraglios on the intervening floors, we returned to the main floor, where we found that the price of Swatch watches has stood still at $30—good news for those who have someone on their list who would like to indulge in the current fashion of wearing more than one watch at a time. This practice, which New Wave commercials produced by the Swatch company strongly encourage, has the curious effect of making the wearer look less, rather than more, preoccupied with punctuality. The company is now also printing its logo on umbrellas emblazoned with huge serpentine paisleys; the patterns are red, gray, or yellow, and the price is $20.

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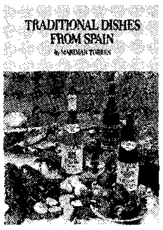

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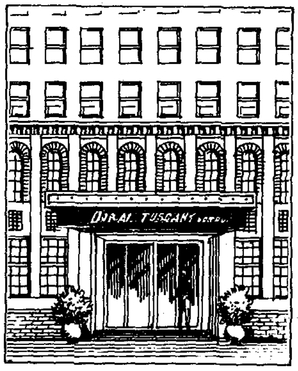

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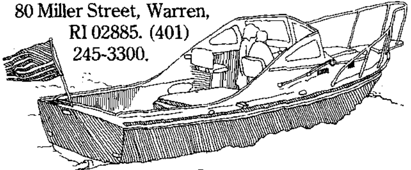

DYER® BOATS

the newly gilded relief figures above the door of the British Empire Building, depicting colonial commodities—in through the august portals of Tiffany, over which Atlas holds a working clock, as he has done at a succession of Tiffanys since 1840, and beyond which Tiffany continues its flirtation with bows fashioned out of precious metals. The knot of a sterling-silver bow-tie brooch is 14k. gold embellished with square-cut rubies, and a hastily tied bow of 18k.-gold twisted rope is kept from unravelling by a ruby at each fluttering end. Coils of 14k. gold perform the same service with aplomb on a bow pin of sterling-silver rope, and yet another silver bow droops like a bit of ribbon floating on an April breeze. The pins range in price from $75 to $750.

A hint of ribbons also figures on a very attractive robe. It is of quilted ivory satin on which is printed a pale-blue trellis design interspersed with strewn peach blossoms; it has a shawl collar edged with narrow lace; and it resides on the second floor of Elizabeth Arden, at 691 Fifth Avenue (54th). The price is $125. The robe would be useful for resting in at home after some of the strenuous beautifying experiences offered by the Elizabeth Arden salon. A no-holds-barred, knock-down-and-drag-out skirmish with the muses of beauty, called the Maine Chance Day, lasts five hours; the very name conjures up not only Miss Arden's famous horse farm but also the bracing air of the rocky Maine coast and the apprehension that always shadows phrases that, like the knelling of a bell, call up the words "last chance." The day in question includes exercise, steam cabinet, massage, hair styling, manicure, pedicure, daytime makeup, and, praise be, a light lunch, and costs $208. A more timorous but no less welcome present might be a gift certificate for ten exercise classes, or simply for a facial or massage. These certificates start at $12, and can be ordered by calling 407-7984. For keeping track of the figure, the ground floor of the salon has snakeskin belts sized small, medium, and large. They cost $55, and the colors include loden green and Halloween orange.

A calisthenic hop, skip, and elevator ride away, on the third floor of Bergdorf Goodman, is the well-edited and much-discussed fall collection of Donna Karan, based on a black wool crêpe bodysuit with long sleeves, turtleneck, and snap crotch. Bodysuits, often under the guise of dancers' leotards, have surfaced intermittently in American fashion. (One was included in the 1943 collection of the innovative Claire McCardell. But they are no less practical now: the top stays tucked in.) The price is $180. The suit is also available in gray cashmere, at $550, and Miss Karan's own matching tights, in nylon, are $16. A draped and wrapped sweater of claret-colored cashmere has the proportions of a slender Doric column. Worn over the bodysuit, it would impart a serene Hellenic air to a recipient built along similar classic lines; $455. For the comparatively thrifty sum of $650, Bergdorf's soothing lingerie salon will hand over a three-tiered gown of cream silk satin designed by Ora Feder, which might have been inspired by Proust's Odette de Crécy. The flounces are pieced together by insets of écru lace, and the lace is echoed in vertical stripes on the sleeves of the similarly flounced peignoir. A lounging robe that might venture out onto a sunny Southern patio is the color of a Bloody Mary and has skinny horizontal stripes of swimming-pool blue. It zips up the front and has a front slit; by David Brown of California, it's priced at $85. Lingerie hangers, of padded silk edged with cotton lace, are $20. A panel of Della Robbia silk with five rungs of pockets, each trimmed with lace, is to hang in a closet and keep silky treasures from the indignity of being jumbled with ski socks in a bureau drawer; $65. Women's pajamas, perhaps because of their cozy kinship with workout clothes, are once again gaining in popularity. A pair in cotton flannel printed with a design of cabbage-rose chintz has a fichu of lace at the throat; $95. Delman Shoes, on four, has a pair of boots by Raffaele Giardini which also plays on the current craze for materials that seem more suitable for upholstery. (Clothes of this ilk look curiously inanimate, perhaps because the fabric is so identified with furniture.) Consisting of a patchwork of brocade snippets edged with a passementerie of gold rickrack, the boots come to mid-calf, and cost $250. Down on Bergdorf's ground floor is a well-tailored sporty wristwatch from Paris, by the firm Obrey. The watch has a vermeil face, Roman numerals, and an alligator strap; the straps, which may be bought separately, are

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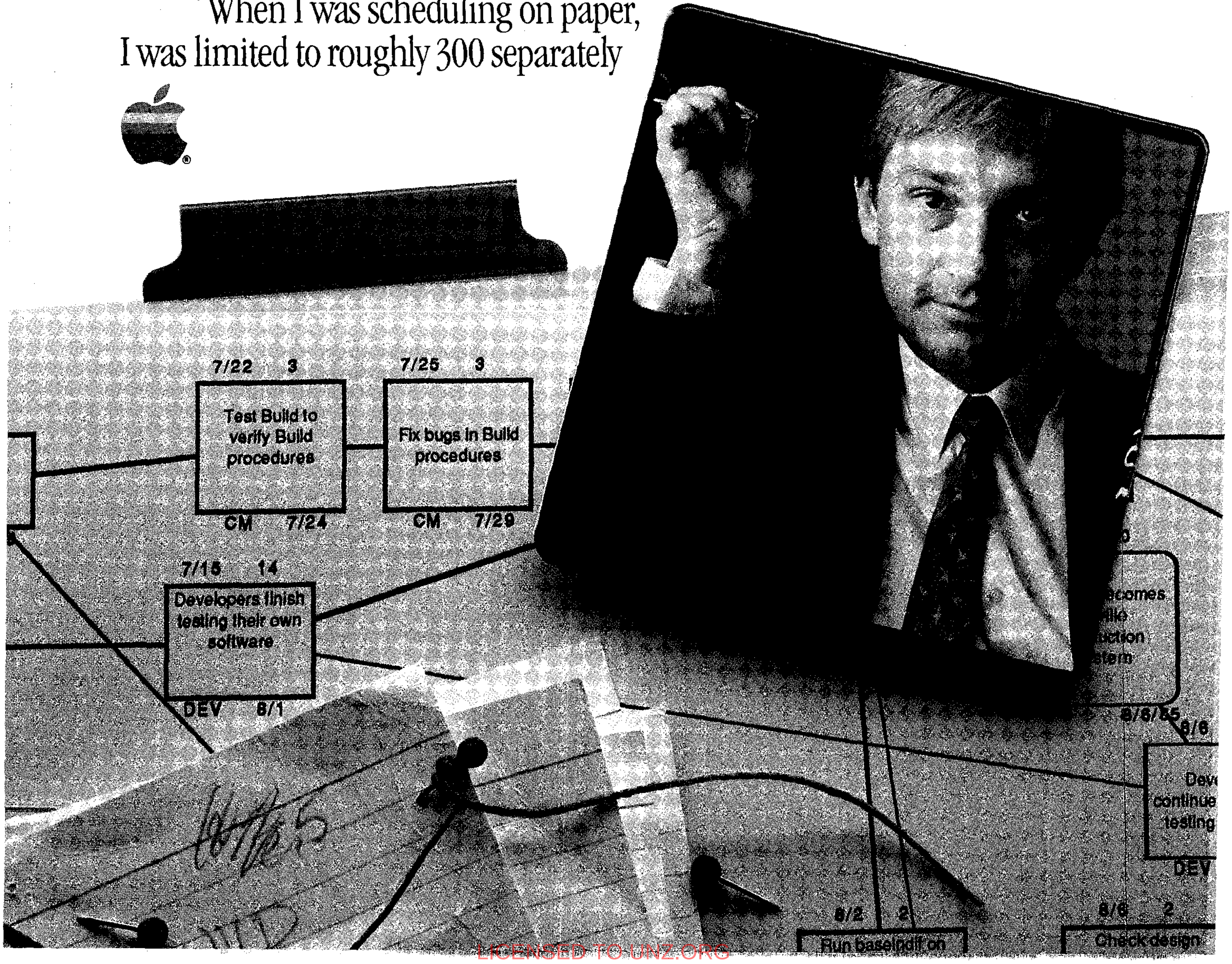
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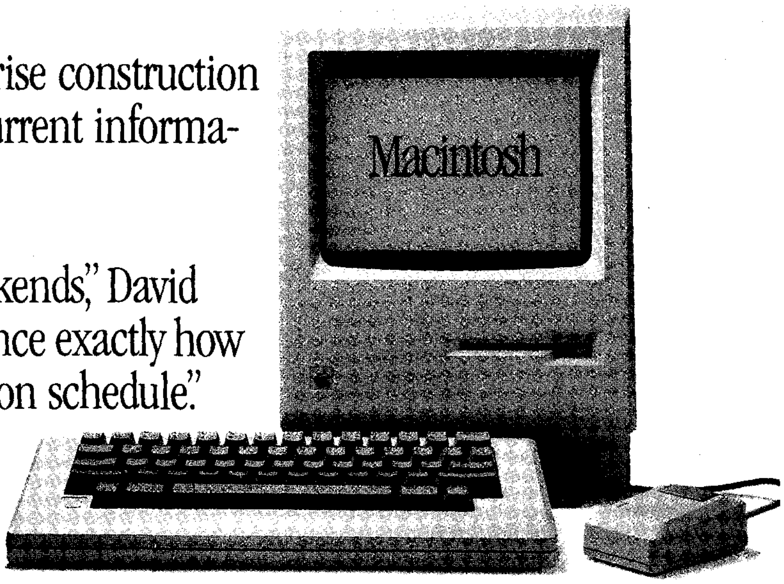

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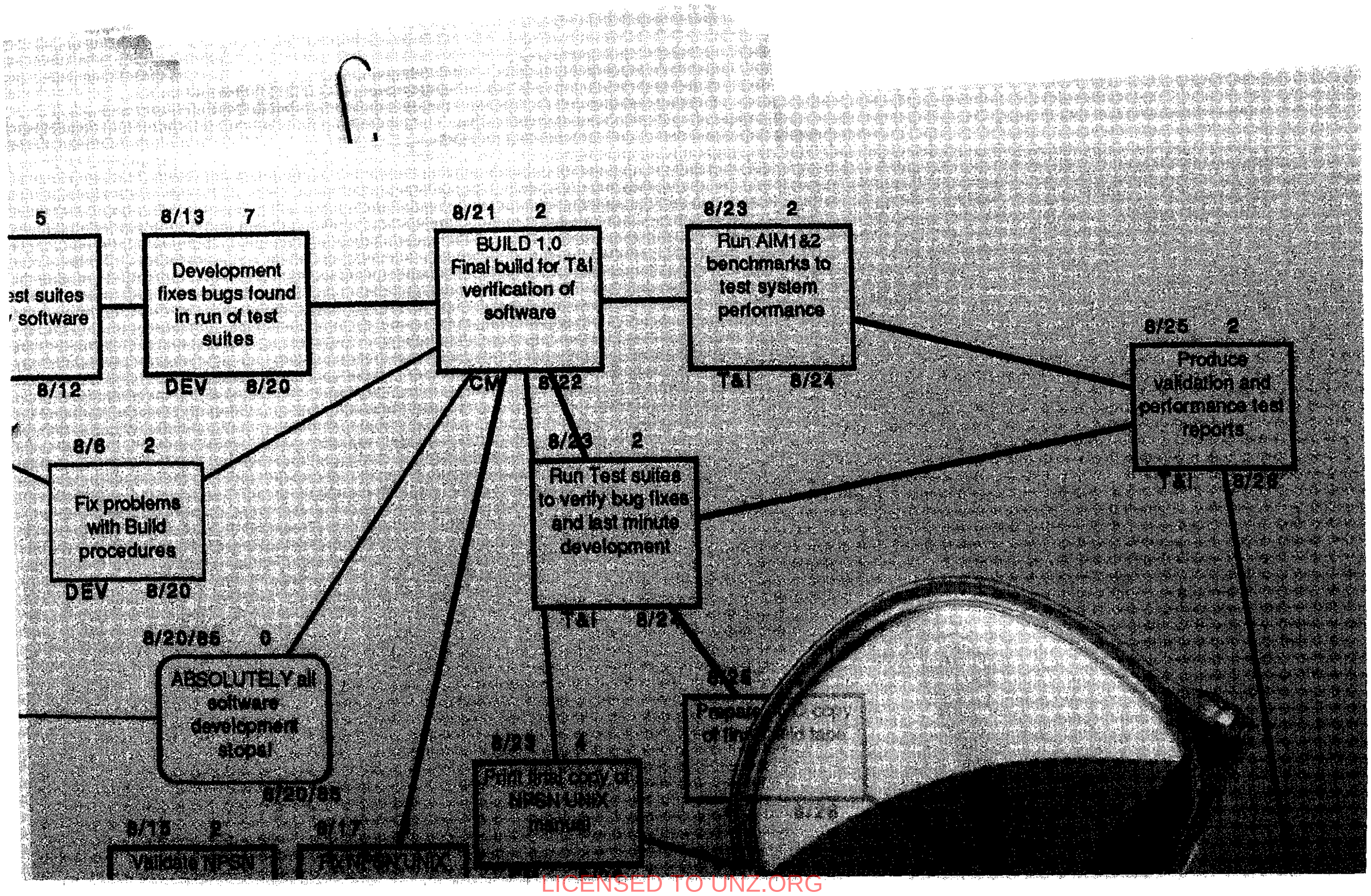
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8/23 2
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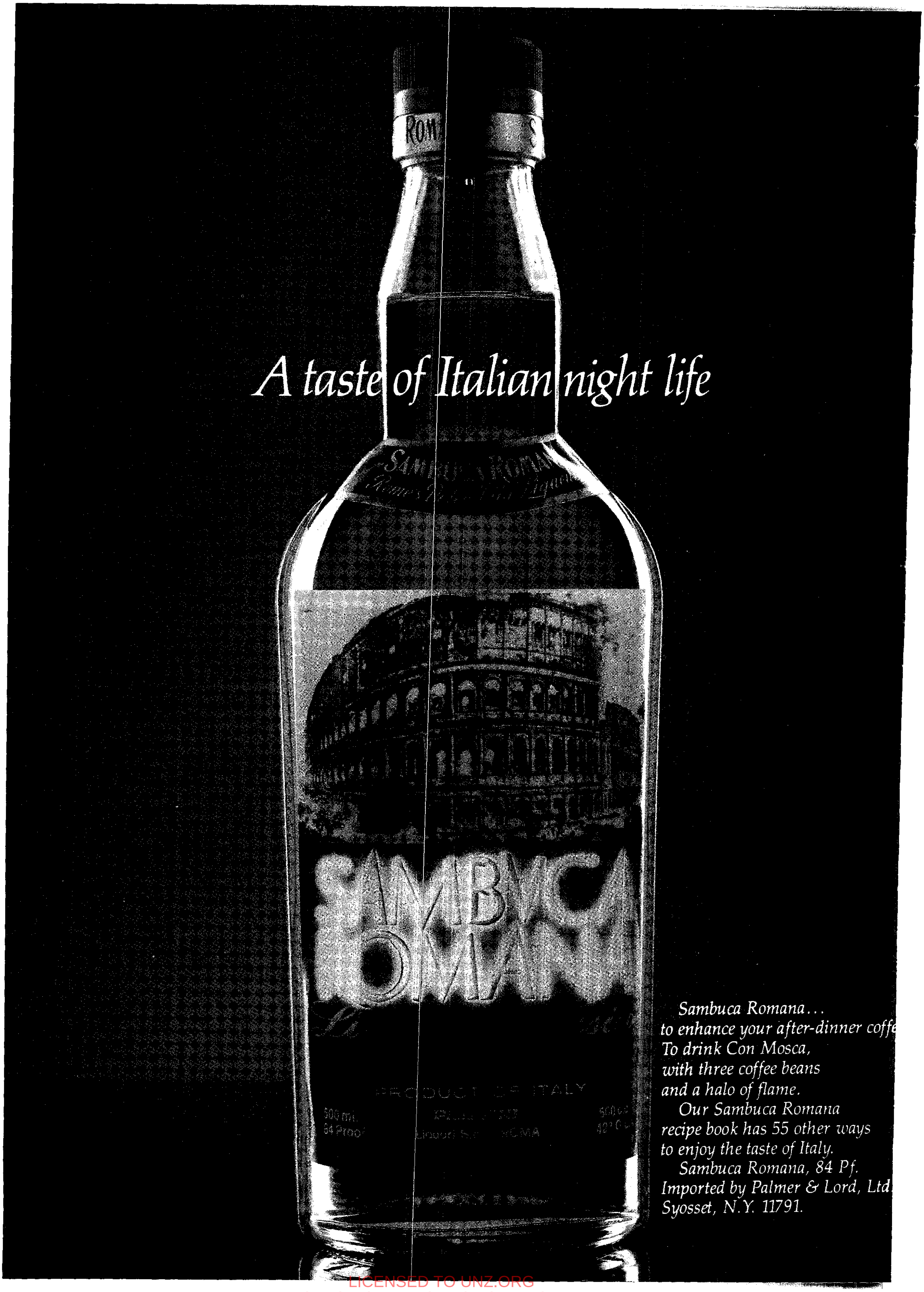
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dyed crimson, cobalt, or Kelly green as well as the more usual black or tan. The straps are $60, and the price of a watch varies; the model described above, complete with strap, is $795. Across from the arcade, with its day-dream-engendering medleys of pearls and precious gems, designed by the gifted Angela Cummings, is another answer to the perpetually trying question of an evening bag. It's of rose tapestry fabric, vertically striped with iridescent bugle beads; each stripe is made up of two rows of beads chosen from two or three colors: jet, purple, or bottle green. The flap has a beaded petal closure, and the price is $150. For gaudy nights, "Jewel in the Crown"-inspired dangling earrings, by Diane Spencer, have a rajah's quota of gilt, tiny mirrors, and bijous set in coral enamel; the cost of all this luxury is $75. Penhaligon Cologne, by appointment to the Duke of Edinburgh, has been making cologne and bath items for both sexes since 1870. A set of three bars of Victorian posy soap, at $40, is neatly packaged in a three-tiered forest-green box. Each cake of soap tucks into its own drawer, opened by a tug on a bit of green ribbon. The sturdy apothecary bottles of cologne wear dove-colored bows, and the price is $43 for 3.4 ounces. The bouquets are bluebell, primrose, orange blossom, and lily of the valley.

◆

Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber . . .

BEFORE continuing to our next stop, we break stride to present a highly prejudiced, personal list of perfumes for Christmas. Most of them are old, intimate friends, a few are more recent acquaintances, and two are new. Of the last choices, they are included, as are the rest, because they seem to us to create that little glen of freshness and mystery that is the purpose of scent.

Joy (Patou)
Bal à Versailles (Jean Desprez)
L'Air du Temps (Nina Ricci)
Chanel No. 5 and No. 19 (Chanel)
Ivoire (Balmain)
Mitsouko (Guerlain)
Shalimar (Guerlain)
Fleur de Rocaille (Caron)
Chloé (Chloé)
Quartz (Molyneux)
Arpège (Lanvin)
Coco (Chanel)
Perry Ellis (Perry Ellis)

Most department stores have them—all except Coco, which in New York is on sale only at Bloomingdale's right now. For the patriotically inclined, it might be noted that Perry Ellis perfume is made almost entirely from American flowers.

The fresh-air stock-in-trade of Orvis, at 355 Madison Avenue (entrance on 45th), is furnishings for bird-shooting, fishing, and otherwise sporting outdoorspersons, and Orvis recognizes that some of them occasionally need to come inside and warm up. For women, an ankle-length light-blue or cream goosedown robe with a toggle closing, side pockets, and a tie belt is $99.50. The robe has a quilted chevron construction, which keeps the down from shifting. Cozy slippers of natural shearling are $22.50, and English woollies—actually a nylon-and-wool blend that is not supposed to itch—are knit in a dainty pointelle pattern. The prices are $21 for a long-sleeved, scoop-neck shirt, $21 for long johns, and $14 for knee-length ones useful when the rest of the leg is protected by a knee-high boot.

Those practical underthings from Orvis might go well beneath the no-nonsense garments on sale at Alcott & Andrews, down the street on the southeast corner of Madison and 44th Street. By now, there is scarcely a woman in New York, working or non-working, who has not received an invitation through the mails to inspect this new, fifteen-thousand-square-foot, two-story armory, a diagonal dash from Brooks Brothers. The store (the name is a dreamed-up amalgam that seems intended to bring to mind intimations of Abbot Academy and Beacon Hill) has gone head over heels for so-called career dressing of the kind most resembling the dress code of a mildly progressive day school that nevertheless still has a uniform ("So convenient—easier, really, for the girls"). Here are solid-color wool jackets that, with no demerits, may be paired with print skirts. Choosing among these Vasarely combinations of good-quality basic suits, blouses, and sweaters is expedited by paint-by-number racks and recesses: beige here, hunter green there. Cashmere suits consisting of one-button jackets ($300) and dirndl skirts ($178) preside in navy, burgundy, hunter green, camel, spectator pink, red, black, and light gray. The skirt of a navy-and-green Glen-plaid suit that might have been worn by Miss Jean Brodie on one of her Saturday outings has two dropped-front panels of accordion pleats. The suit is $384. Other skirts

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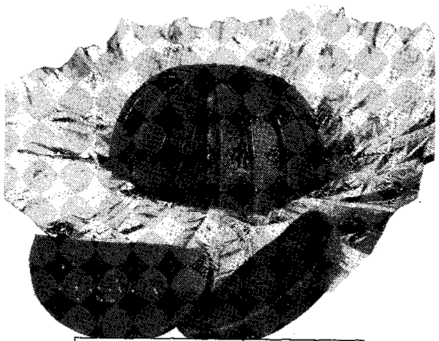

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range from $50 to $195, in styles including stitched-down pleat, wrap, straight, and dirndl, and in stuffs ranging from wool flannel, through worsted wool, to silk. A camp shirt of white or cream silk twill, which has a nice heavy feeling, like the silky edging on wool blankets, is $75, and a linen blouse with a scallop-finished and diamond-patterned stock tie is $138. Lengths of paisley-patterned silk, to tie around the neck in Buster Brown bows, are from $16 to $22, and pre-tied bow ties, with adjustable bands that hook under the collar, are from $12 to $14. The Colorforms approach to dressing also prevails downstairs, where, next to a parlor of blond wood housing Ralph Lauren's Little Women dresses (antique-lace pocket squares to complement these ensembles are from $28 to $100), are cable-knit wool sweaters with crew necks. Kept in the nook intended for play clothes, the sweaters carry the reasonable price tag of $48. Similar vests are $24, and the colors include a pretty willowware blue.

Different musings on color are obtained during a prowl through A. I. Friedman's art-supply store, at 25 West 45th. A Carb-Othello box of thirty-six pastel pencils (including Prussian blue, No. 22; Burnt Carmine, No. 70; and Heliotrope, No. 17) is $32.40, and the same number of regular colored pencils, manufactured by Rexel Derwent, is $24. The Academy watercolor set, by Grumbacher, holds fifteen colors in tubes, and includes two brushes; the white plastic top is molded so that it can do service as a palette. It's $26.95. The W. & N. Sketcher set, with twelve flat cakes of color, measures three inches by four—a good size to take on a picnic—and costs $9.75, and a four-by-six-inch clothbound sketchbook is $7.90; larger sizes are available.

For lazy, gilded summer-afternoon forays beset by butterflies, the Chelsea Passage Shop, on the ground floor of Barneys, at 106 Seventh Avenue (17th Street), has a traditional English picnic hamper. Like a silver-backed hairbrush, a fitted picnic basket imbues its owner with the pleasant, orderly feeling that a comfortable panache inhabits at least a small corner of her life—which is what presents, in a general sense, are for. This wicker hamper closes with leather straps, and holds a service for six (the china pattern is Royal Tudor's sprightly blue-and-white Petite Fleur), along with two thermoses and two plastic containers. The cups have fitted tops, and so would do well for repasts on small boats. The price is $275. Across the floor, gold-filled replicas of turn-of-the-century hatpins, topped with crystal, are $40 each. For a tiny amethyst basilica on an antique pin, the price is $250. Up in the Women's Duplex, huge umbrellas by the Italian knitwear concern Missoni are bright with the inspired patterns of their fabulous sweaters, and thus might not be left in a taxi. The umbrellas have sturdy wooden spokes and handles, and cost $75. An elegant Bronzino-style black silk taffeta blouse by Chloé—a house whose clothes might be worn by truant novices—has an intricate, beautifully finished accordion-pleated high collar and matching cuffs; $710. There, too, are pig-suède ankle boots with molded rubber soles, in gray, wine, bottle green, black, or taupe, at $68. Downstairs, a big folkloric shirt by the Paris-based Japanese designer Kenzo is enlivened by a happy pattern of summer roses. The shirt looks especially good in canary yellow, and the price is $195. A cashmere-and-wool pullover sweater by Yohji Yamamoto has two breast pockets, a zip front, and ribbed cuffs, and it comes in salmon, white, ochre, and stop-sign red; $240. Enterprising souls who have pulled up their socks and are pleased with the current fad for stirrup-leg pants will find a wool pair here by Miss Jett of Paris. These have a dashing Prince of Wales check, and the price is $68. In recent years, no color has proved too exciting for socks, and here a kaleidoscopic selection of cotton and nylon hose reaching either to the ankle or to the knee is priced from $5 to $11. The patterns feature every kind of whimsy, including a kennelful of Scotties. Old-fashioned, low-horsepower Keds sneakers, either in classic white or dyed the mint-green, pink, or violet tints peculiar to Jordan almonds, are $20. Back on the ground floor, in Chelsea Passage, are letter openers whittled from balsa wood. The openers have citified, quizzical sparrows perched on their handles, and they cost $10.

The floodlights illuminating the great houses of fashion can obscure the work of no less devoted and inspired practitioners. Six blocks down from Barneys, at 22 Greenwich Avenue, the clothing designed by Lotte Gaberle for Lo: New York is of interest to anyone who takes pleasure in beautiful and original dress. Hand-crocheted in England of a combination of silk, flax, mohair, and cashmere, an openwork gown may follow the line of the body and then blossom to a tulip hem and Bernhardt sleeves, or have no sleeves at all and descend, tier after tier, in intricate moss-green scallops, to the floor. The dresses, which are worn over matching slips, are dyed glimmering Botticelli hues or, occasionally, hand-painted. The prices range from $99 to $999; peplum-style jackets are $150 to $350, depending on work and material. All the dresses can be dyed to order, with allowances for color variation and the artist-dyer's own taste.

•

Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears . . .

"LALIQUE was the finest jeweller of his time," said Barbara Macklowe, who, with her husband, Lloyd, owns the Macklowe Gallery, at 982 Madison Avenue (77th). "The glass is carved to look like jewels, and the jewels are carved to look like glass." Veins of gold gleam through green-and-topaz-colored glass thistles branching off each end of a Lalique green peridot bar pin; $30,000. The facetted peridot is the green of a celestial Coke bottle. The branches look alive and quixotic, like newts darting in a summer garden. For a smaller sum, one settles for jewels that look like jewels. A pavé diamond clutch, signed Vierga, perhaps for a jabot, is a pincushion of carved jade stuck with diamonds and topped with a cabochon ruby pom-pom circa 1920; $4,500. A tiny, three-quarter-inch bar pin, originally for lingerie, would add a delicate touch to a wing collar; set with tiny seed pearls, it is $125. Here also is a collection of Art Nouveau pins made by a technique, employing translucent enamel, that is called *plique à jour* here and in England and *émail translucide* in France. A brooch set with seed pearls and diamonds features a mermaid, reeds, and a green-eyed snake; on another, a woman's translucent hair swells to ocean waves. The prices for the pins range from $500 to $5,000. Georgian rings have closed-back settings covered with gold filigree threads, often wound into floral motifs, so that light catches on the threads and illuminates the flat-cut stones. The rings, which have an odd, blunt charm, start at $750.

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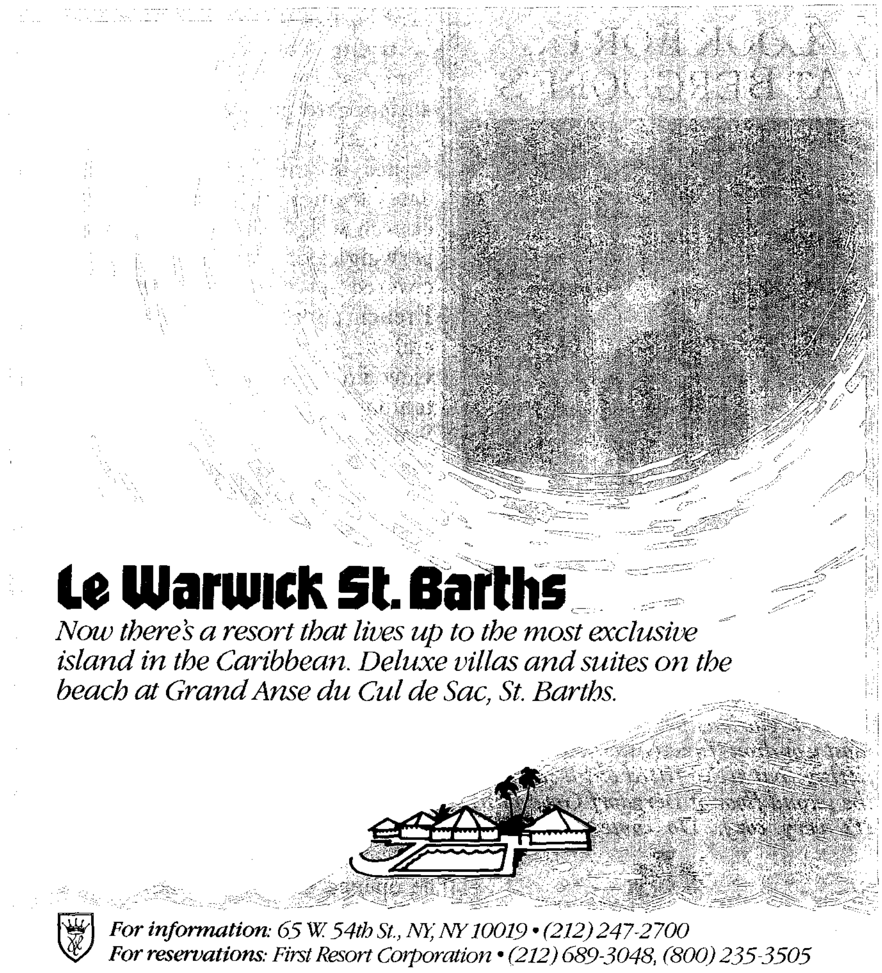
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(73rd), has the glow of someone who is trying not to tell a particularly happy secret. A concentric millefiori antique weight with a central dark silhouette of a prancing devil was designed by the firm of St. Louis, and dates from 1850; $4,500. A Baccarat church weight, so-called because a paperweight of similar design was discovered set into the cornerstone of a French church, is a virtual cantata of embedded color; $1,000. Bird's-eye-view floral environments by the contemporary paperweight artist Paul Stankard are botanically perfect replicas of flowers. In one, the top view is of the trailing arbutus, a mauve blossom in the rhododendron family; when the weight is turned over, an anthropomorphic root system—the roots look like elegant little cartoon Gumbies—is visible underneath; $1,500. The weights start at $22.50, for a new, altogether pleasing design from the Perthshire Glassworks in Scotland, and any one would be welcomed by a woman who has the good fortune to work—in either the city or the country—at a desk near a window that can be opened and occasionally lets in paper-scattering gusts.

Il Papiro, at 1021 Lexington Avenue (73rd), is a source of luminous hand-marbled paper from Florence. The effect achieved by the technique called *papier à cuve* is somewhere between the gradated hues of bargello needlework and the iridescence of a peacock feather's eye. The paper is used to cover a variety of products. A bound blank book, four and a half inches by six and a half, with a cloth spine is $20, and a three-by-four-inch book that ties shut with a satin ribbon is $11.50. A book in calfskin, with a frontispiece of marbled paper, is $27. Address books range from $7 to $20.50, and books that hold blank music paper come in two sizes, priced at $31 and $46. A box of citrus-scented orange pencils is $12. Bookmarks are $1.25, and the paper itself, which would make extremely extravagant gift wrap, is $18 a sheet, measuring nineteen by twenty-seven inches.

The elderly Madison Avenue Hotel, at 25 East 77th Street, is being renovated into a kind of indoor mall for shops that will sell mostly antiques and objets d'art—the idea being, apparently, that the storefronts between 57th and 86th Streets on Madison are not enough to house all the world's treasures. The loot at Portantina, in Suite 403, consists of Venetian velvets and silks of iridescent opulence. The silk folds into myriad blush pleats on a meticulous replica of a Fortuny gown trimmed with puce Murano beads. Two calm brown owls gaze out from a blouse of woodblock-printed Bellini-green velvet. All the velvets are brushed with metallic paint to make them shimmer (they do), and the price of the clothing, which also includes garments of marbled crêpe de Chine, descends from $2,000. A portantina—a gilded eighteenth-century example stands in the salon's entrance hall—is a sedan chair, used to transport nobility; the let-them-eat-cake atmosphere attendant on this vehicle was last seen in New York wafting off the stage during Kenneth MacMillan's "Mayerling."

•

Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel . . .

DESTINED for starring roles at gentle tea parties are quiet, witty clothes at Lee Anderson, 23 East 67th Street, which have a Gibson Girl bandbox charm. Blouses here are particularly lovely. A Katharine Hepburn shirtwaist of Swiss-dot silk, with a soft pussycat bow and patch pockets, is $300; if it's made up in cotton broadcloth, the price drops to $200. The shop will embroider a monogram on the breast pocket of a simple ivory silk or cotton shirt; with monogram, in silk the cost is $250, and in cotton $165. The prevailing tone of the shop, where it is not unusual to find the staff sewing on buttons or finishing a seam, is a decorous interpretation, often with great style, of the "one-hour dress" run up by Mary Picken in the afternoon hours of the pre-crash twenties. The selection includes a winsome dropped-waist black-wool dress that is scattered, like a haunted midnight sky, with a pattern of wayward broomsticks embroidered in gold thread. The fabric is from the de-luxe-dress-stuffs firm of Scherrea, and the price of the dress is $750. A chemise of black tropical-weight wool with soigné three-pleated sleeves is amply cut and may be pulled in at the waist by side ties that join the back and front panels. The dress could serve elegantly in all but the very last stages of pregnancy, and would continue to flatter when sylph-like proportions were regained; $350. Jeffrey Moss hats range from $75, for a little French beret with convenient attached hair clips, to $140, for a wide kettle-brim hat with a front bow of taffeta and black lace. A tweed driving cap accented by a felt bow is $115, and a gray fur-felt pillbox orbited by metallic gold stars is $80. Six-foot-long cashmere mufflers, woven in England, are pink, buttercup or chrome yellow, wetlands green, white, or Nancy Reagan red; $85.

Two blocks down, at 19 East 65th Street, we enter the melodious environs of Rita Ford Music Boxes. Songs trill from birdcages, carrousels, aerial balloons, illuminated clowns, and the red velvet linings of Italian-made jewelry boxes. These boxes feature Toulouse-Lautrec-style posters for "Tosca," "Turandot," "Madame Butterfly," and "La Bohème," and notes from an appropriate aria issue forth when the lid of the box is lifted; $45. Boxes with lids of polished wood inlaid with flowers and mandolins play classical themes and Broadway show tunes ($42 to $150), and a Swiss disc-player obliges with a dose of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess": "Summertime," "I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'," and "It Ain't Necessarily So" ($475).

The Chanel look is like a satellite circling the fashion world and occasionally relaying state-of-the-art photographs of *la doyenne's* imperturbable style. (The mammoth fake pearls hawked on Broadway are a kind of local talisman.) To bring these down to earth is the business of the Knit Couture, a recently opened second-story establishment at 764 Madison Avenue (65th). Here are made-to-order boxy, hand-loomed Chanel-style suits that have to do only with Mademoiselle, and have no truck at all with the sleek innovations of Karl Lagerfeld. Woollens are black, navy, and red, buttons are gold, and jackets are trimmed with black braid. The dresses, which are only slightly more relaxed, have prim Windsor collars. The fitting and alteration work, which is done on the premises—the brightly lit shop is cluttered with pincushions, swatches, and tape measures—is of extremely high quality, and the prices range from $350 to $800.

At 746 Madison Avenue, just north of the federal town house of the Bank of New York's branch at 63rd Street, where it might be prudent to stock up on more cash, is the well-dug-in encampment of Betsey Bunky Nini. Here sweaters stacked on shelves behind the counter show off the achievements of a slew of internationally clicking needles. A tunic-length sweater from Scotland, in bright green, has tweedy flecks of teal, aubergine, and mustard

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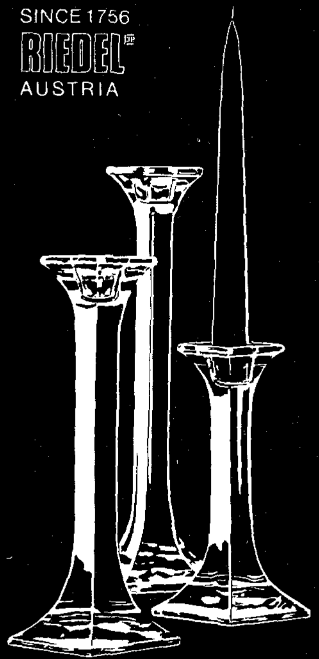

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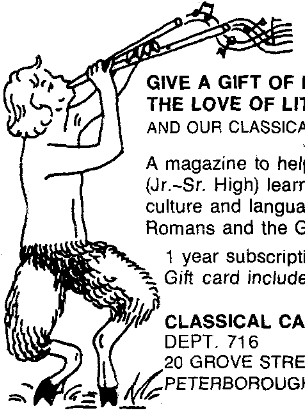

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yellow ($250); and cable-stitched turtleneck sweaters from Italy with side panels of stylized flowers—some with contrasting borders (brown with teal, or black with pink)—have an *au plein aire* look and a correspondingly Alpine price tag ($430). From England, a slouchy V-necked cardigan with Rugby stripes of navy and green or of navy and burgundy ($190) has a matching striped calf-length skirt ($140). The brocade boom is represented by a spencer evening jacket by Bosha Johnson with a motif of pink and mauve roses on a background of burgundy and gold. The jacket closes with two gold-metal buttons; $420.

Isabel Canovas, the Paris-based designer who works at the stratospheric limits of luxury, has opened an outpost across the street from Betsey Bunky Nini, at 743 Madison. This is the place to pick up a little something for someone who is fond of the accoutrements in portraits of Catherine the Great. The floor is polished granite, dyed blue, the walls are black glass, and the watery, aquarium effect is heightened by illuminated cases, which display the opulent accessories like sea treasures. A chaperon headdress of green-and-orange jacquard-weave Thai silk has a twisted mink-and-silk brim; $1,175. A distinctly un-proletarian muff, which may very well be the last word on the lost, cold grand winters of St. Petersburg, is a sausage of quilted mallard-green taffeta, edged with mink bracelets, lined with beaver, and equipped with a black silk tasselled cord strap; $1,095. Pumpkin and fuchsia cashmere shawls, finished with mink or suède tails, are $1,985 and $2,700, respectively.

At 700 Madison Avenue (63rd) is Leggiadro, a bright new leg-shaped hosiery shop. The walls are neatly lined with racks holding packages of Cerruti stockings from Israel, arranged by color and size. The wide selection here includes silk panty hose, in mauve, smoke, prune, ebony, and flesh tones ($25); cotton and cotton-*chiné* tights ($15), in foliage hues and dashing stripes; Astroglanz silver-sparkle hose, in colors including vermeil and galaxie, which is blue ($15); and the big Petrushka polka dots that have spotted *Parisian legs this season* ($10). Socks, which the store also stocks for men and children, range from a Crayola big-box assortment of heavyweight cotton anklets ($6) to Missoni knee highs ($30), and include cable-knit school-uniform knee socks, by Byford of England ($12), and jumpy Italian paisleys, in black, red, or blue ($15).

•

Will you buy any tape
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a . . .

WITHIN the borders of the fashionable upper West Side—loosely defined by the Weiser family's Charivari stores—whole blocks of Broadway continue to collapse under the slam of the wrecking ball. For the time being, most of the fevered action slides up and down an each-day-more-beglittered Columbus Avenue. Random Harvest, at 60 West 75th Street, is one of a number of establishments that—in the face of the increasing homogenization of New York neighborhoods—have remained imbued with the West Side's indigenous, block-association savoir-faire. Here are trunkloads of garments that have recently entered the felicitous realm of the antique. Twinkly, beaded-and-sequinned West Egg bolero evening jackets, some made romantic by openwork veiled with silk net, are from $125 to $250. A dress of floral-printed black cambric-weave silk, from the same period, has the porcelain gleam of a Chinese vase ($250); and an ivory silk bias-cut wedding dress is trimmed with fake pearls at the neck and on its scalloped hem ($250). Nature motifs grace both a collection of sterling-silver pins, which include grapes and leaves (from $20 to $60), and vintage handbags, with late-summer phlox and weedy roses nodding on a bag of black Chinese silk ($85), and, on a French minaudière lined with silk moiré, trembling crystal-bead butterflies alighting in an overgrowth of enamel-and-bugle-bead reeds ($250). The store, which also offers genteel furnishings for the house, leaning toward tea towels, paisley, and solarium wicker, has a selection of nineteenth-century hot-air-balloon prints. The colors are gay, and the captions are in French; in "L'Ascension de Madame Blanchard au Champ-de-Mars," a crowd looks on, the tricolor is waved, and a robust lady of indeterminate age floats heavenward under a huge balloon, holding in each hand what looks like a bunch of chili peppers. The prints, which are restrikes, are framed in burled maple and gold leaf, and the price is $55 when a frame measures fifteen by eighteen inches, and $36 when it's ten by twelve.

Tianguis Folk Art, at 284 Columbus Avenue (73rd), specializes in cheerful products that mostly originate in the Third World, and is a wonderful source of inexpensive, shiny Christmas ornaments of painted tin from $2. (Buxom mermaids look especially snappy swimming beneath the balsam.) This year, the store has received a shipment of dresses from England, designed by a woman named Sally Vaughn, who lives in a houseboat in the Regent's Canal. The dresses, which have dropped waists and shoulders and modified dolman sleeves, are primarily made of pieced-together swatches of velvet, wool, and brocade dating from the nineteen-fifties. The over-all effect of solid workmanship and offbeat juxtapositions is an atavistic charm reminiscent of the Omega Workshop textiles designed by Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant. Occasionally, a fabric turns up in two dresses, but each dress is unique, and the prices range from $75 to $150 for the more elaborate patchwork styles. Zipizapē, the store's own label, identifies a perky checked blouse (the colors are deep iris, red, rust, and black—all on white) of cotton flannel, with cabbagy rosettes marching down the front; $65. There are matching toreador pants, sans rosettes, also for $65. The rosettes are also available, singly or in bouquets, for pinning on an unprepossessing collar; $8. An artist's smock of a duster, mid-calf-length, also in checked cotton flannel, has a black velvet chesterfield collar, velvet-ringed buttons, and patch pockets; $110. Rainbow-striped rebozos, from Mexico, in mixtures whose predominant colors include peach, indigo, and violet, are as soft as eiderdown ($20), and heavy wool vests from Uruguay are knitted in Fair Isle designs and have horn buttons ($160). Stippled scarves, some with silver threads arcing through them, are handwoven of wool, silk, rayon, and ribbon; $50. Conscientiously hand-knit sweaters can be found next door, at Vermont Classics, 284 Columbus Avenue. By Dia North, of Boston, the sweaters, worked in imaginative patterns, represent endangered fauna. Whooping cranes fly across the front of a cerulean-blue pullover, and a Pisces cardigan—a pretty reminder, in turquoise, gray, and powder-pink, of thirty endangered species of fish, including the snail darter—closes with glazed-ceramic pumpkinseed buttons. The blunt-nosed leopard lizard and the green sea turtle are also commemorated, and the stern profiles of bald

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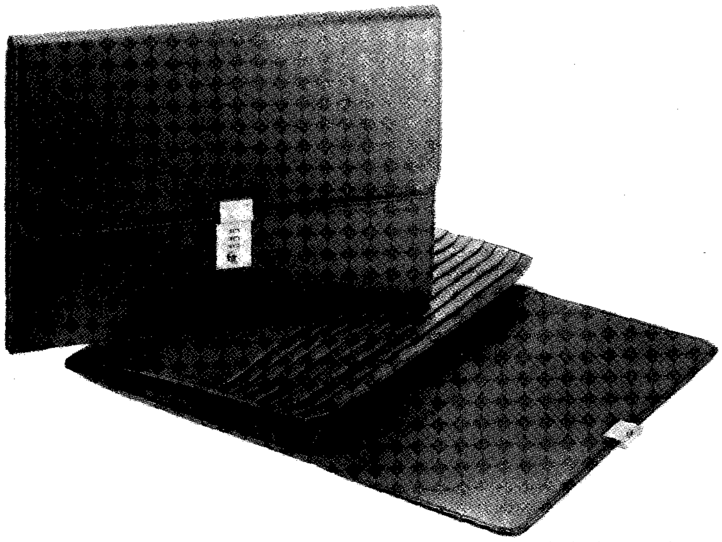

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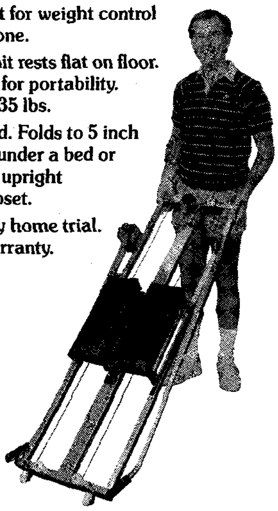

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eagles appear on the front and sleeves of a maize sweater with a Ben Franklin collar and red knitted tie. The prices are $190 for a pullover and $220 for a cardigan. Here, too, are lace and linen collars that might have framed the bright faces of the Alcott girls at Fruitlands ($32 to $38). For the slightly less ecological-minded, there are sweaters decorated with hearts and bright stencil-pattern baskets, or with New England maple leaves or pretty nosegays ($85 to $150), and there are also handy button-down oxford-cloth shirts ($37).

The bodegas on Amsterdam Avenue are rapidly being replaced by cozy bakeshops, where energetic sybarites tuck in after a dash around the reservoir. For warming up or cooling off, Sweatshop, at 381 Amsterdam (78th), has T-shirts of Danish towelling in teal, salmon, or red. They can be reversed and worn with the terry-cloth side out. They are $20, and so are matching drawstring bottoms. Sweatshop also has innocent string-bikini panties made up in Liberty cotton ($10) and handmade pastel cotton camisoles trimmed with floral cotton lace ($24) with matching panties ($10). Next door, at 379 Amsterdam Avenue, is Ann Bentley, featuring dashing, clean-cut clothes imported from Italy. The corps on hand includes Beppe Bondi, Raffaello, Ruffo, Carini, and Marzotto, several of whom design independently for the palazzi of Versace and Armani. Here are drawers full of holiday hair ornaments. Black combs set with green, pink, and blue Christmas-light stones are $15; mock-tortoiseshell headbands decorated with bows or rhinestones are from $5 to $17; and finger-length, half-inch-wide hair clips covered with two rows of pearls and a bivouac of rhinestones are $10. There are also soft hand-stitched Italian gloves with cashmere linings; they're caramel-colored and cost from $40 to $60 a pair.

•

Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head
Of the newest and finest, finest
wear-a?

It is no longer necessary to exclaim over the change in the streets south of Houston Street, where warehouses that once supplied the nuts and bolts of the city have become gleaming fantasias a-chirp with the waterfalls and chimes of piped-in New Age music. Entrepreneurial Pucks peek from behind neoclassical columns, holding vials of magic potions. Taxis drift, looking for uptown fares. In the atrium of Robert Lee Morris's new Artwear Gallery, at 456 West Broadway (Prince Street), a plaster cast of an unclothed female torso lies in a Japanese garden of black stones. Here is jewelry by contemporary artists, fashioned of untraditional materials—steel, wood, silicon, acrylic. Tinkling necklaces by Renee Lewis, who collects crystals from old chandeliers, are from $600 to $6,000; Gloria Lomas's naturalistic bark-chip earrings set with colored glass are from $150 to $300 (one pair has amber glass oozing from the wood like sap). Stephan Allendorf has designed gold-plated bronze bell earrings that actually chime, thanks to seafoam-green acrylic clappers (from $100 to $170), and a sleigh-bell necklace, with eight bells ($1,100). A stainless-steel-and-sterling-silver wire-mesh calotte by Tone Vigeland trails a Davy Crockett tail of hammered nailheads. It's $600, and the same amount will buy a vermeil clip in the shape of a raven, by Ted Muehling. The raven, which is the size of a small child's hand, would serve to hold a shawl in place at the shoulder. A good number of people collect Cara Croninger's acrylic bracelets. The bracelets are sliced from an acrylic tube and then shaped and sanded. This season, the colors are purples and blues, but a range from neons and primaries to neutrals and black is also available, as are dreamier pastels; $60 each. The work of Robert Lee Morris himself, the presiding genius of Artwear, is displayed down the street at a store bearing his name, on the site of the old Artwear (409 West Broadway). The current collection, which brings to mind the strikingly modern jewelry unearthed by archeological expeditions in Egypt, includes several extremely handsome belts. A Moons-of-Jupiter disc belt—in sterling silver, gunmetal, or brass, polished, gold-plated, or oxidized—is priced between $575 and $1,200, depending on the finish. An eight-strand slide belt of pulley leather has brass slides and a round, Billy the Kid brass-hook buckle; $800. Belts with fewer strands—the leather can be either natural brown or black, and the slides brass, silver, or gunmetal—are from $200 to $500. Mr. Morris has also designed a heavy, pleasing ring, which conveys his sense of serious purpose. It is available in brass ($40) or sterling silver ($60).

Joovay, at 436 West Broadway

(Prince Street), is a tiny candy box of a lingerie shop, run and staffed by its owners, Barbara Cooke and Arlene Levine. A beige silk camisole set by Maglificio di Borgomanero, of Italy, has tender aurora-borealis edging worked in gold threads; $46 for the camisole, $34 for the bikini. Lynn La Cava makes a pointed-waist ballerina gown of black jacquard silk, with a skirt of airy silk chiffon ($150); jacquard silk chiffon turns up in a matching cocoon jacket ($112). Ruth Lazar, for Nouveauté, scatters white silk-charmeuse pajamas with a Milky Way of gold lamé stars ($250), and makes a sinuous metallic silk camisole that moves like molten gold ($60). A favorite among men who like to buy such fripperies for women is Arete's black silk-charmeuse teddy with front, hip, and back inserts of beflowered and beribboned Valenciennes lace; $130. Loré achieves a calmer effect with eggshell silk charmeuse and insets of white cotton lace; the teddy zips up the back. This, too, is $130. A salmon silk robe with ivory jacquard cuffs trimmed with pussy-willow-gray silk, is also available in ivory with Alice-blue cuffs and gray trim; $220. Good, thick, heavy terry-cloth robes from France come in bonbon colors or awning stripes ($120). And hand-beaded ballet slippers come in white, decorated with seed pearls and thumbnail ribbon rosettes, or in black with pink brocade bows; $35.

A few doors down, at 426 West Broadway, is Dianne B. (also at 729 Madison Avenue), offering spirited clothes in which one can greet one's public. Three-quarter-length double-breasted coats by Irie, in purple, black, dark green, or cobalt, are $310. A selection of restrained designs by the at times startling Jean-Paul Gaultier runs to rainy-day colors and includes a generously cut ribbed chenille pullover in sea green, moss, or umber; $445. The reliable Dorothée Bis presents a peach wool fingertip-length turtleneck with matching stirrup pants ($445), and a turtleneck with narrow stripes of either maize and black or coral and black, and banded in black at the cuffs and hem; $185. There are matching striped Pippi Longstocking tights for $35. Stripes of gray and puce figure on a pair of cotton-and-wool-knit trousers by Issey Miyake; $225. A companion sweater has wide stripes on the bodice and skinny stripes ringing the sleeves; $195. Dianne B.'s own Cygne line is represented by another turtleneck, this one cable-knit, and a match-

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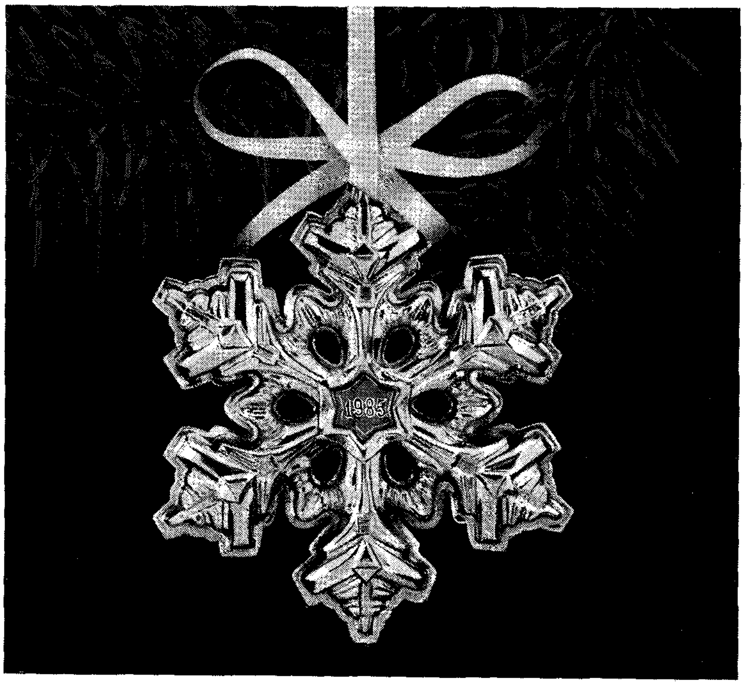

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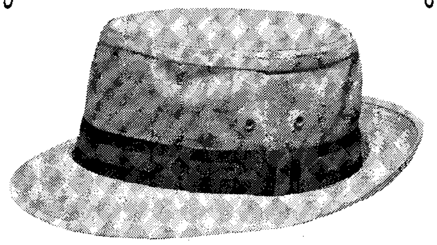

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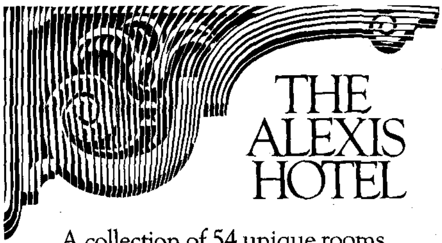

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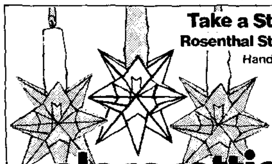

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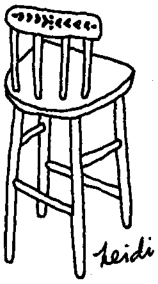
ing calf-length skirt in honey tweed; $90 each. A beautifully composed short, strapless party dress by Victor Edelstein of London is of amethyst silk crêpe and has two strategically placed back bows that would make a nice little shimmy across the dance floor; $1,700. And, for strobe-light sparkle under diaphanous chiffon, Yuki Tori has produced silly sequin-covered Arabian Nights bras, in bird-of-paradise orange, purple, and Arden green; $150.

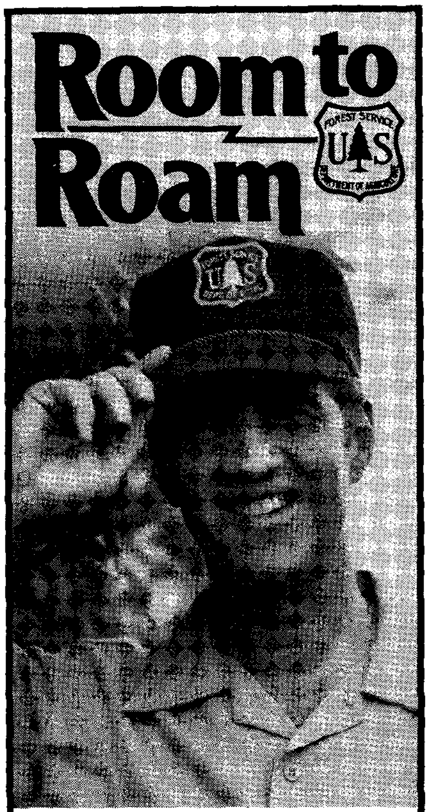


With a little clipping of its sumptuous wings, Rizzoli is now firmly ensconced in its relatively new quarters at 454 West Broadway. (It has moved its uptown store to 31 West 57th Street.) Here, amid a variety of maps and guides inhabiting the wall space near the cash register, is the eighth edition of "The Streets of SoHo and Tribeca Map and Guide" (Raw Books & Graphics; $1.25), which lists downtown's mercurial denizens by street and type (restaurants, galleries, boutiques); a convenient number next to each listing also appears in the correct place on the fold-out map. After walking the length of the narrow ground floor, one climbs an English-country-house stairway to find Rizzoli's familiar lavish array of art books. The subjects covered range from the Etruscans to Keith Haring, and here, as with all the best presents, a selection is best guided by affection and knowledge of the recipient's interests. To please both armchair gardeners and those who have happily spent the last months before this year's late frost putting in five hundred tulip bulbs, the Antique Collector's Club, 5 Church Street, Woodbridge, Suffolk, England, is engaged in reprinting the garden books of the legendary Gertrude Jekyll, which first appeared between 1899 and 1918. The volumes now available at Rizzoli include "Roses for English Gardens" and "Flower Decoration in the House;" each is clothbound and is priced at $29.50. A full list of titles can be had by writing to the Antique Collector's Club. Another book at Rizzoli which would please gardeners is also published in England; this is "The Concise Encyclopedia of Garden Plants," by Kenneth A. Beckett (Orbis Publishing; $19.95), which contains two thousand color photographs of over seven thousand species.

More gifts for gardeners can be discovered in the very appealing catalogue put out by the firm of Smith & Hawken (25 Corte Madera, Mill Valley, California; 415 383-4050). Hand-lasted rubber gardening boots, manufactured in Dumfries, Scotland, for over a hundred and twenty-five years, are guaranteed to be leakproof. The boots have drab-gray vamps, coarse sole treads, and grass-green uppers; $25. Heavy-duty goatskin gloves, for protection against thorns, are $12.50 and $13.50, depending on size. Smith & Hawken will also send along interesting seed packets, some of which are not readily available in more sober Yankee nurseries. The Edible Flowers Collection contains six packets and includes bee balm, whirlybird nasturtium, and the plant called borage, which is reportedly eaten for courage. The price is $6.75. Other samplers are Salad Garden, Scented Basil, Herb, French Garden, and a package of five different types of seeds for chili peppers; prices run from $4.95 to $14.30.

Dean & DeLuca, at 121 Prince Street—around the corner from Rizzoli—can supply many of the above-mentioned edibles, full grown, from its Holbein cornucopias of fruit and vegetables, and it is also a good place to pick up one or two Manon chocolate truffles, to be eaten by the Christmas shopper now, for strength, before he or she crosses the street to examine the wares at Agnes B., 116 Prince Street. The flavors are framboise, Cointreau, or plain butter, and the truffles are ninety-five cents each.

The clothes at Agnes B.—all designed by Agnes Bourgois, who has six stores in Paris, and one at 1063 Madison Avenue (81st)—are sworn by by numerous streamlined women and tend toward the raffiné black-pants-and-pullover look, best seen undiluted in the early films of Jean-Luc Godard. Tight black cotton leggings are $42; écolières—long-sleeved cotton shirts—in black, gray, or white are $60; and supple Jean Seberg short leather jackets in navy or black are from $335 to $500. There is also a line of demure, round-necked cardigans in cotton knit, with pearly snap buttons. The colors include baby pink, mauve, and pewter as well as black and white; $58. And V-necked wool cardigans come in navy, ivory, gray, or black; $105. A classic black wool reefer coat, roomy enough to wear over a heavy sweater but not overpow-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eringly huge, is lined with an appealing rayon-and-cotton zebra print; $285. Buttoned up, the coat wraps the wearer in the warm feeling of a private joke, and the print makes a more public appearance not only on trousers ($99) and a knee-length skirt ($83) but also on very funny leggings, upstairs in the infant-wear department ($44). Merino-wool hoods in alizarin, Beaubourg tints are $34.

No matter how ornate the bottle, it is often the enclosed message that tells the true tale. At Untitled, 159 Prince Street (West Broadway)—there is a second store, Untitled II, at 680 Broadway (East 3rd Street)—respectful reproductions of paintings and photographs on cards, picturing the world at its most serene and also in varying stages of public and private dishabille, are arrayed on the wall and filed, in bins, by category. The stock includes more than ten thousand titles, and the average cost of a card, with envelope, is $1.50. The prices range from thirty-five cents, for tourist postcards of New York vistas, to $3 for handmade cards, and there are also tiny gift cards printed with reproductions of Chinese album-leaf watercolors from the Ch'ing dynasty; they are twenty-five cents, no inscription included, and here we slip away, for this winter—as at every Christmas—the sentiments best expressed are those already written on the heart.

•

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[*From an insert in TWA Ambassador, an in-flight magazine*]

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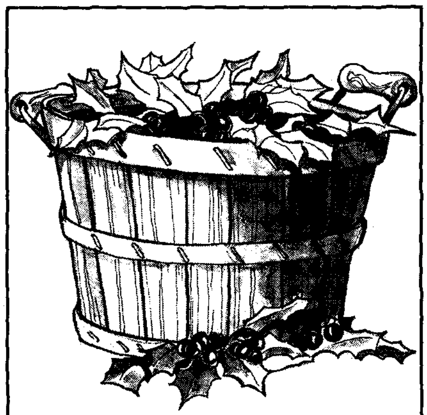
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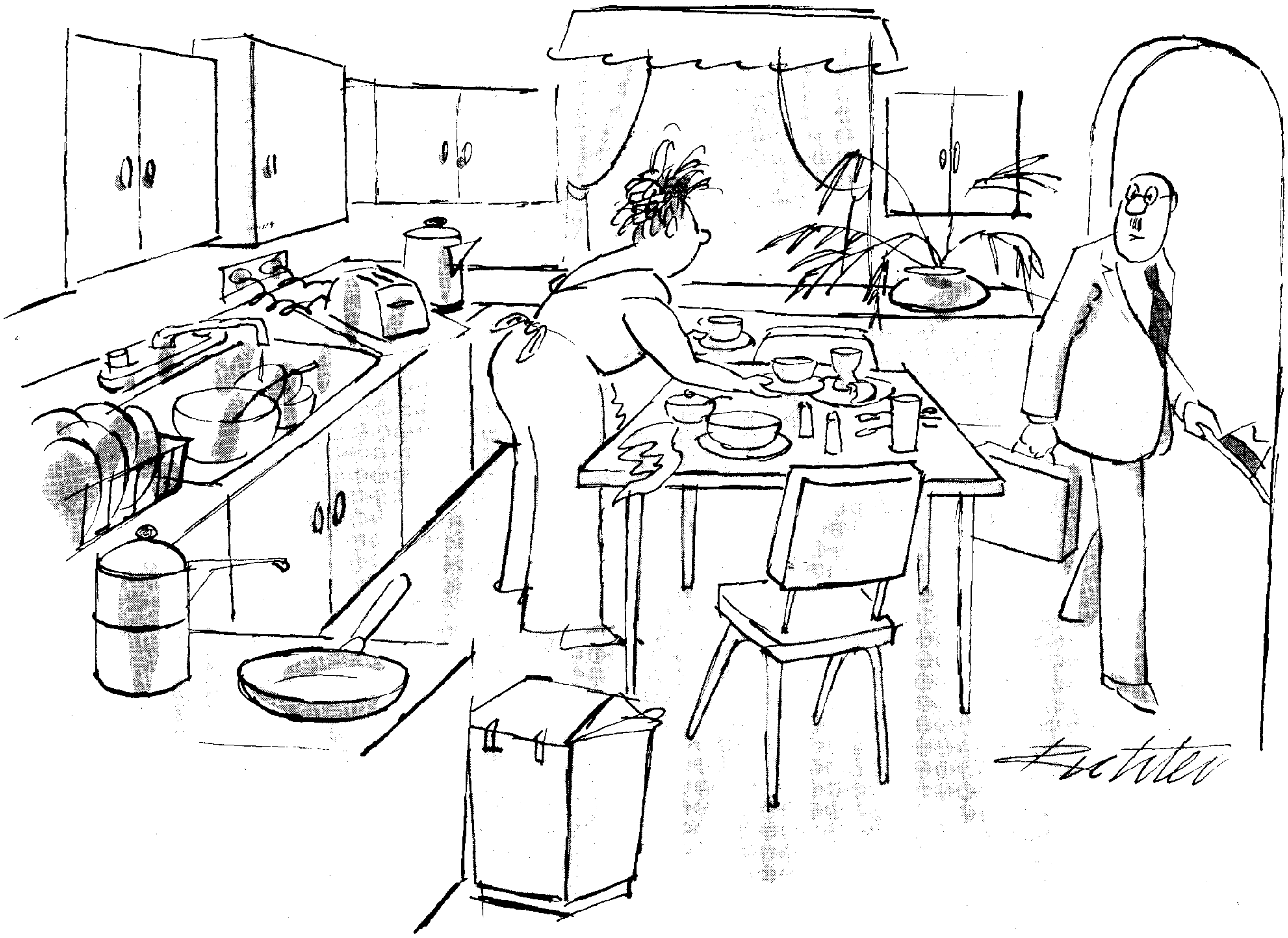
THE THEATRE

Press Mess

A FEVERISH rock-and-roll musical called "The News" imprudently opened and then prudently closed last week at the latest Helen Hayes Theatre, originally known as the Little Theatre. (An earlier Helen Hayes was blasted out of existence a few seasons ago in order to make way for the brute gray mass of the Marriott Marquis, which blots out much of the western sky above Times Square and is surely the only hotel in the world that one gains access to by crossing a five-lane driveway crowded with stretch limos.) To put the matter as kindly as possible, "The News" had ambitions for itself that were far loftier than its ability to carry them out; it was both the story of a crazed killer bent upon gunning down celebrities of whom he disapproved and a moralistic exposé of the crass inner workings of a tabloid newspaper, the *Mirror*, which cared about nothing except increasing its circulation. The *Mirror* featured headlines like the ones that used to be characteristic of the old New York *Graphic* and are characteristic of our local *Post* today: snappy monosyllables ("POP GUTS TOT") that often prove to have little to do with the news stories from which they purport to derive. To thicken the plot and make it totally ridiculous, the executive editor of the *Mirror*, a man who danced and sang at his desk in a display of pelvic virtuosity that only the staff of the Hospital for Special Surgery would be likely to applaud, had a fifteen-year-old daughter, seemingly motherless and seemingly in grave need of sexual counselling. Her yearning was for the companionship of an older man, and to that end she began in the lonely-hearts column of Daddy's paper a correspondence with the crazed killer.

It took three grown men to devise this grotesquely overexcited plot: Paul Schierhorn, who also wrote the dull music and the mind-numbing lyrics; David Rotenberg, who also assumed the task of directing the show; and R. Vincent Park, who was also one of its several producers. Jeff Conaway played the executive editor with an air of confidence oddly out of proportion to the occasion, Anthony Crivello played the crazed killer, and Lisa Michaelis played the daughter. The scenery, which bore no resemblance to the city room of any newspaper on sea or land, was designed by Jane Musky, the ugly costumes were by Richard Hornung, the lighting was by Norman Coates, and the choreography was by Wesley Fata. Inevitable question: What were all these conscientious people thinking of, to become accomplices in so certain a misadventure? Answer: They were simply glad to be at work. That explanation may suffice in any of the numerous widget-manufacturing plants in Perth Amboy, but it doesn't suffice on Broadway.

—BRENDAN GILL



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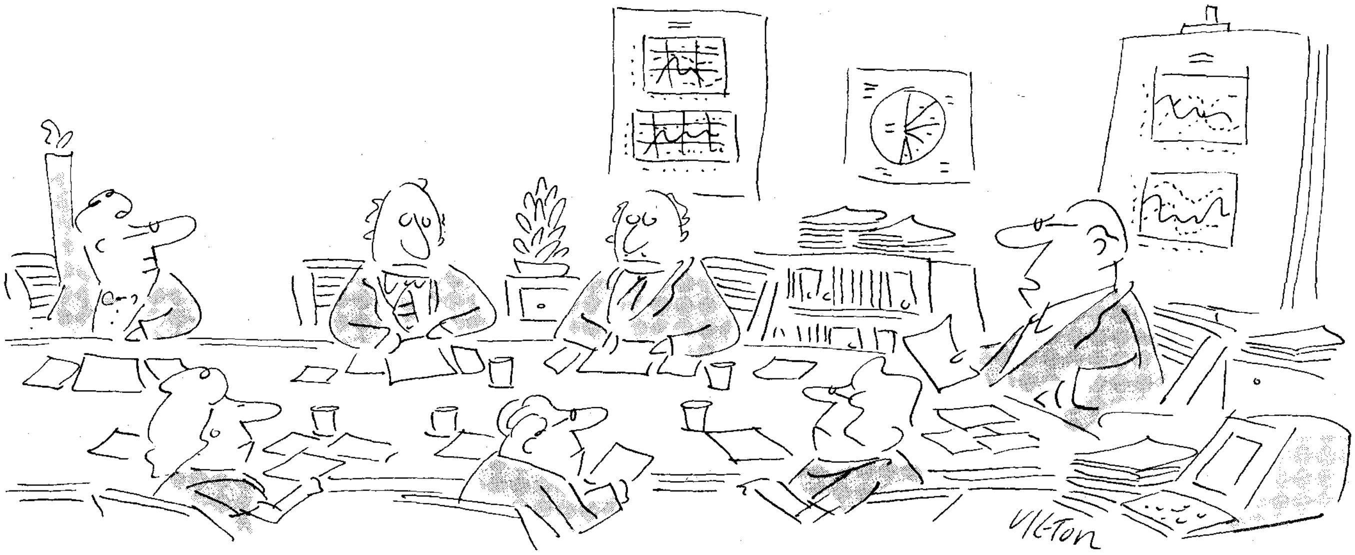
MUSICAL EVENTS

Voices of Today

A SEVENTIETH-BIRTHDAY concert for George Perle, in Merkin Hall last month, brought the première of his Wind Quintet No. 4 and the American première of his Six New Etudes, for piano. The quintet, written for the Dorian Wind Quintet, is a happy piece. It's in four movements—Invention, Scherzo, Pastorale, Finale—and lasts about eighteen minutes. One of the pleasures Perle's music affords is meeting themes that behave like characters who become more engaging the more we get to know them. They pass through many moods in the course of a work, change aspect, sometimes peek out behind disguises, then step forth, smiling and confident, *en clair*. They don't outstay their welcome. They aren't forced through paces by a puppetmaster but seem to live their own lives. They enter and move through classical forms with the ease of people entering and moving through shapely rooms chosen or designed to suit them well. If the description suggests something neoclassical, that's not inappropriate, provided any implications of dryness are avoided. Portraits of ancestors and honored friends hanging in those rooms probably show Debussy, Bartók, Berg, and the late Stravinsky—not Hindemith or the middle Stravinsky. But Perle has developed his own language. By what technical process his harmony functions I don't know. (A program note spoke of "the utilization of the totality of relations inherent in the chromatic continuum" and of "a new concept of musical space, in which coherence in progression and the establishment of tonal centricity are realized to a degree unknown since the major-minor scale.") That it does function well is apparent to the ear.

Grace, wit, and unaffected elegance are qualities regularly discerned in Perle's compositions. There is also a vein of emotion, which rises closest to the surface in the third movement of Serenade No. 3 (1983), in the Cello Sonata (1985), and in some of the Six New Etudes. The first set of Six Etudes (1976), written as if by some late-twentieth-century Chopin, soon became popular. (They are recorded by Bradford Gowen on New World NW 304.) The new set, which might, rather, be ascribed to some late-twentieth-century Schumann, will surely do so, too. The first study, "Praeludium," makes play with one of Perle's characteristic rising themes. "Gigue" is a light, heady whirl of dancing cross rhythms. "Papillons" flutters by in four-against-three. So far, the music is essentially in Perle's favored two-part texture—though a line is often colored by, as it were, underlining in the form of a second, simultaneous note. The fourth study, "Romance," employs richer sonorities, shining through delicate clouds of carefully indicated pedal. "Variations" is perhaps the most demanding piece of the set: a study in constantly changing metre, sudden dynamic contrasts, and abrupt shifts of register. The final "Perpetuum Mobile" is a piano-solo version of the exhilarating fourth movement of Serenade No. 3—the instrumental parts here condensed into a single left-hand line. Six New Etudes, commissioned by the United States Information Agency, was given its first performance in China, in May, by Shirley Anne Seguin. In New York, it was played by Michael Boriskin—a gifted and sensitive young American pianist so far better known in Europe than here. He met the successive challenges, both technical and expressive, with eagerness, warmth, and dexterity. He has recorded the set, along with Perle's "Pantomime, Interlude, and Fugue," Short Sonata, Fantasy Variations, and Suite in C, for a forthcoming New World record.

The concert—the first of the season in Merkin Hall's Music Today series—began with Serenade No. 1 (1962), for solo viola and ten players (eight winds, double-bass, and percussion), and ended with Serenade No. 3, for solo piano and ten players (seven winds, violin, cello, and percussion). Both were conducted by Gunther Schuller. The early Serenade, with its dedicatee, Walter Trampler, as soloist, sounded underrehearsed, balanced with less than chamber-music precision. Serenade No. 3, with Seymour Lipkin as soloist, went better. The Cello Sonata completed the program. André Emelianoff, to whom it is dedicated, and who introduced it, in



"You can't move we adjourn, Wilson. We just started."

Merkin Hall, earlier this year, and Mr. Boriskin gave a noble, impassioned account of the rich piece.

THE second Music Today concert, three weeks later, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, offered an international program at once varied and satisfying. Menahem Avidom's "Enigma" (1962), for woodwind quintet, percussion, and piano, is a cluster of five carefully wrought little pieces. Karl Amadeus Hartmann's Concerto for Viola and Piano (1955) is a masterwork. Hartmann, much admired in the fifties, is little heard now, and audiences are the poorer. The concerto has the energy, the economy, the intellectual toughness and emotional fire that mark all his best music. The scoring is unorthodox—three each of flutes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, and trombones; six percussion players—but so skillfully handled that the soloists (who in this performance were Sol Greitzer and John Van Buskirk) are not drowned. These two pieces, one from Israel, the other from Germany (where Hartmann's music was silenced from 1933 to 1945), were American premières. There followed two New York premières.

Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Chamber Concerto (1984), for trumpet and five players, was commissioned by the National Endowment for the Arts for performance by new-music ensembles in Pittsburgh, Boston, and San Diego. It's short, cheerful, and confident—undemanding of its listeners, though difficult to play. A "Petrushka"-like call runs through the three movements. The scoring (flute, clarinet, percussion, double-bass, and piano) is subtle and engaging; Zwilich has a fresh, lively ear. The soloist must be able to hit spot-on high notes, for this is a virtuoso trumpet piece. Neil Balm smudged some of them.

Bernard Rands' song cycle to poems about the sun, "Canti del Sole," had its première as a work for tenor and orchestra, at the Philharmonic's Horizons '83 Festival. (The following year, it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Music.) Like Rands' companion cycle of moon poems, "Canti Lunatici," for soprano and orchestra (which was done at the London Proms this year), it exists also in a version for singer and chamber ensemble. This ended the Merkin concert. The soloist, as at the Horizons event, was Paul Sperry, a careful and intelligent artist who makes the most of modest vocal

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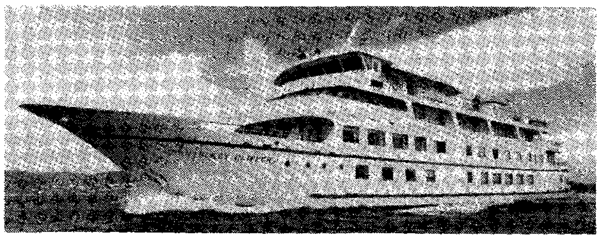

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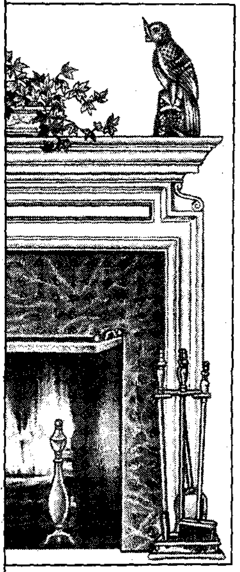
equipment. I'm not sure whether the music does more than drape charged poems with apt, evocative sounds. Perhaps that's enough. The Baudelaire setting, "Harmonie du Soir," sounded ravishing in this chamber version.

THE first half of the New Music Consort's concert in Carnegie Recital Hall last week was attractive. The program began with Henry Cowell's "Pulse" (1939), for six percussionists. It is brief, bright, and engaging. The textures are thin and definite, the musical arguments lucid. The players were William Trigg, Joseph Grable, Kory Grossman, Michael Pugliese, Frank Cassara, and Dominic Donato—a keen, precise team. Then there was Joan Tower's "Wings" (1981), for solo clarinet—a graphic and beautiful piece. The image behind it, the composer says in a program note, "is one of a large bird (perhaps a falcon) that at times flies very high and very slowly and at other times builds up tremendous speeds that result in elaborate downward (or upward) flying patterns." It's a work in the genre of George Benjamin's "Flight," for solo flute, and Peter Maxwell Davies' "Sea Eagle," for solo horn. Charles Neidich was its poetic interpreter. There followed Elliott Carter's Elizabeth Bishop song cycle "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" (1976), for soprano and nine players. The singer was Carmen Pelton. Given that her words were mostly inaudible and that her tone grew impure above the staff—it's a lot to give—it was an impressive performance. Her feeling for line, for the movement, shapes, and stresses of Carter's lyrical phrases, was sure. What a wonderful composition this is—so rich, intense, and delicate in emotion! (There's a fine recording by the first performers, Susan Davenny Wyner and Speculum Musicae, on CBS.) Verbal obscurity during performance is partly the fault of the composer's setting: he's written for a listener who has a text sheet before him. The Consort provided one, but not enough light to make it legible at a glance. I go on about this matter of light, I know, but still can't understand the thinking of an organization that distributes texts, acknowledging their importance, and then makes them not easily usable. Few people can memorize six difficult poems before the lights go down. (Even the singer of "Mirror" hadn't memorized words and music; in the



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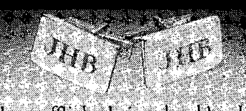

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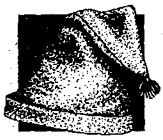

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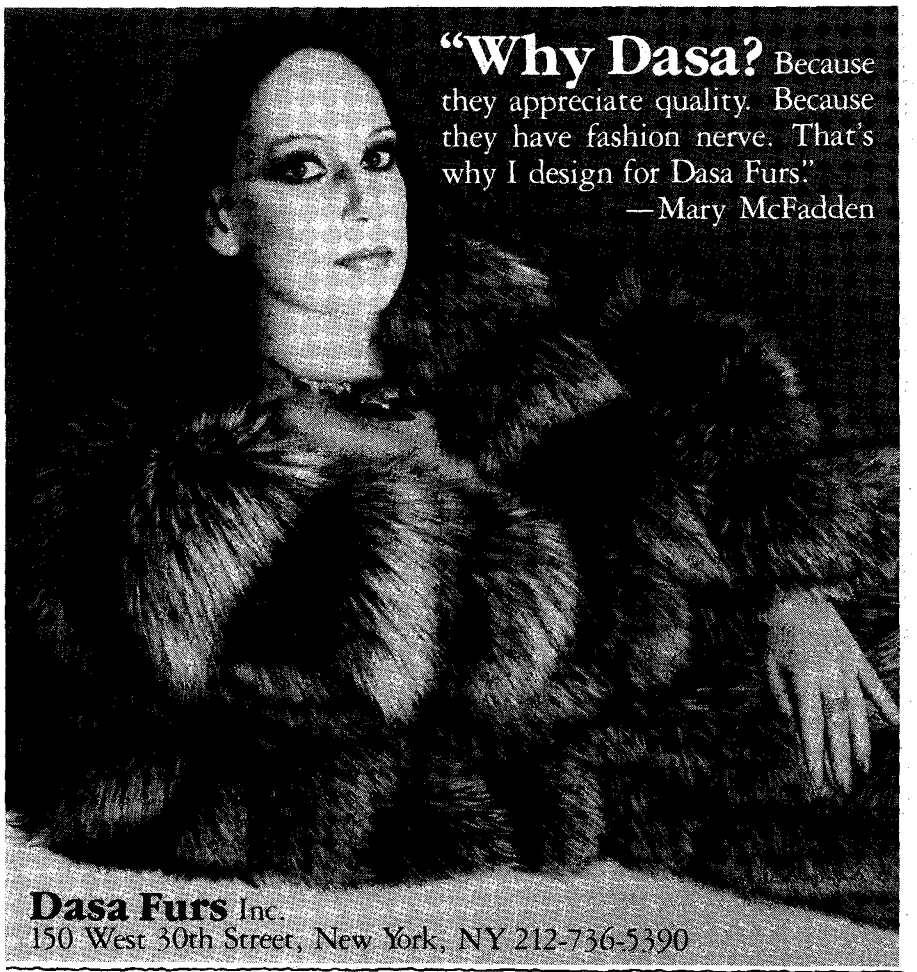
modern manner, she sang from a score.) Bishop's and Carter's jokes passed apparently uncomprehended.

Avian imagery was provided here by the stuttering, piping oboe (played by Wesley Nichols) of the sandpiper, running "finical, awkward, in a state of controlled panic" along the water's marge. Birds in song, in flight, or (like Ravel's kingfisher) in stillness have ever been composers' inspiration. Long before Messiaen's ornithological exactitude, Handel's warbling turtles and nightingales seconded a heroine's plaints. As a flute, the lark flutters through poor Ophelia's mad musings in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet;" as a violin, it soars through Vaughan Williams' "The Lark Ascending," to become "an ecstasy to music turned." In Carter's Symphony of Three Orchestras, a trumpet plays Hart Crane's gull "shedding white wings of tumult, building high over the chained bay waters Liberty." Last spring, an American composer living in Tuscany wrote to me of the nightingale song that rings through the valleys there, turning the dark to music: he felt awed, humbled, exalted by the birds' command of melodic variation, expressive timbre, and antiphonies. Musicians who live always in cities, unawakened by a dawn chorus, uninspired by nature's song, lose touch with living springs of their art. They may count to twelve in many cunning fashions, and pattern strains and pangs of urban life in careful, elegant constructions, but through the music of the composers who stir listeners most deeply there seem to run deeper patterns: birdsong, the rhythms of wave and water, the mystery and majesty of stars in their courses, the surge of the seasons. Among living composers—anyone can draw his own long list from the past—there come to mind creators as diverse as Carter, Davies, Henze, Messiaen, Stockhausen, Tippett.

The second half of the Consort's program contained Olly Wilson's Piece for Four (1966), John Cage's Music for 5, and Charles Wuorinen's Trio for Bass Instruments (1981). The first movement of Wilson's quartet (trumpet, flute, double-bass, and piano) seemed crabbed and arid; lyricism broke through with the double-bass solo of the second movement and the trumpet tunes (inspired by Miles Davis) of the third. The bassist was Joseph Tamosaitis, the trumpeter Christopher Gekker. The Cage piece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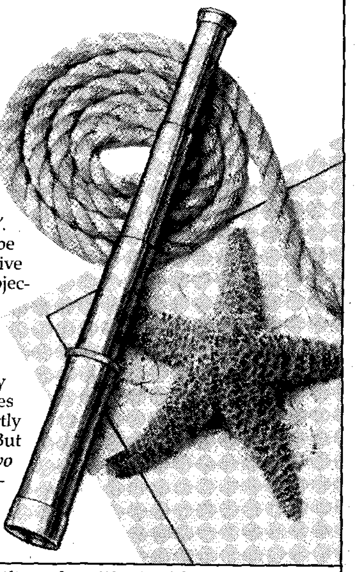

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presented an aspect of his "Music for . . . ," a work in progress consisting of parts that may be used alone, in ad-lib combinations, or along with other scores. Ten individual parts have been written so far, and, in a spoken introduction, the composer suggested that in time a work for conductorless full orchestra might result. The title varies according to the forces chosen. For this concert, flute, cello, piano, and two percussion parts were used. It seemed rather like ear-training—listen attentively, and make what sense you can of it all—and it went on for a long time. I recalled Bayan Northcott's passing remark about Cage, Feldman, and Glass in his article about Stefan Wolpe, in the September *Tempo:* "Once their basic—often simplistic—premises are swallowed, their actual music proceeds to offer no radical challenge in itself whatever (except perhaps tedium)." But the performance did bring an acoustic surprise. While onstage the percussionists and pianist thumped, scraped, rattled, and tinkled away—pots and pans were among their paraphernalia; sometimes one blew a conch or a penny whistle; sometimes they cried aloud—the flutist and the cellist (Rachel Rudich and Madeleine Shapiro) played at the back of the hall, one in the balcony, the other beneath it. And the sound—at any rate, to someone seated on the main floor—was so vivid and intimate as to suggest that artists might do well to station themselves there regularly, rather than up on the curtained platform. Wuorinen's trio is for bass trombone, tuba, and double-bass—a gruff combination. He writes for it with wit and vivacity, and the performers—David Taylor, David Braynard, and Mr. Tamosaitis—were deft.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From the Leesburg* (*Fla.*) *Leesburg/Commercial*]

CORRECTION

A caption for a photo in Friday's newspaper, page 4B, incorrectly identified Jena Gowan, a member of the Melon Patch Players, as Greta Garbo.

•

In his introduction of Pike, Peter Brueckner, chairman of OU's department of Modern Languages and Literature, called the president emeritus of the institute "one of the world's most foremost linguists."—*Oklahoma Daily, newspaper of the University of Oklahoma.*

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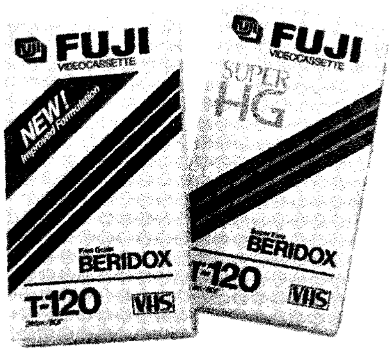
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At thirty-seven, the Mikhail Baryshnikov of "White Nights" isn't the lighthearted seducer that he played in his only other movie, "The Turning Point," in 1977. He has a tragic, melancholy dimension now, and more depth. If he can be said to embody the aesthetic of classical dance, he has also reached the point where he's fighting that aesthetic—fighting his body. You can't see the fighting in the dance sequences of "White Nights;" at least, I couldn't detect it—he leaps and soars as if it were effortless. But you know that it's happening, just as you know that it's not happening to the tap dancer Gregory Hines—his co-star here—who, belonging to a different tradition of dance, may be able to go on just about forever. You can sense it in the perfection of Baryshnikov's face: he's not boyish anymore. His face is drawn now and as expressively modelled as his muscular body—he has a man's awareness. Baryshnikov is magnificent in "White Nights." He might have been created for the movie camera, and he shames the movie he's in.

In "White Nights," a great star of the ballet world who defected from the Soviet Union in the seventies and became an American citizen is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The Soviet authorities apprehend him and put him in the care of a black American tap dancer, who defected from the United States during the Vietnam War, and the tap dancer's Russian wife. This may have seemed like a sharp idea—a gimmick with a built-in dialectic—but it's transparently opportunistic. The tap dancer is conceived as an embittered man who deserted from the U.S. Army because of American racism and the folly and horror of Vietnam. Except for the happiness he has found with his wife, he's miserable, yet he can't admit to himself that he's allowed to dance (in a moth-eaten provincial theatre in Siberia) only if he toadies to the bureaucrats and accepts humiliating tasks. And now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that he must persuade the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala at the company's base in Leningrad's old Maryinsky Theatre. His own future depends on it: if he fails, he'll be sent to work in the mines.

This cheap plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. The film opens with the credits on one side of the screen and Baryshnikov's face on the other side—he appears to be lying back on his bed and smoking a cigarette contemplatively; then he leaps up and dances in a garretlike studio, where he's joined by a ballerina. It's a minute or two before we recognize that they're performing Roland Petit's "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort," and that the garret is in fact the stage of a huge theatre crowded with people, who break into applause. This sequence is superb. It has us watching a ballet before we know we are; even the closeup of Baryshnikov's face is part of the dance. Lighted by the cinematographer David Watkin, this ballet has an entrancing naturalistic formality. But once the plot begins, the dance numbers—solos by Baryshnikov and Hines, and a duet choreographed by Twyla Tharp to the fast rock rhythms of David Pack's "Prove Me Wrong"—aren't as exhilarating as we want them to be, because they're followed by so many scenes of the trapped Baryshnikov trying to figure out what to do and of Hines sitting around morosely.

"White Nights" is meant to be about freedom of movement—about two dancers who, each in his own way, have fled their countries in quest of it. But what we get is a movie about dancers in a funk. They go from the cramped quarters in the Siberian playhouse to the ballet star's luxurious old apartment in Leningrad and the rehearsal studios at the Kirov; the tap dancer is glum just about every step of the way, and the picture itself is stagnant. The script, credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes, keeps going back over the same muddy ground, and when heroic climaxes are wanted it insults the dancers (and our intelligence) by relying on stunt work—on doubles climbing out windows and swinging from ropes. With its solemnly melodramatic mixed-twins premise, the picture certainly can't be accused of excessive artistic integrity, yet it doesn't gratify the audience by letting the performers do what the audience wants them to do. Baryshnikov, a *danseur noble* if ever there was one, is given no love partner; the movie does its best to unsex him. Hines, whose loose, casual style of tap suggests breezy comedy and joyous goofing around, is even more crushed and abject here than he was in "The Cotton Club." Instead of playing a dapper, debonair fellow who has an underlayer of suffering, he puts the suffering on top. And he's at a particular disadvantage because he doesn't have a dramatic presence as a dancer,

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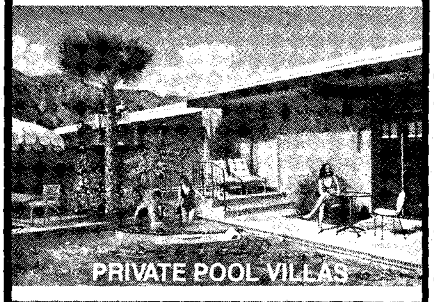

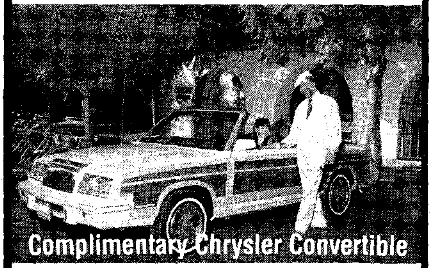

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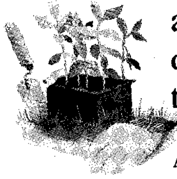

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while Baryshnikov's dance movements are large and spectacular. As Hines' Russian wife, Isabella Rossellini—the great beauty brought forth by Roberto Rossellini and Ingrid Bergman—evokes her mother around the time of "Casablanca," and her voice is low, like her mother's, but gentler, more caressing. She appears here in shabby clothes and a mousy schoolgirl haircut, and has almost nothing to do except act meek and soothe her husband's raw nerves. Hackford and David Watkin manage to enrich some of the compositions by working her profile in, and there's a lovely closeup of her at the end, but she's never allowed to blossom. (If Hackford directed "Cinderella," the poor girl would never get to go to the ball.)

Admittedly, Baryshnikov isn't easy to cast except as a great Russian ballet dancer who defects to the West. He could play other roles; though he's an erratic actor, his confident, quick inflections give his lines a comic snap. But, of course, we want to see him dance. The screenwriters' answer here—adding another defector—compounds the problem. The Cold War dialogue scenes, designed to advance the pesky plot, are never convincing. Even the supporting players are all working to push the unwieldy mechanism along. The Polish expatriate director Jerzy Skolimowski plays the K.G.B. colonel as a jokey turn; he acts with the smirk and relish of a cartoon predator. He has a sly, bemused nastiness (and a teasing resemblance to Zbigniew Brzezinski), but he stays in one key, and he may be entertaining himself more than he entertains the audience. Geraldine Page's role as the ballet dancer's manager is purely functional, and so is Helen Mirren's as the lover he left behind when he defected—she has become the director of the Kirov. Mirren makes her impact, though; probably no other actress can let you know as fast and economically as she can that she's playing a distinguished and important woman. The only supporting actor who offers much surprise is John Glover, in the tiny role of Wynn Scott, an official from the American Embassy; Glover has an off-center style—even when he plays a good guy, as he does here, he gives it an extra squirt of energy, a kinky originality. The film's title—but nothing else—is lifted from Dostoyevski. The action is set during the "white nights" phenomenon, yet that doesn't seem to serve a story point, and if it's a meta-

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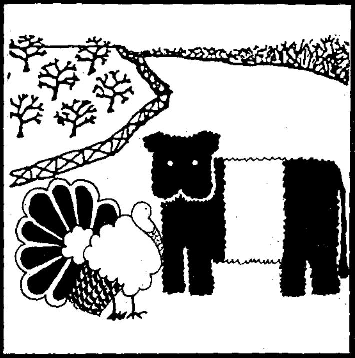

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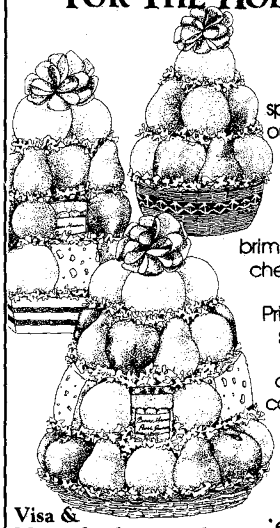

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phor it passed me by. Maybe it merely served the purposes of the moviemakers: city streets could be photographed in daylight (the exteriors were mostly shot in Finland) without the expense of traffic or extras, because the scenes are said to be taking place in the middle of the night.

Unsatisfying as the movie is, you keep pulling for it. You want it to be good for Baryshnikov's sake. I remember feeling this same way at some of Garbo's feebler pictures, yet people still watch those pictures that didn't rise to the occasion of her presence. There's enough footage of Baryshnikov here to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. And there are scenes where Hackford shows an instinct for what he should be doing. When the ballet dancer says goodbye to the director of the Kirov in her apartment at the theatre, she flips on her video machine to a tape of him twenty years earlier, and as the scene ends he sees himself as a youth leaping and suspended in the air. The blurred video image has a ghostly magic. The scene that follows—his farewell to the empty old Maryinsky—is trite, but it's almost as affecting as it's meant to be, because the theatre that is used (the Teatro de São Carlos, in Lisbon) is glorious: a theatre that lives up to a performer's dreams of appearing before princes and gods. The best reason to see "White Nights" is that Baryshnikov demonstrates that he found the freedom of movement he defected for.

"RE-ANIMATOR" makes good on its title. At first, it just makes you mile or giggle, but pretty soon you augh out loud, and as the ghoulish okes escalate you feel revivified—ight-headed and happy, the way peole do after an evening at Charles udlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Comany. The picture is close to being a illy ghoulie classic—the bloodier it ets, the funnier it is. This is the same lood that flows through the Hammer orror movies; it's theatre-of-the-aburd blood, slapstick blood. "Re-Aniator" is the first film directed by tuart Gordon, who was one of the ounders of the Organic Theatre, in hicago, in 1969; the screenplay, hich Gordon wrote along with a ouple of the Organic's playwrights—ennis Paoli and William J. Norris—as adapted from a series of six stories at H. P. Lovecraft published in 22. The movie features a bunch of lative newcomers who have had

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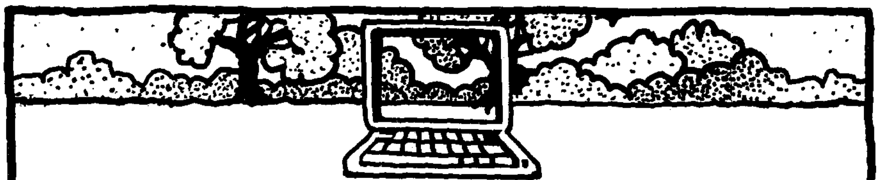

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their training in regional theatres, and they perform with a straight-faced, hip aplomb. (They need it.)

Nothing fazes Herbert West, the medical student who comes to Miskatonic University in (the apocryphal) Arkham, Massachusetts, from Zurich, bearing an unbreakable bottle full of a fluorescent greenish-yellow serum. He injects it in any corpse that's handy, restoring the dead to hideous, unpredictable activity. The pale, imperturbable Herbert, with his grave manner and his forced little smile, is played by Jeffrey Combs with pursed lips and a clammy-prissy set of the jaw. Herbert, the re-animator, is like a crawly little slug, and he has something of the obsessiveness of Dwight Frye as Dracula's spider-eating assistant. (He laughs only in hysteria.) Herbert's moment of greatest triumph is the resuscitation of the medical school's treacherous, hypocritical chief neurosurgeon (David Gale) after he has been decapitated. This fellow spends the rest of the movie literally holding his head in his hands, but being in two parts doesn't seem to slow him down much; he continues with his vile scheming. Resuscitation has done something to him, though: his libido appears to have been liberated. The severed head is soon busily engaged in making love to the Dean's beautiful blond daughter. David Gale has a long-jawed, sorrowful look—he suggests Boris Karloff—and his eyes roll in lascivious delight as he licks the soft flesh of the helpless, spread-eagled blonde (Barbara Crampton) who has been trussed to a table in the morgue.

These scenes are like pop Buñuel; they're explosively batty, yet the actors manage to keep their professional dignity. Barbara Crampton, who's creamy pink all over, is at her loveliest when she's being defiled; lying there in the morgue with the head moving around on her, she's like a nude by Fragonard or Boucher floating on a ceiling. Skinny-faced Bruce Abbott, who plays her adoring fiancé—he goes in and out of a state of shock—and Robert Sampson (a familiar face from TV), who plays the Dean, her adoring father, round out the key members of the cast. Sampson has what is perhaps my favorite scene. Tied in a straitjacket and locked inside a cubicle, the Dean can't see out, but his daughter and the surgeon (still in one piece at this point), who are in the next room, can see him through one-way glass. In torment, the Dean bangs against the glass, and the vicious sur-

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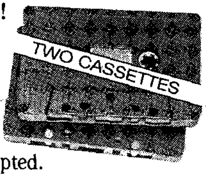

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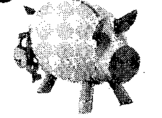

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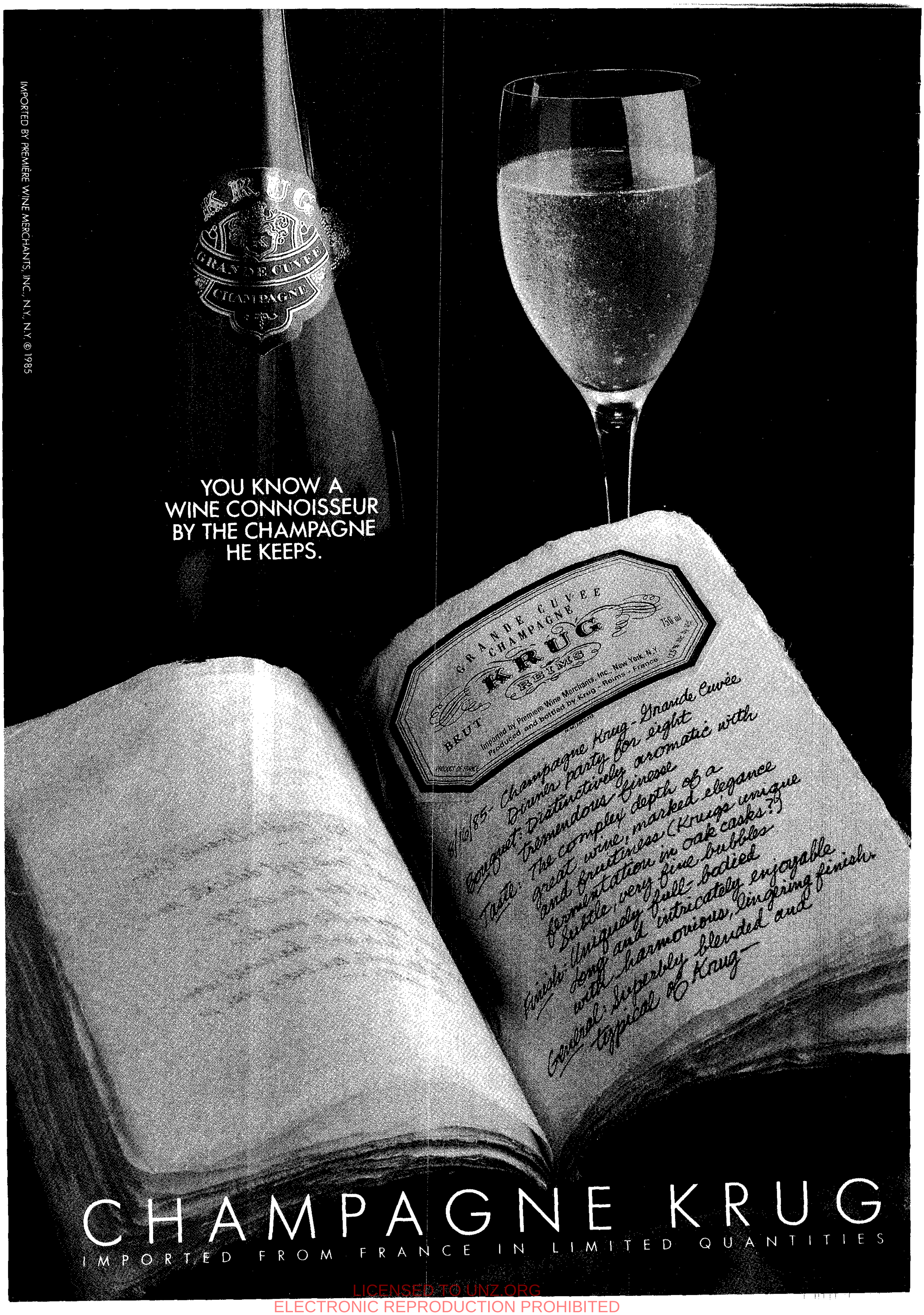
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geon, who is courting the daughter with expressions of concern for her father's mental health, slams back at him furtively with his elbow. The maddened Dean butts his head against the glass, banging at the surgeon. The hatred in this exchange—the pure aggressive meanness in it—is just about peerless, though no doubt some will prefer the wilder moment that comes late in the movie when Herbert decides to try yet another experiment with his greenish-yellow guck, and gives the surgeon's trunk a mighty overdose. The body parts spin off in a scene that recalls the Schwarzenegger robot being dismantled while the machine keeps going in "The Terminator" (which recalled the relentless Yul Brynner robot of "Westworld"), but that joke is topped here when the surgeon's intestines fly out and coil around Herbert like a boa constrictor. (This is an Organic Theatre movie.)

It's monkeyshines like these that raise this horror-genre parody to the top of its class. "Re-Animator" doesn't give you a lot of time to think. The score, by Richard Band, has a whoopiness about it, like Bernard Herrmann with hiccups, and Gordon brings the movie in at an hour and twenty-five minutes. Early scenes featuring a re-animated cat named Rufus, who has the scream of a banshee, seem the climax of decades of cat jokes. These jokes hit you in a subterranean comic zone that the surrealists' pranks sometimes reached, but without the surrealists' self-consciousness (and art-consciousness). This is indigenous American junkiness, like the Mel Brooks–Gene Wilder "Young Frankenstein," but looser and more lowdown. The dialogue isn't particularly polished—the comedy isn't so much in what the characters say as in what they do. There's a suggestion of "The Beast with Five Fingers," and there's a sequence that recalls Romero's "Night of the Living Dead," but this is a much rowdier movie—it's not out to scare you, it's out to make you laugh at what other movies have scared you with, and at what they'd have scared you with if they hadn't pulled back. ("Re-Animator" wasn't submitted to the Ratings Board.)

Stuart Gordon's début film carries something intangible from live theatre. The mockery here is the kind that needs a crowd to complete it; ideally, you ought to see it with a gang of friends.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

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How she pulled it out of the wall
To my amazement. How it rattled and
Creaked, how it sagged in the middle
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It rolled when I moved; it trembled
When she climbed under the covers
In her flannel nightgown, kissing me
Softly on the head, turning her back.
Soon I could hear her snoring next to me—

Her clogged breath roaring in my ears,
Filling her tiny apartment like the ocean,
Until I, too, finally swayed and slept,
While a radiator hissed in the corner
And traffic droned on Lawrence Avenue . . .

I woke up to the color of light pouring
Through the windows, the odor of soup
Simmering in the kitchen, my grandmother's
Face. It felt good to be ashore again
After sleeping on rocky, unfamiliar waves.

I loved to help her straighten the sheets
And lift the Murphy back into the wall.
It was like putting the night away
When we closed the wooden doors again
And her bed disappeared without a trace.

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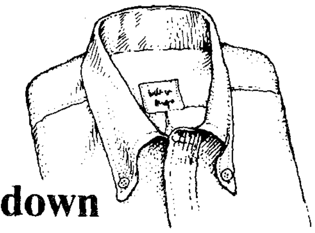

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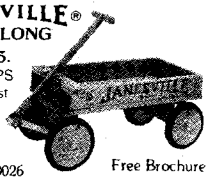

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JAZZ

Little Davy Tough

IF the three greatest drummers in jazz had ever stood side by side, they would have resembled a vaudeville team. Chick Webb was under five feet and Dave Tough was just over, while Sid Catlett, broad and mighty, was a foot taller. Webb and Tough sounded like big drummers, and Catlett sounded like a small one. All three knew how to get inside a band, no matter what its size, fire it, steer it, and raise it to triumphant levels. All three had taste, imagination, and impeccable time. Webb was an intense but limited soloist, Tough hated to take solos, and Catlett was a supreme soloist. All had sorrows. Webb was a hunchback who had tuberculosis of the spine, and died at about thirty, in 1939. Tough was an alcoholic, and died, indirectly of drink, at forty-one, in 1948. And Catlett, who rarely slept or ate properly and was an inveterate gambler, died of a heart attack, also at forty-one, in 1951. Of the three, Tough is the least well known. He was, despite the imprint he left on jazz drumming, elusive, and even ghostly.

He was born in Oak Park, Illinois, the youngest child of James and Hannah Fullerton Tough, both of whom were born in Aberdeen, Scotland. He had two brothers, George and James, and a sister, Agnes. His father was a bank teller, who dabbled in real estate and the commodities market. His mother died, of apoplexy, in 1916, when he was nine, and in 1921 his father married a sister of his mother's. Tough continued to call her "aunt," even though she was now his stepmother, and this gave rise to the half truth that he lived with his aunt and uncle. He went to Oak Park High School, but he never graduated. By the time he was fifteen or sixteen, he was playing drums and hanging out with the so-called Austin High School Gang, which was made up principally of Jimmy and Dick McPartland, Frank Teschemacher, Dave North, Jim Lanigan, and Bud Freeman. It eventually became the center of a large pool of white Chicago-based musicians, who included Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, Joe Sullivan, Jess Stacy, Bix Beiderbecke, Muggsy Spanier, Wild Bill Davison, and Eddie Condon. Tough was already, as Art Hodes puts it, a "runner-around." He was also two people—the hard-drinking drummer and the bohemian, who read voraciously, did some painting and drawing, took language and literature courses at the Lewis Institute, and hung out at a night club called the Green Mask, where he accompanied poetry readings by such as Max Bodenheim, Langston Hughes, and Kenneth Rexroth. His old friend Bud Freeman says in his book "You Don't Look Like a Musician" that Tough took him to a Cézanne show at the Chicago Art Institute. Mezz Mezzrow, the clarinettist, hustler, and embroiderer of tales, recalls in his "Really the Blues" how Tough talked:

> Dave Tough, who tipped delicately over his words like they were thin ice, always used to lecture me on how important it was to keep your speech pure, pointing out that the French and people like that formed their vowels lovingly, shaping their lips just right when they spoke, while Americans spoke tough out of the corners of their mouths . . . I thought Dave's careful way of talking was too precise and effeminate. He thought I was kind of illiterate, even though he admired my musical taste and knowledge. He was always making me conscious of the way I talked because he kept on parodying the slurs and colloquial kicks in my speech, saying that I was just trying to ape the colored man.

Tough's profession and drinking had already estranged him from his family. In 1927, barely twenty, he married and went to Europe with his wife and the clarinettist Danny Polo. He worked with various bands in Paris, Ostend, Berlin, and Nice. The Prince of Wales, who seemed to do little else at this period, sat in on his drums, and Tough drank a great deal. Bud Freeman says that Tough wrote limericks with Scott Fitzgerald, and that Tough was shocked when he discovered that Freeman, over on a short visit, hadn't read "The Sun Also Rises." Tough returned to America in 1929, worked for a time with Red Nichols, and went back to Chicago, where he entered what his biographer, Harold S. Kaye, calls his "dark period." He seems, for the next four or five years, to have been a derelict. Jess Stacy was in Chicago in the early thirties, and he remembers Tough. "He'd always had trouble with drinking," he said recently. "I used to see him all the time before I joined Benny Goodman, in 1935, and he was in terrible shape. He looked like a bum and he hung out with bums. He'd go along Randolph Street and panhandle then he'd buy canned heat and strain off the alcohol and drink it—this being during Prohibition. I played with him in Goodman's band in 1938, righ after Krupa left and Goodman wa running through drummers a mile

minute. Goodman said to Tough one day just before show time, 'Hey, Davy, I want you to send me,' and Tough replied, 'Where do you want to be sent?' He was a brilliant little guy, and I always wondered if he wasn't torn between being a writer and being a drummer." Tough moved on to New York in 1935, but he still wasn't well enough to work regularly. Joe Bushkin said the other day, "I was with Bunny Berigan at the old Famous Door, on Fifty-second Street, in 1935, and Davy'd come by with his drums and set up and sit in. It was the fashion then to take the Benzedrine strip out of an inhaler and put it in a Coke, and he'd do that for courage. When he drank too much, he was gone. He was totally out of body. Sometimes, when I was still batching it, I'd take him home with me. He weighed less than I did. I've always been around a hundred and twenty-eight, but he must have been close to a hundred pounds. He was so much of an artist that having a bank account would have been appalling to him. He was a natural musician who did things effortlessly, and that always made you comfortable."

Half of Tough's career was over, and he didn't seem to have much to show for it. But this was deceptive. He certainly had helped inspire the great rhythmic drive of the Chicago players, and he must have helped shape whatever subtlety they had. He had worked his way through the styles of the New Orleans drummers Baby Dodds and Zutty Singleton, and, by ceaselessly experimenting, had become a first-rate, original drummer. He knew books and art, and this added stature and class to the popular image of the azz musician as an uncouth primitive. His great gifts were far more visible luring the last half of his career. Tommy Dorsey, starting his own and, hired Tough in 1936, and apears to have helped him back to some ort of normality. (Tough and his vife were divorced the same year.) He tayed with Dorsey for more than two ears, lifting his soloists and giving hat was basically a big Dixieland and a fresh and buoyant feeling. He lso took on an advice-to-drummers olumn for the monthly magaine *Metronome*. Much of what he rote tends to be facetious, but it nocked out his peers and gave him the eputation of being a writer. He conders drummers and chewing gum:

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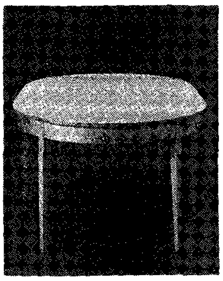

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> on swing-drumming, I have turned up a few hitherto unpublished secrets of world-shattering importance: George Wettling and Maurice Purtill chew nothing but Juicy Fruit. James Crawford, the gent who beats out all that gyve with Lunceford—solid man!—prefers Spearmint. The two Rays, McKinley and Bauduc, are Black Jack men down to the ground.

Once in a while he would get down to business:

> This discussion reminds me of Ed Straight, the old Chicago drum teacher, to whom stick grips were a phobia. He was a kind, likable old chap who was usually very calm and patient in his methods. That is, was calm and courteous until you tightened the first two fingers of your left hand around the stick in an attempt to close up your roll. Then he'd raise hell. You'd be rolling along trying to smooth it out nice and even, and suddenly he'd knock the stick out of your left hand. If it flicked out easily, he'd smile; if it didn't, you were in the dog-house. His rule was: at all times during the roll, the left stick should be held so loosely—with the wrist, the thumb and third finger doing all the work—that it can be easily dislodged with just a light flick.

Or even do a one-sentence Hemingway parody:

> But I can say this, sir, that Chick Webb is much better than whom and who and he's good and he's very, very good and he does everything there is to be done to a drum and he does it beautifully and sometimes he plays with such stupefying technique that he leaves you in a punch drunk stupor and ecstatically bewildered as this sentence has wound up to be.

Tough left Dorsey early in 1938, and during the rest of the year moved erratically from Bunny Berigan back to Dorsey to Benny Goodman to Bud Freeman, establishing behavior patterns that would become more and more unpredictable. He passed through Jack Teagarden's big band in 1939 and was with Joe Marsala's jumping small band on Fifty-second Street in 1940. He rejoined Goodman in 1941, was with Marsala again, had a good stint with Artie Shaw, and was briefly with Woody Herman. He was in Charlie Spivak's band in 1942, and then he became part of Artie Shaw's Navy band. Shaw said not long ago, "I first knew Davy in the thirties when he was with Tommy Dorsey, and we'd go up to Harlem to listen to music. He was a sweet man, a gentle man, and not easy to get to. He was shy and reclusive. He had great respect for the English language. He read a lot and I read a lot, so we had that in common. During the Second World War, he was in my Navy band, and we'd manage to get together once in a while and talk. He was an alcoholic, and, like all alcoholics, he always found things to drink. I'd assign a man to him if we had an important concert coming up—say, for the crew of an aircraft carrier—and that man would keep an eye on him all day. This was so he wouldn't get drunk and fall off the bandstand, which he had done a couple of times. I think he was the most underrated big-band drummer in jazz, and he got a beautiful sound out of his instrument. He tuned his drums, he tried to achieve on them what he heard in his head, as we all do, and I think he came as close as you can get. He refused to take solos. Whenever I pointed to him for twelve or eight or four bars, he'd smile and shake his head and go on playing rhythm drums."

The Shaw band spent the year of 1943 in the South Pacific, and Tough, worn out, was discharged in 1944. When he recovered, he married Casey Majors, a black woman he had met in Philadelphia, and he rejoined Woody Herman, who had a wild new, young band. Tough, showing verve and brilliance, became the foundation of the First Herman Herd, which lasted until 1946 and was one of the hardest-swinging of all big jazz bands. He suddenly began winning music-magazine polls, and became a star.

Tough's style had evolved steadily. By the time he joined Tommy Dorsey, it had pretty well set, although there were still traces in it of New Orleans drumming—press rolls, ricky-tick on the drum rims. His cymbal playing as well as his bass-drum work grew increasingly dominant. Bob Wilber said recently, "His cymbal playing was completely legato—that is, each cymbal ring melted into the next one. He fashioned a kind of cymbal shimmer behind whatever band he played with. It was a lateral flow. He kept his bass-drum heads very loose, so that he got a dull thud instead of a boom-boom-boom. And he used a great many bass-drum offbeats, in the manner of the early bebop drummers. He also developed a habit on slow tempos of implying double time, thu giving the tempo a lift and a doubl edge. It's a device every modern drummer uses."

The drummer Ed Shaughnessy long in the "Tonight Show" band hung around Tough when he wa fifteen or sixteen and Tough was wit Woody Herman. He said of him th other day, "No drummer could matc his intensity. He used a heavy stic with a round tip. He had the wide

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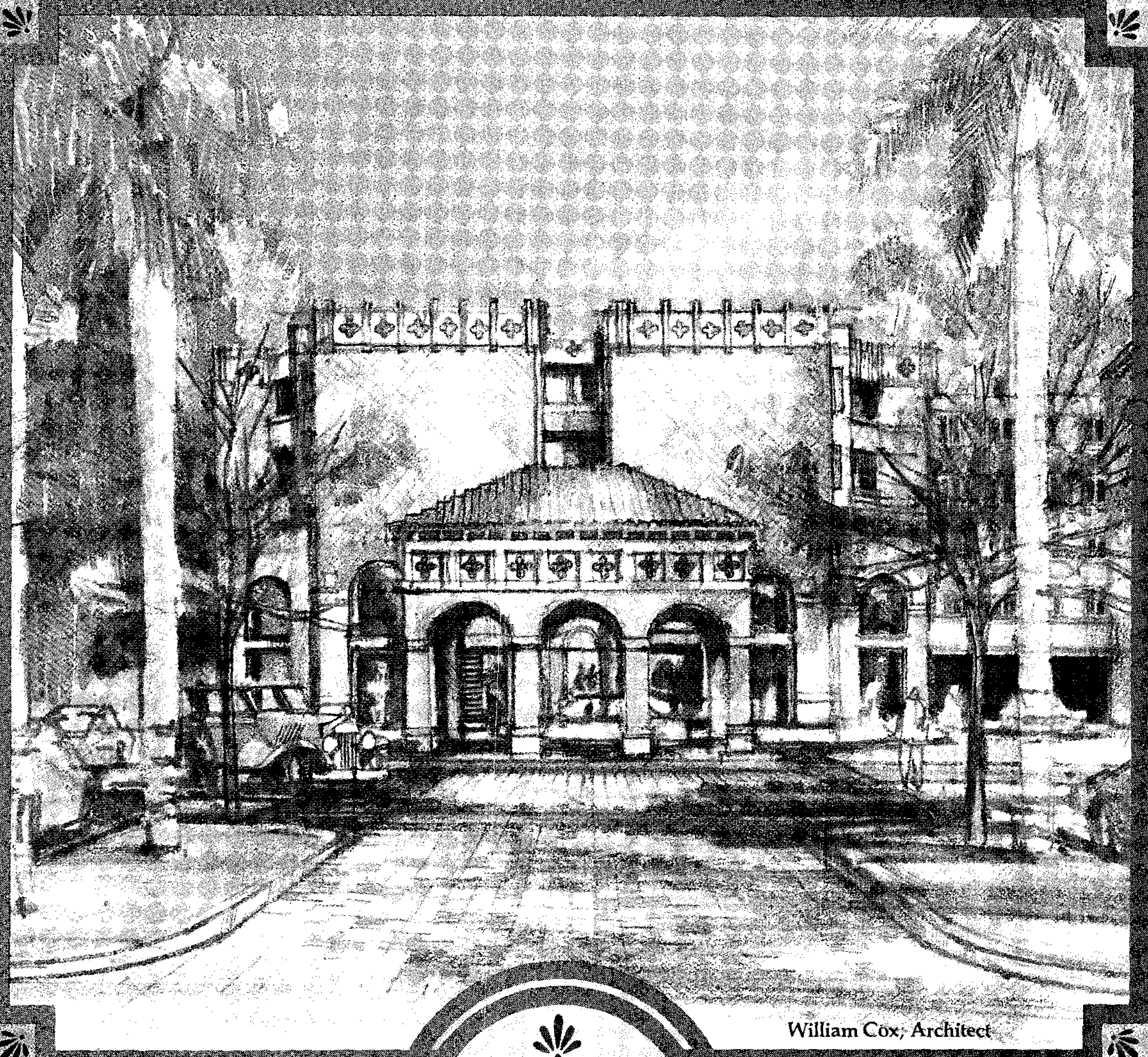

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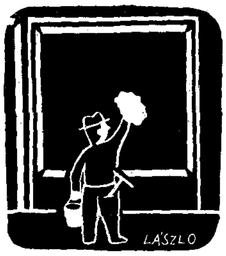
tempo, the broadest time sense, and in that way he was like Elvin Jones. He was always at the center of the beat, even though he gave the impression he was laid back. He played loosely, with not much tension on the stick, and he tuned his drums loosely. He kept a glass of water and a cloth on the bandstand, and before each set he would dampen the cloth and wipe the foot-pedal head of his bass drum with a circular motion. That drumhead was so loose it almost had wrinkles in it. He told me he did this because he didn't want the bass drum to be in the same range as the bass fiddle. He didn't want the two to compete. And he tuned his snare and tomtoms the same way, so that they were almost flabby. He was a master cymbal player—maybe the greatest of all time. He had a couple of fifteen-inchers on his bass drum, plus a Chinese cymbal and what we call a fast cymbal—a small cymbal you use for short, quick strokes. And he had thirteen-inch high-hat cymbals. He'd use his high hat, either half open or open-and-shut behind ensembles, and when things roared he would shift to the big, furry sound of the Chinese cymbal. He had a very loose high-hat technique, and he was always dropping in offbeats on it with his left hand. He often used cymbals for punctuation where other drummers used rimshots or tomtom beats. He told me he didn't want to interrupt the rhythmic wave. When he played, he looked sort of like a bird, his arms moving in birdlike arcs. But they moved as if he were playing under the water—not very heavy water. He was a surprisingly strong brush player, and he could easily carry a big-band number with brushes. He hated soloing. I remember in 1946, when he'd won the *down beat* poll and he was with Joe Marsala at Loew's State Theatre, and Marsala announced, We will now have a drum solo from Dave Tough, winner of the *down beat* poll,' Davy looked like he was having his wisdom teeth pulled. He was always putting himself down, by saying hings like 'I can't even roll on the oddam snare,' or, talking about bebop rumming, 'I can't change gears now nd play the way you guys do.' He lways liked everything that was new, hough. He listened to all the young rummers, and he thought Max oach was terrific."

The bassist Chubby Jackson worked beside Tough in the Herman band, and he spoke of him recently: "He was a champion of my life. We'd sit together on the bus between gigs and endlessly talk rhythm. In those days, there was great motivation between the drummer and the bass player, and the relationship could be like a happy marriage. He taught me to play nonmetronomic time—that is, to play organized time. He said that human beings weren't metronomes, and drummers shouldn't be, either. Sometimes he would slow the beat down slightly so that the band would have a bigger sound, and sometimes he would speed up half a peg if things were getting sluggish. Or he'd hit five quarter notes in a row as a signal to the boys to pep up. He was the little general of that First Herman Herd. He did strange things to his cymbals. He'd remove all the sizzles except one or two from his Chinese cymbal, and he'd cut a wedge out of a ride cymbal to get a broader sound. He played differently behind each soloist. He'd say Bill Harris plays on top of the beat, and Sonny Berman plays behind the beat, and Flip Phillips plays in the center of the beat—and he'd do specific things for each of them. But during the final ensembles he and I went our way, and some of those ensembles lifted off the roof. I don't think there has ever been a big band with more feeling and excitement. It was Woody's idea to hire Davy, and we all thought he was nuts. We were in our twenties and here was this old guy who had been around forever. Because he *was* the oldest guy in the band, he lived in fear of being thought old. So he thought young, and he was always doing things in his drumming to make it sound modern. And he was always looking for approval. We'd finish a set, and he'd say, 'Hey, Snuggy'—which is what he called me—'how was that? How'd you like that?' He never talked like a musician—no lingo or cutie-pie-Hey-man-what's-happenin' sort of thing. He talked more like a writer or lecturer."



The sound of Tough's cymbals changed constantly in the background. The splashing opening high hat gave way to a shining ride cymbal (behind a clarinet), which gave way to a roaring Chinese cymbal (behind a trombone), which gave way to a tightfisted closed high hat, with clicking afterbeats

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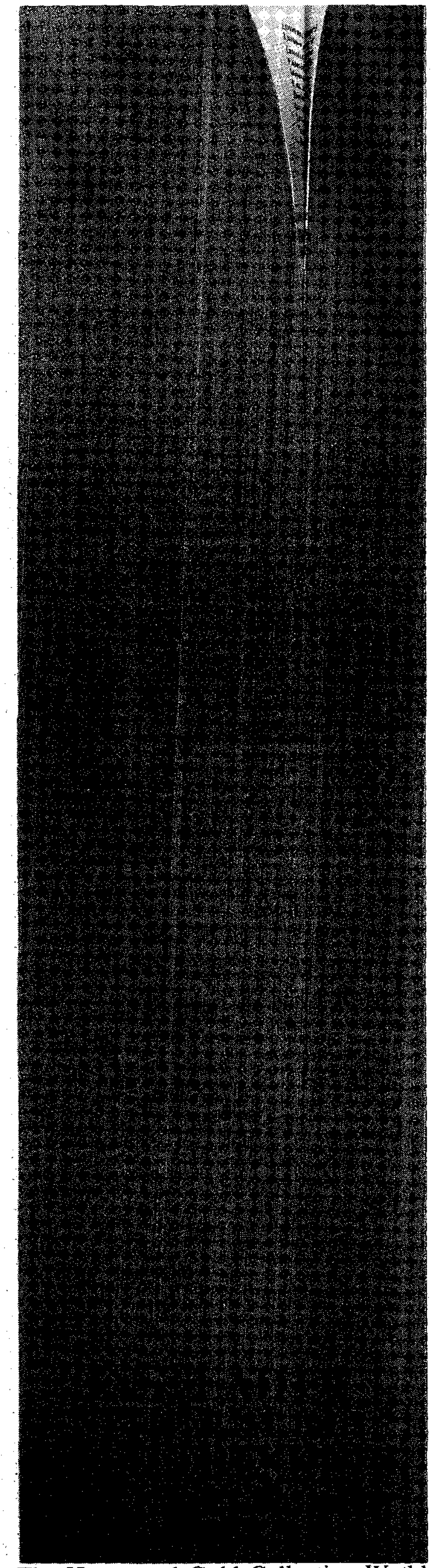

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struck on the high-hat post with one stick (behind a piano), which gave way to pouring half-open high-hat figures (behind a trumpet), and, finally, to the open high hat or Chinese cymbal (behind the closing ensemble). He used occasional, often indistinct accents on his snare drum and a steady panoply of jarring bass-drum accents. He created a ringing jubilance with his cymbals. They were also the canvas for the soloists to paint on. It was never clear whether his dislike of drum soloing—in a time when drum solos were the height of jazz fashion—was because he wasn't good at it (his solos, always short, generally consisted of rolling, with accents on the rims, and concluding cymbal splashes) or because he simply disapproved of the custom. Jimmy McPartland has said that Tough's beat was "relentless," and it was. There was no place for laggards or fakes in his musical world, and he would either change them or demolish them.

TOUGH's drinking, quite controlled with Herman, finally drove him out of the band in September of 1945. He went back to Joe Marsala, and in 1946 he helped Eddie Condon open his new night club in Greenwich Village. (This was when William Gottlieb took his famous gaminlike photograph of Tough in Condon's cellar—his eyes sad and bleared, a cigarette in his mouth, his sticks poised over a rubber practice pad.) He worked on Fifty-second Street with Charlie Ventura and Bill Harris, the former Woody Herman trombonist. In 1947, he went to Chicago with his old friend Muggsy Spanier. He was deteriorating physically, and he was depressed by bebop, whose rhythmic intricacies he was certain (wrongly) he could never absorb. He was losing his saturnine good looks. He had a long, wandering, bony face, a high, domed forehead, and black hair with a widow's peak—it was the face, perched on his tiny shoulders, of a bigger man. He spent most of the last four months of his life in the Veterans Administration Hospital in Lyons, New Jersey. Late in the afternoon of December 8, 1948, when he was apparently on his way to the apartment he and his wife had in Newark, he slipped on the street, hit his head on a curb, and fractured his skull. It was dark and he was drunk. He died in a hospital the next morning. He had no identification, and his wife did not find him for three days.

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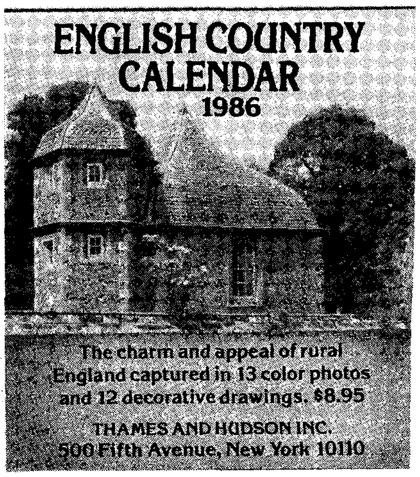

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BOOKS

States of Mind

THE late Italo Calvino, having begun to write forty years ago in the shade of Italian neorealism, had become in his fiction increasingly cerebral and schematic. But even in his early short stories, even in the grim little war anecdotes based on his youthful experiences as a Partisan in the Ligurian mountains, there was something fanciful and ideal, some underlying abstraction. His new novel, "Mr. Palomar" (translated from the Italian by William Weaver; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95), consists of twenty-seven small chapters, each describing observations by its hero, who is named after an observatory. Twenty-seven is three to the third power, and an afterword attached to an index of the chapters demonstrates that the possibilities for symmetry and modulation were lovingly weighed by the author:

> The numbers 1, 2, 3 that mark the titles of the index, whether they are in the first, second, or third position, besides having a purely ordinal value, correspond also to three thematic areas, three kinds of experience and inquiry that, in varying proportions, are present in every part of the book.
>
> Those marked "1" generally correspond to a visual experience, whose object is almost always some natural form; the text tends to the descriptive.
>
> Those marked "2" contain elements that are anthropological, or cultural in the broad sense; and the experience involves, besides visual data, also language, meaning, symbols. The text tends to take the form of a story.
>
> Those marked "3" involve more speculative experience, concerning the cosmos, time, infinity, the relationship between the self and the world, the dimensions of the mind. From description and narrative we move into meditation.

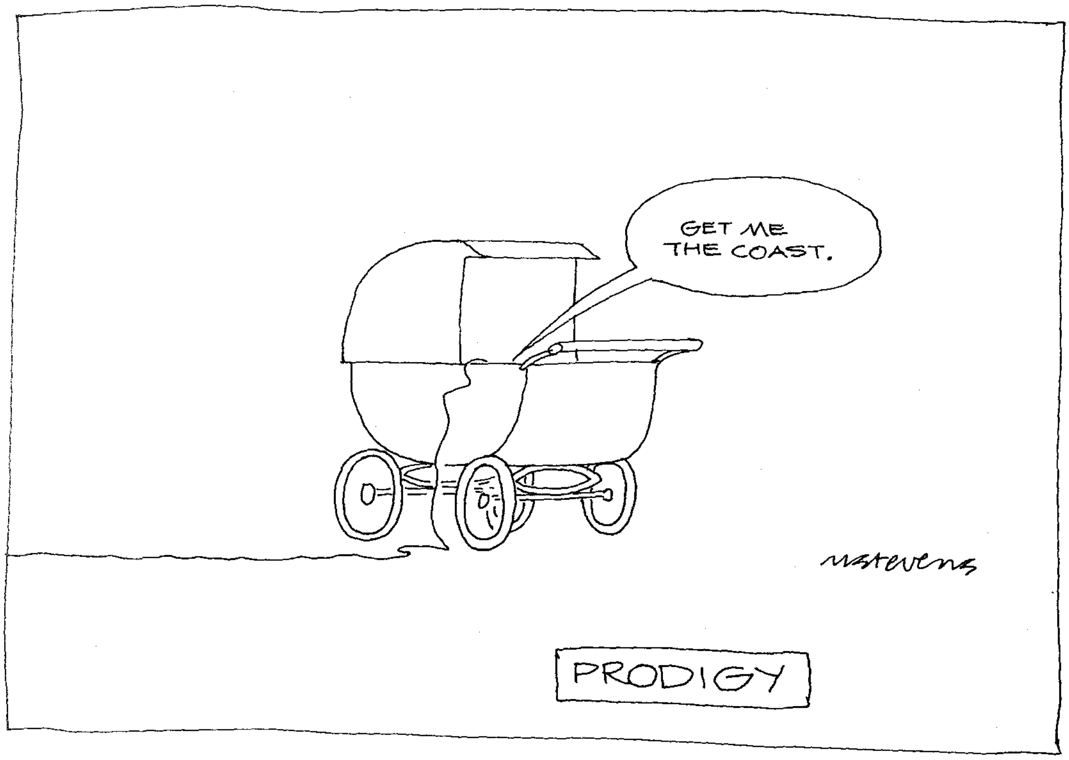
Such a grid rivals Joyce's intertwining chemata for "Ulysses," which assigned ach chapter not only corresponding episode of the Odyssey but particular color, an rgan of the human ody, an hour of the ay, a dominant symol, and a human cience or art, and which furthermore arried forward this huge apparatus of multiple significance through a Thomistic system of contraries and coincidences, products and antidotes, not to mention parallels with various of Giambattista Vico's ages of mankind and a presiding metaphysics of space and time.

Joyce's encyclopedic and abstractifying ambitions were incongruously but healthily wedded to his love of life's small talk and petty grit, and to the passionate autobiography that his elaborate designs hold. Where the autobiographical, factual impulse is less powerful, schematization runs the risk of seeming playful and automatic; and Calvino did not always dodge this gentle danger. "Invisible Cities" (1972), amid all its ingenuities, was imbued with his lively civic concern and cosmopolitan reach of imagination, but "The Castle of Crossed Destinies" (1973) seemed at times to be merely playing cards, to be filling in the scheme's blank spaces, and in "If on a winter's night a traveler" (1979) the overlays of cleverness and the charm of the literary parodies left an afterimage that melted in the mind like a Platonic pastille. "Mr. Palomar," though short, is a more ambitious and integrated book than these last two; it essays a description of existential man rather than literary man, and deals with issues of perception rather than of reading and narration. The light it gives off is as cool as starlight.

Mr. Palomar—a man, we learn, of middle age and no definite occupation, with a wife and daughter and an apartment in Rome and in Paris—sets himself to look at things, and focusses until he arrives at a conclusion, however small. "A nervous man who lives in a frenzied and congested world, Mr. Palomar tends to reduce his relations with the outside world; and, to defend himself against the general neurasthenia, he tries to keep his sensations under control insofar as possible." Chapter 1.1.1, for instance—the most intense dose, as we can gauge at a glance, of the visual, descriptive mode—finds our hero on the beach, viewing the waves with a determined precision:

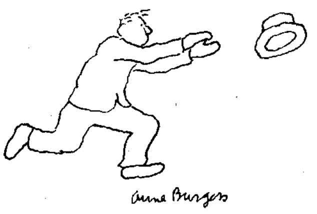
> Mr. Palomar now tries to limit his field of observation; if he bears in mind a square zone of, say, ten meters of shore by ten meters of sea, he can carry out an inventory of all the wave movements that are repeated with varying frequency within a given time interval. The hard thing is to fix the boundaries of this zone, because if, for example, he considers as the side farthest from him the outstanding line of an advancing wave, as this line approaches him and rises it hides from his eyes everything behind it, and thus the space under examination is overturned and at the same time crushed.

He tries to use the waves as an instrument wherewith "to perceive the true



substance of the world beyond sensory and mental habits," feels "a slight dizziness" instead, and goes off along the beach "tense and nervous as when he came, and even more unsure about everything."

With 1.1.2, we enter the anthropological mode: Mr. Palomar attempts to cope visually and socially with the sight of a naked bosom, "the bronze-pink cloud of a naked female torso," on this same beach. To stare is wrong, yet not to stare is also wrong; his reactions to this provocative sight swing from an "indiscreet and reactionary" looking away that reinforces "the convention that declares illicit any sight of the breast" to a liberal attempt to convey "detached encouragement" with a gaze that, "giving the landscape a fickle glance, will linger on the breast with special consideration, but will quickly include it in an impulse of good will and gratitude for the whole, for the sun and the sky, for the bent pines and the dune and the beach and the rocks and the clouds and the seaweed, for the cosmos that rotates around those haloed cusps." Thus he will signal that "though he belongs to a human generation for whom nudity of the female bosom was associated with the idea of amorous intimacy, still he hails approvingly this change in customs." But in walking back and forth trying to achieve just the right political adjustment in his gaze he finally succeeds in driving the possessor of the bosom off in an angry huff. It is all funny, familiar, and sociologically thoughtful. The next chapter, 1.1.3, takes us into cosmic and philosophical considerations as Mr. Palomar swims toward the swordlike reflection of the sun on the sea and ponders the dependence of this blazing phenomenon upon his own witnessing of it. Persuaded that "the sword will exist even without him," he "dries himself with a soft towel and goes home."



Such a cycle of three is repeated three times three: we see Mr. Palomar on the beach, in the garden, and stargazing; on the terrace, shopping, and at the zoo; travelling, in society, and meditating. He ponders the lovemaking of tortoises, the composition of lawns, the moon in daytime, Rome's plague of pigeons, Paris's plethora of cheeses, an albino gorilla, a Zen sand garden, a Mexican ruin, and why we get so angry at the young. When the book heads into its last third and the 3's pile up, the topics get increasingly heady: "The model of models," "The universe as mirror," "Learning to be dead." We learn, in the bargain, a bit more about Mr. Palomar. He does not love himself, we are told, and therefore "has always taken care not to encounter himself face to face." He thinks of death as benign insofar as it will eliminate "that patch of uneasiness that is our presence." The middle section, under the anthropological sign of 2 and the general head of "Mr. Palomar in the City," reads the easiest, and has a distinctly creaturely emphasis, from the colorful evocation of a butcher's shop—"Vast ribs blaze up, round tournedos whose thickness is lined by a ribbon of lard, slender and agile contre-filets, steaks armed with their invincible bone . . . farther on some white tripe glows, a liver glistens blackly"—to the close scrutiny of a gecko, lit transparently from underneath, as it swallows a large, live butterfly: "Will it all fit? Will he spit it out? Will he explode? No, the butterfly is there in his throat: it flutters, in a sorry state but still itself, not touched by the insult of chewing teeth; now it passes the narrow limits of the neck; it is a shadow that begins its slow and troubled journey down along a swollen esophagus."

Witty observation and artful phrasing are the rule in Calvino's subtly arranged sets and subsets of vignettes; some spark higher than others, but none falls below a certain airy level of intelligence and attentiveness. The world, as it were, is inventoried afresh, by this most generally (and genially) alert of postwar writers. Yet a melancholy, defeated tone seeps through the polish. The albino gorilla is pictured as discovering in an old rubber tire " glimpse of what for man is the searc for an escape from the dismay of livin —investing oneself in things, recog nizing oneself in signs, transformin the world into a collection of sym bols . . . We all turn in our hands a old, empty tire through which we tr to reach some final meaning, whic words cannot achieve." This collec tion of animated essays tricked out as novel has a certain upper limit, to Mr. Palomar's world offers itself food for thought too meekly, witho fighting back. As in Robert Benchley

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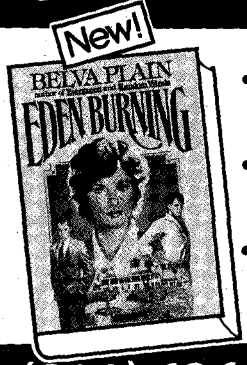

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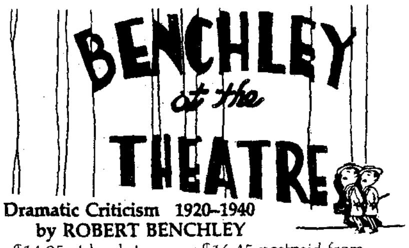

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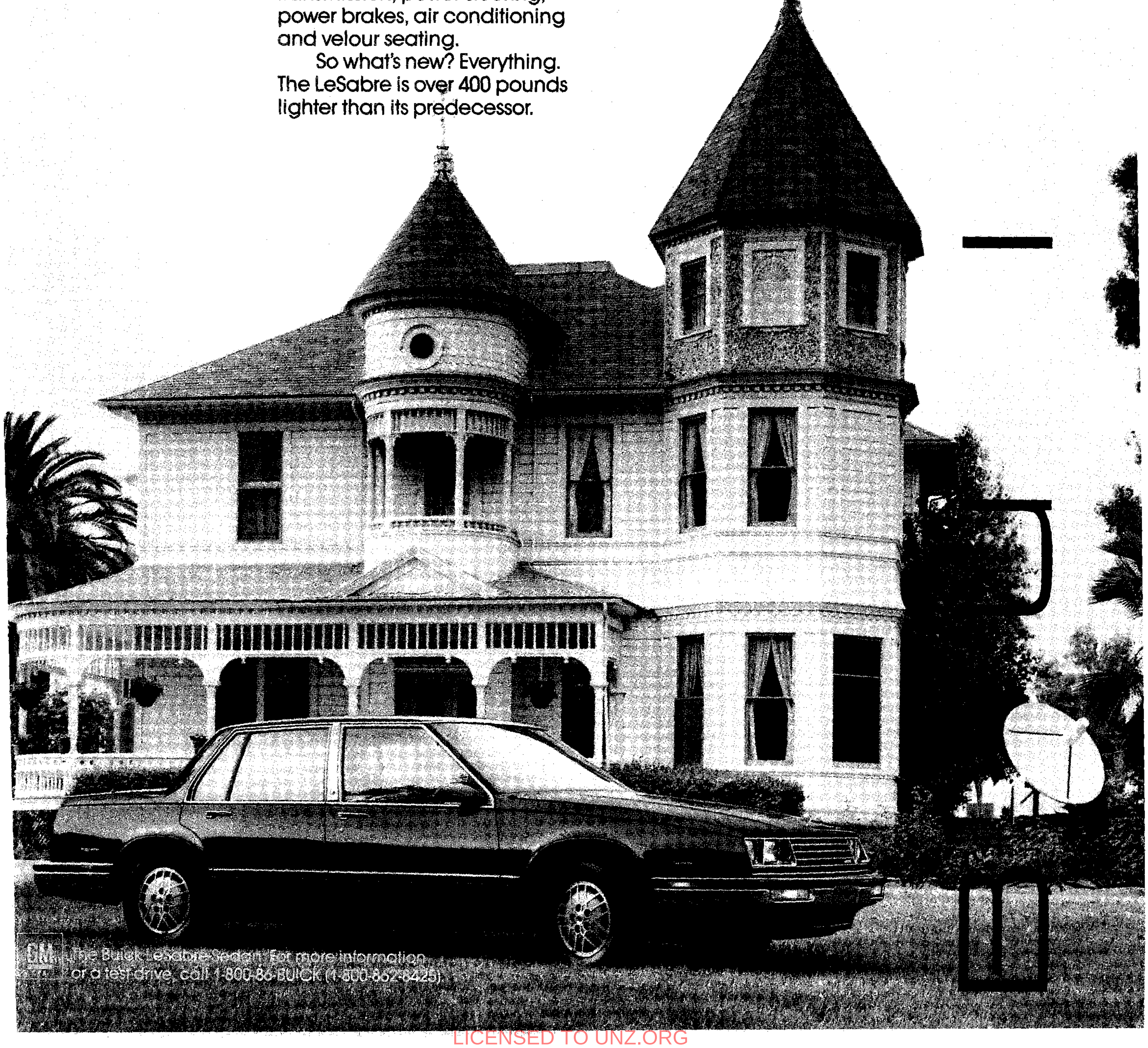

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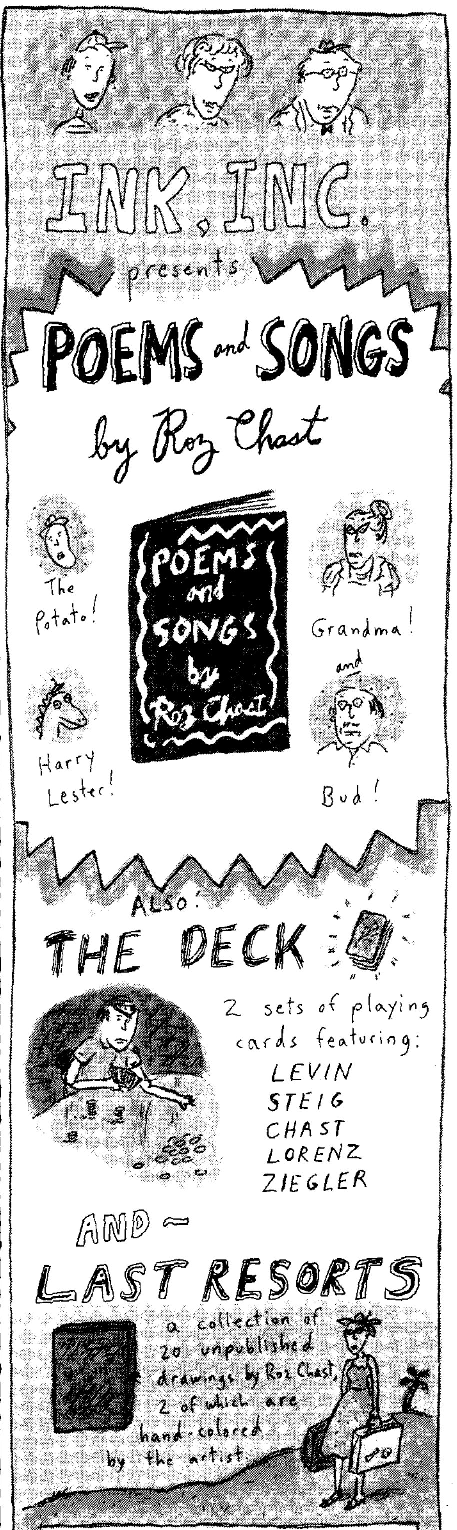
old humorous pieces, the bemused hero can meet no worse fate than embarrassment—looking momentarily like a fool. It would be as if Mr. Sammler, in Saul Bellow's novel, were allowed to wander through New York thinking his thoughts and never having to cope with the menacing black pickpocket, the outrageous college radical, the distressingly sexy great-niece, the lethal Israeli son-in-law. Even in Paul Valéry's "Monsieur Teste," a book "Mr. Palomar" considerably resembles, there is more sense of activity and contention; M. Teste has had to hack out his clearing for pure intellection with a heroic, ascetic effort, and in the assembled texts he is seen from the outside, by an admiring friend and a loving wife. "He is tall and dreadful suddenly. The machine of his monotonous acts explodes; his face sparkles; he says things that often I only half understand, but they never fade from my memory. . . . It took all the energy of a great body to sustain in the mind that diamond instant which is at once the idea and the Thing, both the entrance and the end." Thus Mme. Teste sees her amazing husband, whose name puns not only on the Old French *teste*, for "head," but on the Latin *testis*, meaning "testicle" as well as "witness." What Signora and Signorina Palomar make of their wool-gathering protector is not disclosed.

Well, Calvino might have argued, the nineteen-eighties are not the eighteen-nineties, when Valéry created M. Teste, "the very demon of possibility." The demon of impossibility has replaced that of possibility. We live now in "the era of great numbers," when humanity "extends in a crowd, leveled but still made up of distinct individualities like the sea of grains of sand that submerges the surface of the world." If one such individuality chooses to pose on the sand and contemplate the waves, little will come of it for good or ill; in society, Mr. Palomar holds his tongue, and in solitude "no longer knows where his self is to be found." Can this diminished person be today's Western European intellectual? Backed off from any doctrinal certainty, concerned with words and signs since things are now properly abandoned to science, mellowed by forty years of affluence and peace, his "patch of uneasiness" affably succumbs to the "dismay of living."

In this book's last chapter, the hero contemplates his own death: "The world can very well do without him, and he can consider himself dead quite serenely, without even altering his habits." The sadness of this modest reflection is deepened by Calvino's own death two months ago, of a stroke, at the age of only sixty-one. Presumably, he had many books still to write and honors still to reap; he had become, with the death (also premature) of Roland Barthes, Europe's leading litterateur. Thoroughly "up" on all the latest devices of thought and style, Calvino nevertheless could immerse himself for years in Italian folktales; for all his love of complication, his work had a timeless lucidity, a unique unclouded climate, like that of a fall afternoon whose coolness is the small price we must pay for its being so sunny and clear.

ONE does not have to have read all the way through "The Makioka Sisters" to be persuaded that Junichirō Tanizaki was a great writer; even his small fictions have a relaxed rhythm and heft, a directness and simplicity suddenly condensing into poetry and symbol, an imaginative reach that even while encompassing twists of erotic oddity and self-destruction still seems, itself, robust. His is writing at home in its skin, as instinctively realistic and nonfanatical as, say, Defoe's. "Naomi" (translated from the Japanese by Anthony H. Chambers; Knopf; $15.95) is, we are told in a helpful introduction by the translator, the author's "first important novel," the immediate first fruit of Tanizaki's permanent move to Osaka from Tokyo and Yokohama, where he had been "living a fast life" among "the Westerners who gave Yokohama its cosmopolitan reputation." The move was forced upon him by the devastating earthquake of 1923, but once he had taken up residence in the older, more conservative city, he seemed to find firm ground as an artist, and indeed became something of an antiquarian as a writer, frequently placing his novels in the Japanese past.

"Naomi," however, composed and serialized in 1924-25, dealt with a very up-to-date issue, the Westernization of popular culture and the Japanese equivalent of the "flapper." The heroine's name and "Naomi-ism" became bywords for the modern woman, and the material was found so disturbing by government censors and conservative readers that the novel's serialization in an Osaka newspaper was halted in the sixteenth chapter, to be eventually resumed and completed in the magazine *Josei*. To a Western



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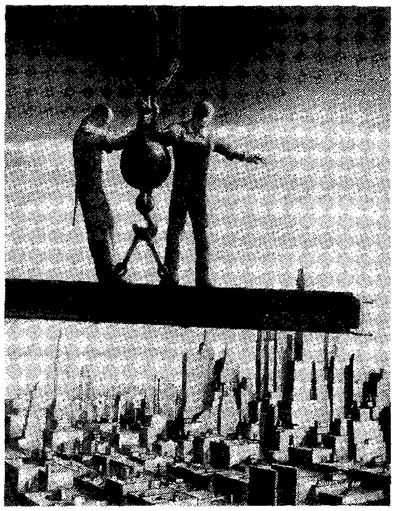

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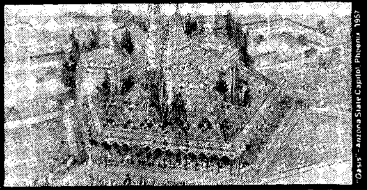
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reader sixty years later, the story is still exciting and even shocking in its mixture of traditional proprieties and fatalistic acceptance, and in its close rendering of the progress of love and corruption, which are seen as inextricably entwined. The hero, Kawai Jōji, is twenty-eight, an electrical engineer with quiet bachelor habits; he first encounters Naomi as a fifteen-year-old apprentice hostess in a café. He is struck by the girl's name, an odd name written with three Chinese characters: "A splendid name, I thought; written in Roman letters, it could be a Western name." Her looks, too, seem Western: in Jōji's eyes she resembles "the motion-picture actress Mary Pickford," even though she is also "a quiet, gloomy child" with a face "as pale and dull as a thick pane of colorless, transparent glass." He decides, in a move that combines elements of buying a pet, taking in a needy child, and undertaking a betrothal, to invite Naomi to come live with him. Her family raise no objection; they are shady folk who live behind the Hanayashiki Amusement Park, in the dubious district called Senzoku. The rest is, to a degree, predictable: she grows from a shy, grateful child and servant into a beautiful, slovenly, wanton tyrant and wife, with expensive tastes for Western-style restaurant meals, Western-style social dancing, and Western-style men. The moral would seem to be Nature Over Nurture, or You Can Take the Girl Out of Senzoku, but You Can't Take Senzoku Out of the Girl. When eventually informed that Naomi's kin run a brothel, Jōji concludes, "It's true, then; breeding determines all."

The theme of an older man infatuated with an unworthy love object is no stranger to European fiction, and especially not in these between-the-wars years when New Women were testing their wings. Proust wrung his hands for hundreds of pages over Albertine's possible betrayals; Heinrich Mann's "Professor Unrat" became the classic, searing film "The Blue Angel;" and Nabokov's "Camera Obscura" cast the demonic young temptress as a movie usherette. Tanizaki pursues the theme, however, with considerably less of a vengeance than these Western *romancers*, and with more ambivalence and good humor. "Naomi" is as much about growth as about destruction. Jōji, "like a new parent who keeps track of his baby's development," maintains a doting diary called "Naomi Grows Up." His early delight in his young ward's body, as he bathes and feeds and dresses it, has a paternal, almost a pediatric, focus on strengthening muscle and lengthening limb. His pride has the innocence, too, of a movie fan's, as he observes, when she is still only fifteen, her resemblance, in a bathing suit, to the "famous swimmer Annette Kellerman" as she appeared in the movie "Neptune's Daughter," and he is enchanted by the un-Japanese way that "her trunk was short and her legs long," long and straight, so that "as she stood with her thighs together, her legs, so straight there was no space between them, formed a long triangle from her hips to her ankles." On almost the first page, he assures the reader that "her body has a distinctly Western look when she's naked." Naomi gradually comes to share his admiration and to use her sexual power; their life together is a mutual corruption, his descent into enslavement matched by hers into whorishness. But she is corrupted first, corrupted by his love. And the results, it is perhaps not too much to reveal, are less dire than a Western novelist would have felt obliged to make them.

Tanizaki writes with an unabashed and undogmatic sensuality rare in the often hectic, guilt-ridden annals of modernism. Jōji's adoration fastens onto curious details of Naomi—her nostrils, for instance, and her tears, immensely magnified:

> I wished for some way to crystallize those beautiful teardrops and keep them forever. First I wiped her cheeks; next, taking care not to touch the round, swollen tears, I wiped around her eyes. As the skin stretched and then relaxed, the tears were pushed into various shapes, now forming convex lenses, now concave, until finally they burst and streamed down her freshly wiped cheeks, tracing threads of light on her skin as they went.

Tanizaki understands the fetish-making fecundity of love, and the satisfactions it offers even while giving pain, and its perverse, inverse accountings ("I realized that a woman's face grows more beautiful the more it incurs a man's hatred"). Also, he sug-g[illegible]e intensely cherish[illegible] ject embodies an idea and der[illegible] power from a larger field than her own skin. In the best postwar American novel about love, Nabokov's "Lolita," the immature love object represents for both its émigré hero and its émigr author something of the gauche, touching, and seductive New World. Naomi's Western redolence is most o her charm. "If I'd had enough mone

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to do whatever I pleased," Jōji tells us, "I might have gone to live in the West and married a Western woman; but my circumstances wouldn't permit that, and I married Naomi, a Japanese woman with a Western flavor. . . . I'd be forgetting my place if I hoped for a wife with the majestic physique of a Westerner." A Westerner must smile at Jōji's overvaluation of things Western and at the many chapters devoted to the mysteries of that sinister Occidental pastime ballroom dancing. Tanizaki, rescued by an earthquake from the Western-flavored bohemia of Tokyo and Yokohama, clearly had some satirical purpose—his Japanese title translates as "A Fool's Love," and Naomi's dancing, flirting, high heels, and grammarless English are no doubt meant to be excessive, as is her pursuit of another Western import, personal freedom. But Jōji never renounces his love, any more than Japan ever abandoned its drive toward Westernization.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NOAH'S ARK, by Barbara Trapido (Franklin Watts; $16.95). This ark is devoid of fauna, since this Noah —an asthmatic globe-trotting American respiratory pathologist—is allergic to feathers and fur, but its human passengers are as discordant as the ones who disembarked at Ararat must have been. Any further analogy would strain the fabric of this cleverly messy-seeming novel, set mostly in England, and mostly about Noah's dreamy wife, her angelic-looking, increasingly mutinous teen-age daughter (one of three children, by one of two previous marriages), and various friends, busybodies, and freeloaders. Barbara Trapido makes Noah's wife an inspired still-life painter who admires Matisse, and the plot's interplay of flashbacks and digressions, which prompt bright dialogue and dark complications, recalls Matisse's line and palette. Some sentences can be relished in isolation, like a patch of fine brushwork. Wedged into an account of an eccentric neighbor's troubles is this happy picture of children at their babysitter's flat: "A contented threesome, cracking boiled sweets between their molars and coaxing the budgie to peck at his cuttlefish."

THE BRANDON PAPERS, by Quentin Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95). Cross "Tootsie" with "Tom Jones" and you get something like this picaresque pastiche, set in the eighteen-nineties and ranging from Canada to the Continent and England, about a penniless young man named Henry who impersonates, under highly improbable circumstances, his heiress cousin Mary. As the title suggests, Mr. Bell pretends to present an edited collection of papers; someone, he explains in a foreword, who thinks the papers have something to do with his aunt Virginia Woolf has dropped them in his lap. A memoir titled "The Changeling," forming the bulk of the text, explains the why better than it explains the how of the impersonation, which Henry/Mary sustains for more than fifty years. But the reader is soon absorbed in more amusing considerations as Mr. Bell views what Henry/Mary calls women's "unassertive preëminence" from various vantage points but always in turn-of-the-century terms—in a debate about a madman (hypothetical) who thinks he is a poached egg, say, and in a parable about black sheep and white wolves.

GENERAL

JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES: HIS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF CULTURE, by Jaroslav Pelikan (Yale; $22.50). A retrospect of ways in which the Western world has envisioned Jesus from the days of the Apostles to our own. The author, a noted theologian who teaches at Yale, takes account of the political, cultural, and philosophical needs that impelled Christians to add to the original visualization of Jesus as a rabbi, a prophet, and the Messiah—to see him as the King of Kings, for example, or the true image of God—as, over the centuries, their religion grew, became the faith of Rome and then of Europe, and confronted new practical and intellectual complexities. "The monks began by patterning themselves after Christ," he writes. "But by the time they were finished they were likewise patterning Christ after themselves." This process did not cease even after some Europeans had lost their Trinitarian faith: for the rationalizing Deists of the Enlightenment, Jesus was a superb teacher of common sense, while the disbelieving Romantics of the nineteenth century remade him into a sublime poet. Some visions of Jesus conflict with others; the Prince of Peace, for example, may be at odds with the Liberator among those of today's liberationists who do not accept Martin Luther King's insistence on nonviolence. Every vision of Jesus, though, demonstrates the author's theme: that, in some guise, Jesus plays an essential part in human beings' efforts to make sense of their existence.

THE REAGAN DETOUR, by Richard Reeves (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). A brief, intelligent essay—a hypothesis about American politics. Mr. Reeves thinks that the President, backed by nearly two decades of conservatives' investment in academic think tanks, campaigned successfully on the basis of new—or, at any rate, unfamiliar—ideas, with the result that the Democrats came to seem the party of the past. He also feels that the President was able to redefine populism for many Americans, turning the traditional populist wrath at big business against "big government." Nevertheless, Mr. Reeves maintains, the President's policies are not as broadly accepted as his reëlection victory suggests: the voters do not support the radical dismantling of social programs which the Administration has attempted. Then, too, the Republican Party retains its air of an élite, and that, Mr. Reeves assumes, may make it difficult for it to retain power. He thinks that the Democrats must adapt to new realities, such as the numerical decline of trade unions, and appeal to voters' patriotism and optimism—qualities that most Americans admire and share.

CITIES & PEOPLE: A SOCIAL AND ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY, by Mark Girouard (Yale; $29.95). The title, with its subtitle, nicely describes this beautiful and richly informative book. Mr. Girouard, a British architectural historian, sees the city as we know it as a Western invention or evolution, and he begins his study with a portrait of the first great city of more or less modern times—Constantinople, which stood as the largest in the world until the eighteenth century. He then moves into Western Europe in the Middle Ages and examines the rise of market towns—Venice, Bruges, Amsterdam, London, Florence, Paris, Bologna, Rome, Genoa, Vienna—to the status of city, and

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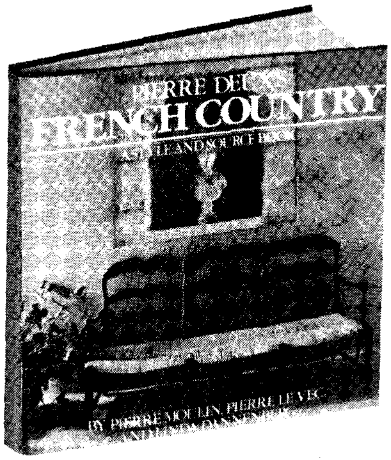

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closely considers the social and economic forces that guided their rise. He later continues this matter of growth into the modern phenomenon of the suburb. There is much fascinating detail here. In the late Middle Ages, most cities strictly enforced on their people a uniformity of dress and even of hair styling. In the eighteenth century, this function was taken over by "society," which imposed its notions of fashion and manners. The author traces the development of commerce and its sidekick banking. He tells us that the wide streets to which we are now accustomed came into being in response not only to increasing traffic but also to a fear that miasma, or stagnant air, was a cause of disease. He touches on the urban grid and America's chief architectural contribution, the skyscraper. The book is enhanced by an abundance of paintings, drawings, and photographs, many in color.

THE WOODS HOLE CANTATA: ESSAYS ON SCIENCE AND SOCIETY, by Gerald Weissmann, with a foreword by Lewis Thomas (Dodd, Mead; $14.95). In reading these fine essays, one is inevitably reminded of Lewis Thomas—especially of his early essays, which dealt more with specific problems of medicine than with great public issues. And, in fact, as Dr. Thomas tells us in his foreword, Dr. Weissmann was a resident at Bellevue when Dr. Thomas ran the medical division there. Like Dr. Thomas, Dr. Weissmann has a special interest in inappropriate responses of the immune system—notably, arthritis. He is clearly a man of wide culture, and is a captivating and graceful writer. Among the medical problems he deals with here are some that do not necessarily get better in the morning, such as the diseases of poverty.

THE JOURNALS OF THORNTON WILDER: 1939-1961, edited by Donald Gallup (Yale; $25). Wilder wrote these journals, he says, as "a technique for stimulating idea-manufacture"—for "harnessing my notions"—and they were for his eyes only (even though every sentence is impeccably turned). They could well be of more enduring interest than his plays or novels, for they do not show the streak of sentimentality and the lack of true originality which mark much of his creative writing. In his notebooks, he ranged over the vast territory of his intel-

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lectual interests. He does not tell us much about his very active social life or his world travels but discourses, rather, on the difficulties he experienced in realizing his plays, and branches out into literary criticism and commentary on life and love. The book is sprinkled with aphorisms ("A laugh at sex is a laugh at destiny") and with what Wilder called his "obiter dicta." One dictum is that "no adults are ever really 'shocked' "—that "being shocked is always a pose." And he remarks of Shaw that the Irish, because of their bellicosity, "only discover what they think through the act of repudiating what someone else has thought."

NOTE: "Holy Days: The World of a Hasidic Family," by Lis Harris, has been published by Summit ($16.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "The New Yorker Cartoon Album: 1975-1985," a collection of nearly four hundred drawings from these pages, has been published by Viking ($20).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SECRETS OF HARRY BRIGHT, by Joseph Wambaugh (Perigord/Morrow; $17.95). Sergeant Sidney Blackpool, a homicide detective with the Los Angeles Police Department, is hired by a California millionaire to unravel the mystery of his twenty-two-year-old son, who was found (over a year before) with a bullet hole in his head in a burned-out Rolls-Royce in a desert canyon near Palm Springs. The unravelling, which discloses that Blackpool himself has lost a teen-age son, takes a good bit of Mr. Wambaugh's time, and the result is both unimpressive and mawkish.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Tonawanda (N.Y.) News*]

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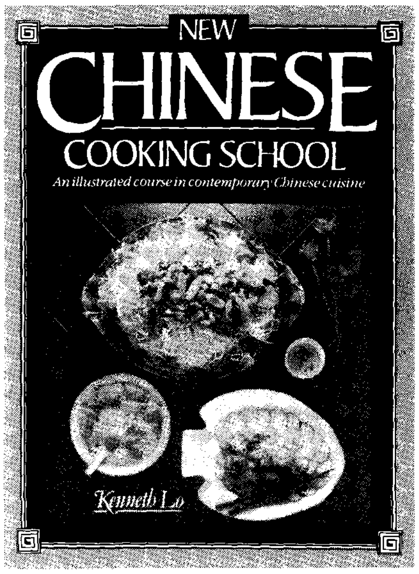

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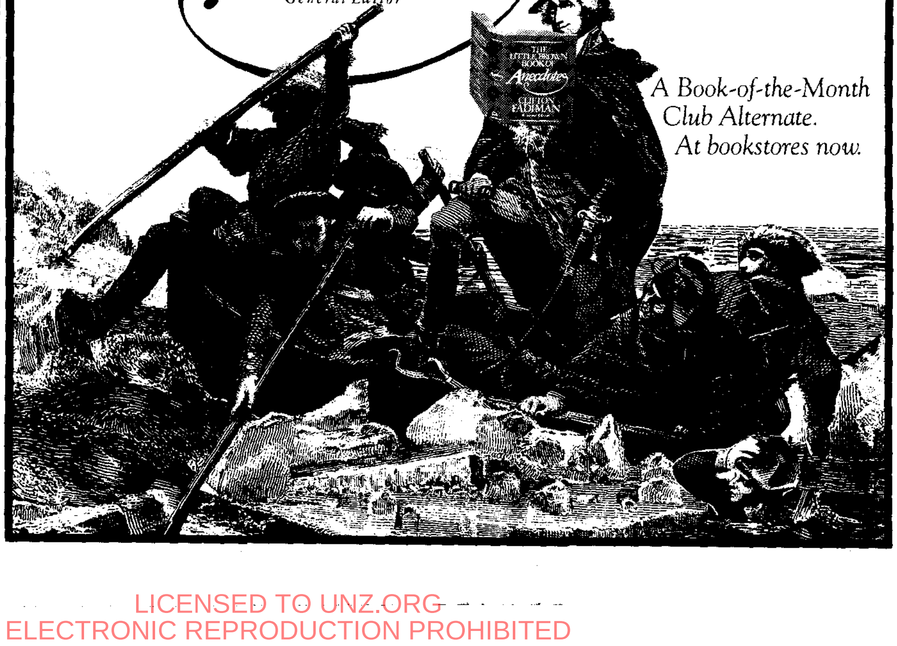
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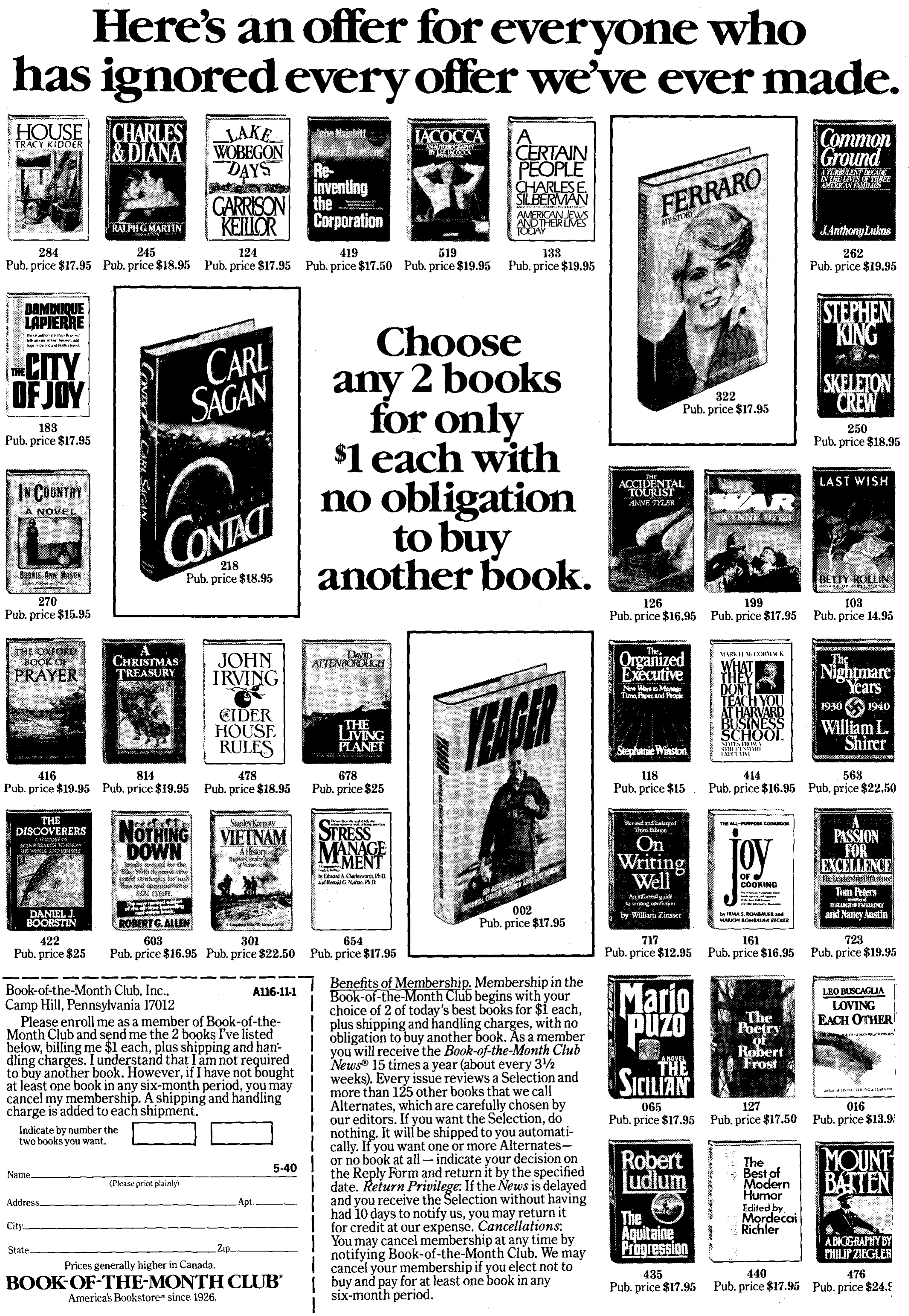
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